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THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

THE
CABINET OF FRIENDSHIP;

▲
TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

JOHN AITKEN,

EDITOR OF "CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY," "THE CABINET," &c. &c.

EDITED BY W. C. TAYLOR, A.B., T.C.D.



LONDON: WHITTAKER & CO.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

JOHN AITKEN,

EDITOR OF "CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY," "THE CABINET,"
&c. &c.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY

THE CONTRIBUTORS.

[REDACTED]

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PREFACE.

THE circumstances that led to the publication of this work give it a claim to the favourable consideration of the public, which it is hoped that its merits will justify. The late MR AITKEN, as Editor of "Constable's Miscellany," won not merely the golden opinions, but the respect, gratitude, and affection, of all who contributed to that interesting series; nor was his circle of literary friends limited to them,—all who had ever been brought into contact with him, when he occupied an important station in the publishing world, amply shared in these feelings of attachment. When a premature death snatched him from his family and friends, those who loved him living determined to honour him dead, in the mode that he would himself have probably most desired, by contributing to a publication designed to be a tribute to his memory, and a benefit to his family.

The applications of the Editor to the different friends of MR AITKEN met with prompt attention; and he reckons it among the most fortunate events of his life, that he has been brought into connexion with persons of such exalted talents and noble feelings as those who have sent contributions to this volume. It would be idle to dilate on the merits of the respective contributors; most of them are already well-known, and were they not so, readers in these cases generally judge for themselves. The Editor sends the volume into the world with a confident hope that at least the greater part of the articles it contains will ensure it a favourable reception, and that if there be any of inferior quality, every benevolent heart will find an excuse for defects and errors, in the purpose and design of the publication.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

MR JOHN AITKEN.

It is perhaps necessary to mention that, in prefacing the present volume with a Memoir of MR AITKEN, no view was entertained of interesting the public in details which are felt to be almost entirely devoid of novelty. Besides serving in some measure to illustrate the object of the publication, it was only hoped that these "short and simple annals" might prove, to the friends of the deceased, a subject of grateful and affectionate remembrance.

Mr Aitken was born on the 25th March 1793, in the village of Camelon, Stirlingshire. At school he distinguished himself by unusual aptitude; and, even at this early age, he displayed a taste for literature. He

examined the contents of every book which came in his way. His respectable parents were for some time undetermined as to the course of business he should pursue. It was proposed to apprentice him to the profession of the law; but this idea he strenuously resisted, declaring, with characteristic simplicity, that "he would not live by the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures." He was therefore placed under the care of the Manager of the East Lothian Bank; and shortly afterwards he was sent to Mr Park, (brother of the celebrated traveller,) banker in Selkirk. With this gentleman he remained for several years, on terms of friendship and confidence; and, judging from his letters respecting Mr Park's death, that event appears to have caused him the most heartfelt grief. The period of his residence in Selkirk, he always referred to as one of unmingled happiness. It was during this time that he was enabled to pursue his taste for literature, and to form numerous acquaintances amongst the literary men of the day. Mr Hogg, in particular, became his constant friend and correspondent.

Subsequently, Mr Aitken was appointed Teller in the East Lothian Bank. On the failure of that establishment, he removed to Edinburgh, where, in

1822, he was united to the amiable lady who is left to mourn his loss. By the advice of his friends, and prompted by his own taste, he at the same time entered upon the business of a bookseller. He then commenced the publication of "The Cabinet," a selection of miscellaneous pieces, which was in the highest degree successful, and extended to three volumes. Having been introduced to Mr Archibald Constable, the eminent publisher, who was at that time engaged in projecting the well-known "Miscellany," he was marked out as a person in every respect well qualified to superintend the details of that important publication. At this juncture, Messrs Constable and Co. unexpectedly became bankrupt; and, as Mr Aitken was also involved by the extensive commercial failures of the times, he was compelled to appeal to his creditors at nearly the same period.

When Mr Constable obtained a settlement of his affairs, he took measures to set on foot his favourite project; and, with Mr Aitken as the acting editor, the work at length made its appearance. Its success fully realized the warmest anticipations of its proprietor; but, to the regret of all, he was cut off before it had proceeded beyond the first few volumes.

Henry Constable and Mr Aitken
editor of the work. In this capacity
till the failure of the London firm
it necessary to discontinue the
short interval. The arrangements
taker, who then became the purchaser,
not admit of the reappointment of
editorship, although it was acknowledged
that no individual was better qualified

While he was a member of the
and Co., Mr Aitken was engaged in
speculations; and in numerous instances
means of forwarding the views of
many of whom he rendered essential
a prominent part in carrying into effect
a "Literary Journal"—to the success
excellent *tact* and unerring taste greatly

Mr Aitken has

This speculation promised to be the most fortunate in which he had yet engaged ; for, with all the advantages of his extensive literary acquaintance, and his acknowledged judgment and accuracy in conducting works through the press, it was impossible that he should have failed in acquiring a lucrative business. In fact, he had obtained an overflow of employment in the course of the few weeks which elapsed from the time when he completed his arrangements to the period of his death. While his friends were yet congratulating him upon his flattering prospects, he experienced a severe attack of cold, which confined him to bed. Accidental exposure aggravated the disorder, which assumed the form of erysipelas in the head, and terminated fatally in the course of two weeks. Mr Aitken died February 15, 1833, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, leaving a widow and four young children to bewail the loss of a most affectionate husband and the fondest of fathers.

In estimating the private character of Mr Aitken, it is enough to state that he was beloved and honoured by all who ever had an opportunity of knowing him. His manners were extremely mild and unaffected : he was never more happy than when employed in acts of

kindness; and it may be truly said of him, that he passed through life making friends at every step.

Mr Aitken's habits and feelings were entirely of a domestic character. His nature seemed to shrink from the contact of society or of public life; and to this feeling may be ascribed the sensitive dread which restrained him from publishing his own compositions more extensively than he is known to have done.

As a literary man, Mr Aitken never occupied perhaps that share of public attention to which he was entitled. His merits were best known to his friends, who esteemed his judgment, and respected his good sense—manifested as those qualities were on all occasions. That he possessed a refined and highly poetical mind, he has left many compositions to prove. It is only to be regretted that he had not oftener exerted the talents with which he was unquestionably endowed.

As a specimen of the poetical abilities of Mr Aitken, we insert the following verses, which proceeded from his pen, and which, on their first publication, were copied into many respectable periodicals of the day. They were composed on the occasion of the death of a beloved infant daughter; and it seems but just to

remark, that both the sentiments and expressions are exquisitely beautiful and appropriate :—

I.

THOU art not in yon lovely star,
The brightest of the sky,
Whose lustre, beaming from afar,
Hath caught my moisten'd eye—
Thou art not in the passing breeze
That cools my burning brow,
Murmuring like music through the trees—
But with the dead art thou !

II.

The Dead ! What are the Dead ? Where dwell
Those masters of the past ?
Haply some wand'ring ghost may tell
Who join'd their conclave last :
Had one, so young and fair, disembark'd
Upon this mortal shore,
Unnumber'd gazers would have mark'd
What course the stranger bore.

III.

And do ye not, ye ghastly host,
Thus give the wand'rer cheer,
Who for your dark and dismal coast
Leaves many mourners here ?

Then where are ye ? And where are they,
The beautiful, the good,
Who fled as sunshine fades away,
As only starlight should ?

IV.

And where is she, the sainted one—
That o'er us shed such light—
Whose glory from our home hath gone,
Her image from our sight ?
Oh, not to earth ! For one so dear
Its bosom were unmeet ;
Unmeet the cold clay sepulchre
To shelter aught so sweet.

V.

Yet thou wert laid in earth, young one,
These eyes beheld the deed,
And wept that thou shouldst sleep alone
Within thy narrow bed.
And tears were shed above thy bier,
And words of anguish said,
Ere broken hearts which linger'd near
Could leave thee with the dead.

VI.

Not with the dead—though dies the flower,
Its odour flies to heaven,
And spring renews the ruin'd bower
By wintry tempests riven :

Though darkness o'er a slumbering world
Her sable mantle throw,
Returning splendours are unfurl'd,
And all is bright below.

VII.

Not with the dead—although withdrawn
Like dewdrops from our sight,
More radiant than those gems of dawn,
Thou art enthroned in light.
Fair flow'ret of immortal worth,
To thee the crown is given,
Thy buds though blasted on the earth
Are blossoming in Heaven!

It appears to us that we cannot better conclude this brief and imperfect notice, than by inserting the following elegant and touching lines, addressed by Mr Aitken to his children. They were prefixed to the Third Series of "The Cabinet," and have been greatly and generally admired; but they are especially valuable, as they form a perfect index to the character and feelings of their amiable and accomplished author:—

Yes, my young darlings, since my task is done,
Again I'll mingle in your freaks and fun;
Be glad, be gay, be thoughtless, if I can,
And merge the busy worldling in the man.

Not the stiff pedagogue, with brow severe,
 Authoritative air, and look austere,
 But the fond sire with feelings long repress'd,
 Eager to bless as eager to be bless'd—
 Longing, in home's dear sanctuary, to find
 The smiling lips, the embrace, the kiss so kind,
 The cloudless brow, the bearing frank and free,
 The gladdening shout of merriment and glee,
 And all the luxury which boisterous mirth
 Scatter'd erewhile around our social hearth.

Remember ye, my sweet ones, with what "pomp
 And circumstance" of glee we used to romp
 From room to room, o'er tables, stools, and chairs,
 O'erturning household gods—now up the stairs,
 Now under sofas, now in corners hiding,
 Now in, now out, now round the garden gliding?
 Remember ye—when under books and toys
 The table groan'd, and evening's tranquil joys
 Saw'd your excited spirits to repose—
 How blithe as larks at peep of dawn ye rose?
 Pleased every moment, mirthful every hour,
 As bees love sunshine, or as ducks the shower;
 No ills annoy'd you, pleasures never pall'd,
 Care no'er corroded, nor repinings gall'd,
 But, like blithe birds from clime to clime that fly,
 Each change brought blossoms and a cloudless sky.

"But now Papa's grown strange, and will not speak,
 Nor play at blind-man's buff, or hide-and-seek;
 Tell no more stories ere we go to bed,
 Nor kiss us when our evening prayers are said;

But still, with thoughtful look, and brow of gloom,
He stalks in silence to his study-room,
Nor ever seeks our evening sports to share ;
Why, what can dear Papa be doing there ?"
Such were the thoughts which oft in tears gush'd forth,
Amid the pauses of your infant mirth,
And dimm'd the lustre of your bright blue eyes—
As wandering clouds obscure the moonlight skies,
Making their misty mellowness even more
Soul-soothing than the glorious light before.

Mid laurel'd literature's Elysian bowers,
I've been a-roaming, culling fadeless flowers,
And these collected treasures at your feet
I lay, ye beautiful ! " sweets to the sweet ! "
Yet all too soon I dedicate to you
Flowers of such rich perfume and varied hue,
O'er which the deathless fire of genius breathed ;
And all too soon this garland I have wreathed,
To win me favour in your infant eyes ;
Though years may come when ye will fondly prize
Affection's fond memorial, given to prove
The doting fondness of a father's love ;
Love full as ocean's waters, firm as faith,
Wide as the universe, and strong as death.

[REDACTED]

THE PEASANT OF BRITTANY.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is, in a wild and unfrequented part of Brittany, a small farm-house, which I once visited with as much reverence as many a devout worshipper has felt at the shrine of his saint. It is situated at the distance of about a league from the small town of Nozay, and is within sight of a solitary windmill, on the hill beyond that place, called the *Moulin à vent de Bohalard*. Around it are about thirty acres of arable land, sheltered by the slopes that sweep down towards it on three sides ; but beyond that little patch of cultivation, the hills around are—as every one knows who has visited that part of France—covered with heath, which, on the table-land at the summit, ends in that sandy unproductive sort of track called *landes*. It is a bleak and desolate scene, and, even when the sun shines in all his summer brightness, its aspect is wild and solitary ; but when, as is frequently the case, the sky above is covered with cold gray clouds, or

when the chill easterly wind sweeps over the unprotected plains, there are few places that I know which offer an appearance of more cheerless dreariness than the farm of Dervais.

Early one day in the beginning of the month of June, and in the year 1794, the old farmer who at that time cultivated the little spot of productive land which I have mentioned, and fed his sheep upon the neighbouring heaths, stood before his door gazing up towards the sky, as if to ascertain what sort of weather was to predominate during the day. I may be permitted to describe him; for the name of La Brousse should live for ever, where honour, and good faith, and generous devotion, are valued amongst men. Like the generality of the Breton peasants, he was tall, bony, and powerful, with long arms and muscular hands, which, even at that period of his life, would have performed many a feat of extraordinary strength. He must have been more than sixty years of age; and the long curling locks of white hair, which, like every Breton, he preserved with reverential care, hung down upon his shoulders, and over a forehead high and broad as that of Milton. Persons who had been accustomed to mark the features common to particular counties in England, would have taken him for a Cornishman, by the peculiar cast of his countenance; and it is more than probable that his blood was derived from the same stock. His eye was of a clear dark blue, beneath a marked and overhanging eyebrow; and his long straight

nose, and rounded chin, offered traces of beauty which had survived even the ruinous effect of time. His dress was simply that of a peasant of that province ; and the expression of his countenance, at the time I speak of, was stern and melancholy. Well, indeed, might it be so ; for, in the Vendean wars of the preceding year, his two sons—his only children—had fallen in fighting gallantly against the revolutionary tyranny ; and, childless in his old age, he stood and saw his country each day accumulating crimes, and drowning her best hopes in blood.

As he paused before his cottage door on the day I mention, and gazed up to the sky, he saw nothing but thin gray clouds drifting slowly over the wide awful expanse of heaven, promising one of those warm wet days which so often serve as a link between the summer and the spring ; but, when he let his glance sink to the side of the hill, he beheld a young woman descending towards him by a little path, which traced its wavy line amongst the heath and fern, till both heath and fern were lost in the arid *landes* beyond. “ Some one seeking milk,” he thought at first, as his eye rested on the figure ; and he was about to turn into his house, to see whether he had any to spare ; but there was something in the form of the approaching visiter—something in the step and in the air, that made him pause, and watch her coming more closely, while a strong expression of anxiety gradually appeared in his straining eye.

She came on rapidly, as if in haste, and yet with a swaying and uncertain step, as if much wearied. When nearer, he saw that her clothes were not those of a peasant girl, and through haste, and terror, and distress, there shone an air of grace and dignity not to be mistaken. La Brosse took an involuntary step to meet her; and, as if he understood it all at once—as if he saw that she was the wife or child of some Vendean chief, flying from the revolutionary pursuit—the words, "Poor thing!" were murmured ere he had said a greeting.

When she came near, the spectacle she offered was a sad one. She was young and graceful, and exquisitely beautiful; but weariness, sorrow, and terror, were written in every line of her countenance, while her dress was soiled and torn, and dabbled in many parts with blood. Her story was soon told; for none of those attached to the cause of royalty, even in the midst of the bitterest persecution, ever hesitated to rest entirely upon the loyalty and honour of the Breton peasantry; so that Clara de la Roche, the daughter of the unhappy marquis of that name, who fell in the route at Mans, related her tale to the ears of the good farmer La Brosse, with as much confidence of sympathy, protection, and good faith, as if she had been relating it to the ears of a parent. After she told how much she had followed the fortunes of her unhappy father, through all the horrors of the Vendean war, till he was fallen about a week before; and

from that time she had wandered on, without companion or home, or friend or protector, through a country in which famine was fast treading upon the steps of war; where her only food was obtained from charity; and where some of the many horrible deaths which had been invented by the diabolical cruelty of revolutionary tyranny, awaited her the moment she set her foot within the walls of a town. Good old La Brousse had once given shelter to her brother after some unsuccessful effort in the royal cause; and she had now sought him out, and besought him with tears, to let her live even as a servant in his house, till some of those dreams of triumphant loyalty, in which the Vendéans still indulged, should at length be realized.

The old man led her in as tenderly, and as affectionately, as if she had been his own child, set before her all his cottage afforded, soothed her sorrow, and spoke the sweet hope of better days and happier fortunes. "She could not act as his servant," he said, looking at her small beautiful hands, "for her appearance would at once betray her; but the daughter of a noble royalist—and especially a child of the house of La Roche—should never want bread or protection, while old La Brousse could give it, though the very act might cost his life. Mademoiselle, however, must consent to lie concealed," he added; and he showed her how the back of one of those wide *armoires*, which are so common in that country, had been contrived to act as a door to a little room beyond, which was lighted

by a concealed window, and which, though extremely small, was neat and comfortable. Here, La Brousse told her, she must spend the greater part of her day, as her brother had done while he lay concealed in his house; but that, at night, when the doors and windows were all closed, she might come forth in security, and towards dusk might even venture to take a walk across the *landes*.

The prospect of such a state of existence would have been horrible enough to most people; but to Clara de la Roche it offered that blessed repose and security—that temporary cessation of terror, and horror, and fatigue—which had filled every hour of her being during the months just past; and with joy she took up her abode in the chamber, which, indeed, was little different from a prison in any thing but the name. While the good old peasant was still in the act of showing her how to open and to close the door at will, a step was heard behind them; and, turning quickly round, Clara beheld a pretty peasant girl, of about eighteen or twenty, entering the cottage; while old La Brousse told her not to be afraid, as it was only Ninette, a cousin's child, who kept his house for him, and who might be trusted as much as himself. Clara had no fears when she beheld a peasant; and she felt, too, as most women would feel, that although she might see but little of Ninette, yet there was a great comfort in having one of her own sex constantly near her. The peasant girl, too, habituated to such scenes, seemed

to understand her situation at once, and came forward to speak to her with much kindness; but the tidings, that she had seen horsemen upon the hill riding about as if in search of some one, abridged all ceremony, and Clara at once took up her abode in her place of concealment.

Scarcely was the door in the back of the *armoire* closed, and the interior of the cottage restored to its usual aspect, when Clara, as she listened anxiously, heard the tramp of horse—to her ears a sound accursed—and the shouting voice of soldiery disturbing the quiet solitude in which she had taken refuge. In another moment they entered the cottage, and she soon found that she herself, together with several other royalists, was the object of their search. With breathless anxiety she continued to listen while the whole house was examined, with the exception of the very spot in which she lay concealed. Nor was her fear to end, even when the soldiers had satisfied themselves that she was not there; for, having given the farm of Dervais as a rendezvous to several of their comrades scattered over the hill, the dragoons remained for several hours drinking, singing, and mingling together in a foul strain, which they called conversation, blasphemy, ferocity, boasting, and ribaldry. At length, however, after many a weary moment spent by Clara in intense anxiety, the soldiers were joined by companions; and, mounting their horses, they once more rode away,

young relation. It was that of a man of about six-and-twenty years of age, dressed in the garb of a peasant, and with a complexion so bronzed with the sun, as to speak plainly habits of constant exposure and toil. But still there was something in his appearance which at once made Clara de la Roche doubt that he was altogether that which he seemed. It was not alone that his face and his figure were as handsome and as finely formed as it is possible to behold; for impartial nature as often bestows her more perfect gifts upon the children of active industry as upon those of cultivation—and his was evidently a frame inured to toil and exertion; but it was that, with all, there was a calm grace, and easiness of position and of movement, which is generally acquired, not given—which springs more frequently from cultivation of mind than from perfection of body—and which is difficult of attainment, even under every advantage of station and fortune.

When Clara entered, he was leaning with one hand upon a large oaken chair, his head slightly bent, and his eyes raised towards the opening door; but the moment he perceived that the steadfast gaze with which he regarded the fair fugitive raised a bright blush upon her cheek, he dropped his look to the ground; and, though there was space enough for all, drew back a step, as if to give her greater room to advance.

Old La Brousse, who saw their eyes meet, and the surprise that painted itself on Clara's countenance at beholding a stranger, instantly came forward to quiet

her apprehensions, by saying, "My nephew, Mademoiselle!"—but though Ninette looked from Auguste to the face of the young lady, with a glance that seemed to claim Clara's admiration for the handsome young peasant, yet she appeared, the moment after, to think that the eyes of Auguste de la Brousse expressed somewhat more of admiration for the fair fugitive than was necessary or becoming. The whole family, however, were kind and gentle towards her, and Clara sat down with them to their homely supper. Ninette was soon all gayety; but the young peasant was grave, and even sad. Nevertheless, in the course of the evening, he spoke to Mademoiselle de la Roche more than once; and, when Clara retired to her place of concealment, she needed no other voice to tell her that neither his birth nor his education had been amongst the peasantry of Bretagne.

To some persons, who could he be, and what could be his real situation, would have afforded matter for much thought and speculation; but Clara de la Roche settled it in her own mind at once. "He must be some of the young nobility of La Vendée," she thought. "He could be none else than one, like herself, seeking refuge in concealment and incognito from persecution and destruction;" and, of course, a bond of sympathy and esteem was instantly established between her own heart and that of the young stranger.

She saw neither him nor La Brousse, however, during the whole of the next day, though Ninette visited her

more than once, and often turned the conversation to Auguste. It is wonderful how keen women's eyes are in seeing into other women's hearts; and although Clara herself was yet scarcely nineteen, and had possessed as few opportunities as any one of judging what love is, yet she was not long in discovering that there was a spark of affection for the young stranger lighted in the bosom of poor Ninette, which she feared, from what she suspected of his real station, might prove hereafter dangerous to her peace. Many were the questions that she asked concerning Auguste's history; and Ninette, with whom the subject was a favourite one, replied to them all, although, at the same time, she thought that Mademoiselle was somewhat too particular in her inquiries. The answers that Clara received, however, were not such as tended to clear away her suspicions. Ninette declared that Auguste came from a branch of old La Brousse's family, which had long inhabited another part of the country, and that he had not been more than ten days at the farm, whither he had come to help his uncle, who found some difficulty in carrying on his agricultural operations since the death of his two sons.

At night, as soon as the house was completely closed in, and all prying eyes excluded, Clara again ventured from her place of concealment; and certainly, if she had before appeared handsome in the eyes of Auguste, she now, refreshed by repose, looked loveliness itself. Clara could not but feel that she was admired;

and perhaps, at another moment, the admiration of the young stranger, whose tone, and manner, and language, as well as his appearance, all belied the character he assumed, might not have been unpleasant to a heart naturally gentle and affectionate, and ready to cling to any thing for support and consolation. But she saw, at the same time, that every look that Auguste turned towards her, every word that he addressed to her, inflicted a pang upon Ninette ; and though Clara well knew that the passion the poor girl was nourishing, could only end in her ruin, if the object of it was base, and in her unhappiness, if he were noble and virtuous, yet her heart was not one willing to inflict pain upon any human being ; and she remained cold, silent, and reserved, where she would gladly have confided her feelings, her sorrows, and her hopes.

During the course of the day that followed, Ninette scarcely came near the place of Mademoiselle de la Roche's concealment ; and although, two days before, Clara had regarded it with delighted satisfaction, as the first secure resting-place she had found for long, she now began to feel the confinement and the solitude irksome. Her own thoughts, which were full of painful memories, varied by hardly any thing but apprehensions as painful, were certainly not the sweetest of companions during the long hours of a solitary summer's day, and she would have given much for a book to while away the time. At length, however, night came, and this time it was the voice of La Brousse himself that gave

the signal for her to come forth. Ninette was sitting pettishly in one corner of the room, while Auguste stood by the table with his hand resting upon a small packet of books, which he was not long in offering to Clara, as a means of occupying her solitary hours. He did so with the calm and graceful ease that characterised his every action; but there was a light in his eye as he did so, that added a pang to all those that Ninette was already inflicting on herself, and gave even Clara no small pain on her account, though her own heart beat, and her own cheek burned, she scarce knew why.

Clara would fain have shrunk into herself, although the society even of a peasant was a relief after the long hours of solitude which she had lately passed; but good old La Brousse strove to win her into cheerfulness by all that simple unaffected kindness could effect; and the young stranger, without attempting to assume the air or tone of a lower station than her own, led her onward into conversation in despite of her determination, by a gentle unobtrusive mingling of respect and tenderness, in which there was nothing to repress or to repel.

The conduct of Ninette indeed acted as a restraint upon all. She sat gloomy and frowning, biting her pretty lips in silence, while old La Brousse chid her, though not unkindly, for her ill humour; and the young stranger, unconscious of the feelings he had himself excited, gazed upon her with surprise. Perhaps it was Clara de la Roche alone that saw and understood the

real motives of the poor girl's behaviour. She did not indeed know that from the first hour that Auguste la Brousse, as the young stranger called himself, had set his foot across the threshold of the farm of Dervais, Ninette had determined that he should be her lover, whether he would or not. She did not know that he had treated her with the most cool indifference; nor that Ninette, in order to attract his admiration, had coquetted herself into a passion for him, which had received no encouragement; but she clearly saw that love was at the bottom of the poor girl's heart, and she felt grieved that her presence should in any way give her a foretaste of the disappointment that she was destined ultimately to undergo. Her own heart, however, was clear. She could not but acknowledge to herself indeed, that the young stranger was perhaps altogether the handsomest man she had ever yet beheld—that his beauty was not alone the beauty of feature, but the beauty of expression also—that he was graceful in person—and that his conversation had a varied power, which carried attention into admiration, and a tone of noble feeling that gave admiration the basis of esteem. But the heart of Clara de la Roche, though kind, and gentle, and tender, was not one easily to be won. The scenes in which she had mingled—the dangers, the sorrows, the privations, which she had undergone—had raised her spirit above all lighter things; and the only qualities that could ever win her love, would be those which had been tried by the fiery ordeal of difficulties and

perils. Though she was but nineteen, she had learned to distrust imagination, and rely upon deeds rather than appearance.

There was another safeguard, too, to her heart. Her hand, she knew, had been promised by her father to the son of an old and dear friend ; and although she had never yet met him to whom she was destined—though the death of her father and her brother left her free from all such engagements—yet a touch of the same enthusiasm which inspired the loyalty of her house, mingled with her veneration for her father's memory, and made her set a watch upon her own feelings, lest she should ever be tempted to violate the promise that he had given.

The evening passed, however ; and at length Clara again retired to her place of concealment. Sleep came not near her pillow for many hours ; for the pain that her presence was inflicting upon Ninette grieved her deeply, and she resolved in her own mind the idea of quitting the asylum she had found, and once more seeking an abode where her sojourn might occasion no uneasiness, except such as was absolutely inseparable from her situation. We will not say indeed that, when she looked into her own heart, she might not there find some feelings that confirmed her in such a purpose. She did not love the young stranger, it is true ; for she was one of those who had been taught early to avoid the first seeds of any thing that we do not wish to cultivate. He was amiable, interesting, graceful, and

handsome ; he was the only one so gifted that she was likely to behold, if she remained where she was ; and she determined ere long to make her way, if possible, to the house of some relations in the neighbourhood of Rennes.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Clara was in this state of uncertainty, she remained in all the restless watchfulness of doubt ; but when her resolution was once formed, she fell into a profound sleep, from which she did not wake till late upon the subsequent morning. The sun had been up for several hours, and the small room to the precincts of which she was confined, was close and oppressive ; and after listening for a few moments at the partition, to ensure that no strangers were in the farm, she knocked gently, to call the attention of Ninette.

No one answered ; but on listening again, she plainly heard the young *paysanne* bustling about her usual occupations in the kitchen, and she once more endeavoured to make herself heard. Still no reply was returned ; and concluding that some danger existed of which she was not aware, she desisted, and merely opened a small window consisting of a single pane of glass, which, concealed amongst the masonry, served

to give a portion of air and light to the apartment itself, without being discernible from the court-yard, into which it looked.

Clara succeeded in drawing back the window, as she had done before on the preceding day; and the soft fresh air of summer, that now breathed warm and fragrant upon her cheek, made her long for peace and freedom. The little aperture was too high to afford any view of the world without; but Clara paused to listen, in order that her ear might not be quite so much a prisoner as her eye. The first sounds she heard from the court, however, were not the most welcome. There was the tramp of armed men, the grounding of muskets; and the next moment she could distinguish plainly from the other side, the voice of old La Brousse speaking angrily to Ninette as he entered the kitchen in haste.

“Base girl!” he cried, “what mean these soldiers without? You have betrayed us, Ninette—you have betrayed us—and have brought the stain of treachery upon my hearth!—Out upon thee! Out upon thee, base girl!”

Even as he spoke there were other sounds in the cottage; and it was now evident that the house was in the hands of a party of the revolutionary troops from Nantes. Clara trembled in every limb; but she gently drew near, and listened at the door that opened into the *armoire*, while the commandant of the detachment, with many a threat and many a blasphemy, in-

terrogated old La Brousse upon the place of her concealment. She was mentioned by name—her person was described—and there could be no earthly doubt that the information which led to the search that was then in progress, had been accurate and precise. Still old La Brousse held out; and as the soldiers seemed ignorant of the exact place of her concealment, he sternly refused to aid them by a word. At length there was a pause; and then the voice of the commandant was again heard in a tone of command.

“Take him out into the court!” he said. “Draw up a party—place the old brigand against the barn door, and give him a volley! Let us see whether the wolf will die dumb! If she be given up, you save your life old man!”

“It is not worth saving,” replied La Brousse; and there was a noise of feet moving towards the door. As we have said, Clara de la Roche trembled in every limb; but she did not hesitate; and, with a firm hand, she withdrew the bolt of the concealed door, and in the next moment stood before her pursuers. The scene around her was one that might well make her heart quail. In the midst of a number of ferocious faces, sat the well-known Carrier, one of the most sanguinary monsters which the French Revolution had generated. His naked sword lay beside him on the table, and with his hand he pointed to the door, towards which a party of the soldiers were leading poor old La Brousse. In the other corner of the apartment, overpowered by the

consciousness of base treachery, lay fainting on the floor the unhappy Ninette, not even noticed by those to whom she had betrayed the secret intrusted to her; and several soldiers were seen descending the staircase that led to the rooms above, through which they had been prosecuting an ineffectual search. The suddenness of Clara's appearance, and her extraordinary beauty, seemed for a moment to surprise even Carrier himself; and starting up, he gazed upon her for an instant, at the same time making a sign with his hand to the soldiers who were leading the old farmer towards the door.

Clara was very pale, and her heart beat with all that hurried throbbing to which the struggle between hunger, terror, and noble resolution, might well give rise. "I claim your promise, sir!"—she said, advancing towards the leader of the revolutionary force,—“I claim your promise, sir! You said, if Clara de la Roche were given up, yonder old man's life should be spared.”

Carrier paused, and still gazed upon her; but his pause proceeded from no feeling of mercy towards poor old La Brousse, nor from any difficulty in finding an excuse for violating his promise. Such considerations never impeded the progress of a Jacobin. He did pause, however; and with a look, conveying to the mind of the unhappy girl more feelings of repugnance than the aspect of death itself might have done, he answered—“You are as bold as you are beautiful.

Knowing yourself to be a brigand,* and the daughter of a brigand, are you not afraid ? ”

“ I have done no wrong,” replied Clara ; “ and why should I fear ? ”

“ Well, well,” he answered, “ the time may come, and the time will come, when you will fear ; and when such is the case, send for Carrier, who may then, perhaps, find means to console you. As for that old brigand,” he added, assuming an air of dignity, “ I will keep my word. Set him free ; but take care, Citizen La Brousse, how you venture to shelter an aristocrat again. There will be no mercy for a second offence.”

Clara looked upon her own fate as sealed, but she thanked heaven that her safety had not been purchased by the blood of the devoted old man ; and, patiently suffering herself to be placed upon horseback, she was led away towards Nantes, the streets of which city, and the river which flowed past its streets, were every day stained with the blood of creatures, young, and fair, and beautiful as herself.

As the last soldiers wound away from the farm, the leader selected five from amongst them, and gave some orders in a whisper, which instantly made them turn from the line of march that their comrades were pursuing, and take the path over the hill. This done, he himself rode up to the side of the unhappy girl he had

* The name of brigand was the common term applied by the revolutionists to the Vendéans.

captured, and poured into her ears a strain of wild and ferocious raving about revolutions, mingled with words of impure and fearful import, that made her heart sink.

At length they approached the town of Nantes. It was a beautiful evening in the height of summer, with the whole sky full of purple light ; while the splendid city rising from the banks of the water, was reflected in a thousand glistening lines from the bright bosom of the river. The air was light and soft ; the heavens were calm and cloudless ; there were birds singing in the tranquil freshness of the evening ; and every thing spoke of peace and happiness. But as the party which escorted Clara de la Roche approached the banks of the Loire, her eye rested on a large boat filled with human beings of every age, and sex, and class—from the old man with snowy hair, to the curly-headed child—from the lovely girl of eighteen, to the aged matron whose remaining hours could have been but few at best—from the old chivalrous noble of France, to some refractory Jacobin—from virtue and purity itself, to her who gained the means of life or of dissipation, by the abandonment of all holiness of heart. They were tied together ; and though some wept and cast down their eyes, while others looked up, appealing to the glowing heaven above them, all were silent. At length two or three ferocious-looking wretches, who had been pushing the boat forward towards the centre

of the river, leapt into a smaller boat by its side. A cannon shot was heard as a signal, a rope was drawn, which seemed to pass under the larger bark ; it rolled for a moment as if upon a stormy sea—settled heavily down—there was a loud parting shriek, as its human freight bade the earth adieu for ever, and a howl of fierce delight from the monsters that lined the shore.

Clara closed her eyes, and when she opened them again the boat with all that it contained was gone ; but where it had last appeared, the waters were rushing and bubbling, as if the shallow river scarcely concealed the struggles of the two hundred victims who at that moment had found eternity beneath its waves. The brain of the poor prisoner reeled ; her heart felt sick, the next moment sense forsook her, and she fell from the horse that bore her to such a scene of crime and horror. A brief pause of happy forgetfulness followed next ; and then, when her eyes opened, she found herself in a close dark dungeon, with a multitude of her fellow-creatures lying round her, in loathsomeness, and misery, and disease, and despair.

CHAPTER IV.

It was night, and the farm of old La Brousse was left in solitude, for he had indignantly sent the unhappy girl who had betrayed the secrets of his dwelling back to her family ; and—suspecting that his own life and liberty had not been left to him, when much smaller offences were daily visited with death, without some treacherous motive—he had himself gone forth to seek, in the most obscure parts of the desolate track amidst which his house was situated, the young stranger whom we have seen under the name of Auguste. By some evil chance, however, they had missed each other ; and, after the place had remained for some time without the presence of a single breathing thing, the door was gently opened, and the young stranger entered, habited as usual in the dress of a peasant. He looked round the vacant kitchen in some surprise, at seeing it dark and untenanted ; and then, approaching the foot of the stairs, he pronounced the names of La Brousse and Ninette. No answer was of course returned ; but while he was anxiously striving to obtain a light from the half extinct embers, the door was again unclosed, and the old farmer stood beside him.

“ Haste, haste, La Brousse ! ” cried the young man.
“ Get me a light, and bring me my sabre and my bugle.

I hear Carrier is roaming the country with one of his infernal bands of murderers. He must be met where he returns to Nantes; and I have named the rendezvous for daybreak to-morrow, at the Mill of Bohard."

"It is in vain, Monseigneur!" replied the old man,—"it is in vain! By this time he is in Nantes; and he has dragged Mademoiselle de la Roche along with him."

Had there been a light in the chamber, the countenance of Auguste might have shown the old farmer that deeper and more powerful feelings were excited in his bosom by those words, than either common friendship or the peculiar interest of Clara's situation could inspire; but there was no light; and while the young Vendean remained in horror-struck silence, his companion proceeded rapidly to detail all that had occurred during the morning.

Even when he had done, Auguste made no reply for several minutes; and his first words were only, "My sabre and my bugle!"

Casting himself down in a chair, while the old man went to bring the articles he demanded from the place where they were concealed, the other covered his eyes with his hands, and remained for several moments in deep and painful thought, from which he only roused himself for a moment to bolt the door by which he had entered. La Brousse at length returned; and

Auguste, while buckling on his sabre and slinging the horn over his shoulder, grasped his arm, and whispered, "Up to the high window, La Brousse! I heard a noise but now in the court. Arm yourself as best you can, and then bring me news of what you see below—Quick! The moon is shining!"

The old man speedily came back with a fowling-piece in his hand, and a broadsword by his side; and he now replied in the same low tone, that there were men evidently skulking under the shadow of the barn. "You see why your life was spared, La Brousse," said his young companion. "It was but that, by granting you a longer space, I might be entrapped along with you. But they shall find that we can sell our lives dearly. What say you? shall we go forth?"

"With all my heart, my lord," answered the stout old man. "I have nothing to care for now, and nothing to regret but the fate of that poor young lady; and perhaps I might not have been able to serve her, even if they had let me live."

"We may both serve her yet!" answered his companion. "Now open the door!" and drawing with one hand a pistol, which had lain concealed in a thick silk handkerchief that was tied round his waist, he held his bugle in the other, and prepared to go forth the moment the way was clear. As soon as his foot was beyond the threshold, "Qui va là?" was shouted from several different sides of the court-yard; and the next

THE FERRYMAN OF BRITTANY.

moment the men with levelled muskets advanced into the courtyard, exclaiming, — "Rends toi, brigand !"

He raised the hatch to his lips, and for all reply let out long loud hiss, waving back La Brousse who was following him, and then sprang once more into the village. For a moment the soldiers seemed uncertain, but as he retreated, the word "Fire !" was given, and the next instant the five muskets were at once discharged. Three of the balls whistled through the doorway ; but by that time the young Vendean was already masked by the wall, and had forcibly pulled the old farmer back out of the line of fire.

"No, La Brousse, now !" he exclaimed, again springing forward into the court as soon as the muskets were discharged, and levelling his pistol at the head of the firmest assistant. The old man was by his side in an instant, taking a steady fearless aim by the sight of the man at the left hand man of the attacking party. The soldiers rushed forward, but ere they could there were two distinct reports, and the odds were reduced to three against two.

The struggle that followed, however, was a fierce one. It was the bold heart and the strong hand doing the bidding of hatred and revenge. Old La Brousse, notwithstanding the haul of years, overpowered one of the assistants that might have been his son, and cast him headlong on the earth, while Auguste cut down another, but the third sprang upon the old farmer, while

struggling to terminate the contest with his first opponent, and, seizing him behind, mastered his arms and tied them in a moment with all the skill of a jailer. At that instant Auguste turned upon him ; but the man that La Brousse had overpowered now rose up but little hurt, and the young Vendean found himself attacked at once by two well-armed men, each equal to himself in personal strength. The game they seemed resolved to play was a deadly one : while one kept him engaged, the other calmly loaded his musket, and the fate of Auguste seemed decided ; but scarcely had the cartridge been crushed down into the gun, when a large stag-hound dashed down from the high grounds into the court, and at once sprang to the throat of the second soldier, at the very instant he was levelling his weapon at the head of the young Vendean. Self preservation—always the first principle of man's nature—made him turn the gun upon the faithful dog ; but the unwieldy length of the musket at that time used in the French service, rendered it nearly impossible to bring the muzzle to bear upon the body of the animal, as it still hung by the grasp it had taken of his throat ; and, in attempting to effect his purpose, the soldier fired and missed entirely his fourfooted assailant, while the recoil of the gun, unsupported by his shoulder, shattered and disabled the hand by which it was held.

The dog, however, was accompanied by still more serviceable allies ; and in a minute or two after, while Auguste still prolonged the combat with his oppo-

now, and the gallant bound still held his grasp of the ~~when~~ nine or ten men, in the wild costume of Vendean ~~soldiers~~ warned by the bugle of their leader, poured into the court and overpowered all resistance.

The revolutionary soldiers were made prisoners in an instant; and, as there were many words of very doubtful augury in regard to their fate passing amongst the Vendéans, they pleaded hard for life. For a moment or two no one heeded their entreaties, and Auguste himself gazed upon them with a look expressive of contempt rather than pity, while his companions untied the hands of good old La Brousse. "Bring out a light, La Brousse!" he said; "I would fain see the faces of at least one of these gentry. His voice does not seem unknown to me."

The light was brought, and held alternately to the countenances of the two men who had prolonged the contest so fiercely, when the glare of the burning resin lighted first upon the features of a young, and then upon those of a middle-aged man, without displaying any extraordinary brutality of expression, or any marks of those savage passions which might be expected in the willing followers of the bloodthirsty Carrier. "It is as I thought," cried Auguste, as he gazed upon the face of the elder. "How is it, fellow, that you, who were so long faithful to our cause, are now amongst the foremost of its base adversaries, and are especially chosen to capture the son of your ancient master and benefactor?"

"I was faithful to your cause," replied the man, with an abruptness which the revolutionists greatly affected, "as long as I had no opportunity of abandoning it; and I was chosen to capture you, because I knew your person. But I am pleading for my life—or rather for that of one to whom life is more valuable—this young man here, my son; and I know well that I must offer something more than words to purchase it at your hands. Listen to me then—if you will spare us and set us at liberty, I will set free her who was taken from this place this morning."

"Ha!" cried Auguste; "free and unharmed?"

"Free and unharmed as she went," replied the other. "You had better take my offer, for it is her only chance for life."

"But how can I trust you?" demanded the young Vendean: "you who have already proved yourself false and faithless?"

"Neither false nor faithless!" replied the soldier. "Your father forced me to join a cause of which he had never asked my opinion, and should not have wondered at my quitting it without asking his permission. But I waste words;—you require some better assurance of my good faith than a mere promise, and I offer you here my son. Keep him in your hands; and if I do not deliver over to you Clara de la Roche safe and well at the time and place I shall appoint, shoot him on the spot."

Some farther conversation ensued, which it is un-

necessary to detail. The soldier named the time—the night following,—and the place—a sequestered spot upon the banks of the Loire, about two miles above the city of Nantes. He spoke boldly in regard to his power of performing what he promised. His son willingly undertook to be his surety ; and after some discussion amongst the Vendéans, in regard to the propriety of liberating him, he was at length set free, and departed.

CHAPTER V.

It was a soft calm night, with the moon shining clear and sweet in the sky, and one or two planets wandering like boats of light over the surface of the profound blue ocean of the heavens. All the world, too, was hushed in sleep ; and, as the young Vendean took his way towards the spot appointed for the exchange of the two prisoners, not a sound was to be heard but the steps of his own party. That party, however, was reduced to four ; for, feeling that he had no right to peril lives which might be of infinite import to the noble cause he had espoused, in an enterprise which he could not but acknowledge was wholly inspired by personal attachment, Auguste had positively refused the company of any but old La Brousse, and one other

attached friend who would take no refusal. Between them they led the young soldier who had remained in their hands as a hostage; and as they advanced through a winding dell, the tall trees of which hid the Loire from their sight, they paused at every aperture in the thick foliage, to gaze out anxiously over the waters. A thin light haze, however, was rising over the river, and though its course could be plainly discerned, yet the more minute objects which moved upon its bosom—if there were any—were hidden from their sight. At the low sandy landing-place, where they at length arrived, all was still obscure; and they remained till the wind brought upon their ears the chime of the distant clocks of Nantes, striking the hour of midnight. Almost immediately afterwards, the dull sound of oars was heard from the water, and a small boat was seen shooting up the middle of the stream. In it there appeared but two persons, and one of them was evidently a female. The heart of the young Vendean beat quick while the rower pulled on, and then guided his boat direct to the little landing-place. It glided rapidly through the water, touched the shore, and in a moment after the hand of Clara de la Roche was clasped in that of her deliverer.

The young soldier was immediately set at liberty; and, without the interchange of a word, sprang into the boat, and was dropping down the Loire with his father, while Clara, hardly believing her senses, was hurrying on with her new companions towards a spot

where horses had been prepared to carry them away from pursuit.

"Oh, sir, I feel that I have to thank you for more than life!" she said at length, turning to him whom we have called Auguste.

"For nothing—nothing, dearest girl!" he answered. "Nay, do not start!" he added, marking the surprise which the expression he had used towards her called forth,—“nay, do not start!—Did not the man who set you at liberty tell you, that it was into the hands of Auguste de Beaumont, he was about to deliver you? Did he not say, that it was to the care and guidance of your promised husband, that he was about to yield you?"

Clara had no time to reply; for, ere she could express by one word any of the mingled emotions which such tidings might well call up in her heart, there was a rustle in the trees—a rush of many feet—a momentary struggle; and in the end, she found herself once more a prisoner by the side of her lover, while a troop of revolutionary soldiers from Nantes insulted them by every sort of bitter mockery and coarse jest.

"Well, well! We have set the rat-trap to some purpose!" cried one.—“So, brigand, you thought to carry a prisoner away from the town of Nantes without even paying the fees!" exclaimed another.—“She is your promised wife, too, is she?" said a third.—“Well, to-morrow you shall have a republican marriage of it!"

Amidst such jeers, the prisoners were dragged on to Nantes, now understanding well that the brief liberation of Mademoiselle de la Roche had been but a trap to decoy the whole party. Few words were spoken amongst the prisoners. Consolation was in vain—hope there was none—Robespierre lived, and death was the only prospect. Auguste de Beaumont pressed the hand of Clara, and Clara whispered with a few bitter tears—“ You have sacrificed yourself for me ! ”

This was all that passed, ere in separate dungeons they were left to wait their approaching fate. Clara enduring with the true fortitude of woman, and Auguste de Beaumont chafing at his chains, with the impetuosity of one who had never been aught but free.

It would be more harrowing than interesting to detail the passing of a night in the dungeons of a revolutionary prison. That night—however long and dreadful it might seem to Clara de la Roche—passed at length ; and, by daylight, the minions of the grossest tyranny that ever darkened the earth, came to drag the unhappy girl to the fate reserved for all that was great and noble in France. Strange however to say, that fate did not seem in her eyes so appalling as one might suppose. Weary of persecution, and terror, and flight, and uncertainty, and grief, there was an anticipation very like a feeling of relief, in the thought of one brief step leading to immortality, and peace, and joy ; and she advanced to the cart destined to drag her to

the place of execution, with greater alacrity than her tyrants were accustomed or willing to behold. In the fatal vehicle were already placed Auguste de Beaumont, the friend who had accompanied him on his ill-starred expedition, and good old La Brousse, the farmer of Dervais. They waited but for her alone, and, when she was placed in the car, the word was given to march. The procession moved forward through the streets of Nantes towards the river, escorted by a small body of cavalry ; and, though the hour was yet early, it was remarked that large crowds were collected to see a sight which certainly had not the advantage of novelty in that unhappy town. There was a deep solemn stillness, too, in the multitudes, as the cart rolled through the midst of them, that had something in it portentous as well as awful ; and a low murmur, like the rush of a receding wave, was heard, as the history of the two younger victims was whispered amongst the people.

The tyrants, however, had no dread, and the vehicle went slowly on ; when, in passing the end of a narrow street which led towards the Place d'Armes, the clatter of a horse's feet at full gallop was heard from a parallel avenue. The horse galloped on, but the street was filled with people, and for a minute there were heard loud murmurs at the further end. The next instant came a profound silence, during which nothing was distinguished but the creaking of the heavy cart wheels, and the slow tramp of the soldiers' horses ;

but then—one loud stentorian voice shouted, with a sound that was heard through the whole street, “**ROBESPIERRE IS DEAD!!! DOWN WITH THE TYRANTS!!!**”

A cry of joy, and triumph, and encouragement, burst from the multitudes around. As if bound together by some secret arrangement—though none, in truth, existed, save detestation of the sanguinary tyranny of the Jacobins,—as if animated by one spirit—though men of almost every party were present—the crowds rushed on from every quarter upon the cart, which was dragging new victims to immolation. The soldiers were overpowered in a moment; one or two were killed on the spot. The cords that tied the prisoners were cut—a thousand hands were held out to give them aid—a thousand voices cried fly here or fly there; but at length one, more prudent than the rest, exclaimed, “To the gates! To the gates!” and in five minutes Auguste de Beaumont, bearing Clara in his arms, and followed by their fellow-prisoners, was clear of the city of Nantes.

One of the heroes of the Bocage, Auguste was well experienced in every art for baffling a pursuing enemy. No sooner was the tumult in the city known, than Lamberty called forth the troops, and Carrier mounted his horse. But the news met them in the street, that on July the 27th—just four days before—Robespierre, their patron and example, had ended his days upon the public scaffold.

Terror took possession of them ; their measures for repressing the rising, or for overtaking the fugitives, were weak and vacillating ; and ere night, Auguste de Beaumont and Clara de la Roche were far from all pursuit.

Time passed, and the struggle of loyalty and good faith against oppression, tyranny, and crime, continued in La Vendée for some months longer ; but when, at length, the cause became desperate, and hope was at an end in France, a small fishing-boat conveyed Auguste de Beaumont and his bride to England. In regard to old La Brousse, he calmly returned to the house he had ever inhabited, and strange to say, received no molestation therein, till death fell upon his eyelids as a tranquil sleep. Carrier and Lamberty, it is true, had little time to think of the victims who had escaped them, or to point them out to others. Their fate is well known, and surely was well deserved. As for Ninette, who had betrayed to the revolutionary rulers the refuge of Mademoiselle de la Roche, she is said to have married a corporal in the Guard, who afterwards rose to the rank of a general, and who displayed no great tenderness towards his lady in subsequent years, although her chief fault in his eyes was, that she did not bear her blushing honours with as much grace as he could have desired.

THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

COMPOSED SHORTLY AFTER HER DECEASE, NOVEMBER 1831.

BY WILLIAM TENNANT.



I.

My mother dead!—what weight of grief
 Lies in these little words for me!
 Again, again I am a child,
 And fond affection's tears flow free!
 Back, back into my schoolboy days
 Rushes my eager memory,
 And stirreth up the various scenes
 A mother's love endear'd to me!

II.

Again I see her anxious look
 When childhood's troubles on me lay—
 I hear her voice that, full of hope,
 Sooth'd all these childish ails away;
 Each word she spake, each kindly deed,
 That from her fond hand fluttering came,
 Rise on my soul to make more dear
 To me a mother's sacred name.

III.

When from on high affliction came,
And fill'd my father's house with tears,
For her alone I felt—for her
My unconfessing breast had fears ;—
When joy came like an angel down,
To wipe the sorrows God had given,
'Twas for her sake alone I bless'd
That gladness which came down from Heaven.

IV.

Alas ! from day to day I saw
Her feeble frame grow feeble more,
As winter, that to youth gives way,
His deadly gripe lay on her sore ;—
I mark'd her tottering step—I tried
Kindly to chide her into glee ;
Alas ! in vain ;—she scarce at night
Could say the old “good-night” to me.

V.

At last the yet unwither'd bloom,
That dim upon her face did lie,
Sunk, sunk at once to mortal pale—
I saw it—saw my mother die !
And, though her eye beheld me not,
Her features look'd tranquillity,
And from behind the veil of death
Smiled their last blessing upon me !

VI.

Thanks, thanks to Heaven ! my wish, my prayer,
Hath been, for many a changeful year,
That God might spare my life for *this*—
For *this alone*—her heart to cheer ;
And now, that I have seen her age
Made glad, have seen her die in peace,
Careless and tranquil I await
The term of this my mortal race !

ARDEN.

POOR ARDEN ! He was the life and soul of our regiment, ever the first in the foray or the skirmish, and equally ready for the lighter pleasures of a soldier's life. As the festive wine-flask circulated in our hasty bivouac, his was the gayest song, the lightest laugh, and the most joyous bearing. There was something so buoyant, so *insouciant* in his whole manner, that you felt, on looking at his open, good-humoured, manly countenance, as if here at least grief could find no resting-place—as if the cares of life would fall harmless around him, as “dewdrops from the lion's mane.”

We had suffered severely during the campaign, and were ordered home to refresh ourselves, and recruit our diminished numbers. It was a brilliant morning in the month of June, when we found ourselves once more beneath the snowy cliffs of old Albion, and before eleven o'clock we had cast anchor off Dover. Soon all was the hurry and bustle of debarkation. Ours had been a distinguished corps, and had borne a prominent part in all the hard fighting through the Peninsula; and as our scanty band, “few and faint, but fearless still,” with colours of which scarcely a rag remained on the

poles, and clothes which seemed most favourable for inviting every passing breeze, ranged themselves after landing in martial array, the shouts with which we were received and recognised, were long, loud, and universal.

A few mornings after our arrival, Arden entered my room with his usual jocund air—"Come," said he, "I have a little scheme to propose, which may afford us some summer amusement. Our regiment, I find, remains here for some time. Now, as I have already seen all their wonders, not excepting Tilburina's fort and Queen Anne's pocket-pistol—as I hate red bricks and leaden mercuries, being carbonized on a chalk cliff, or stewed to death at the Governor's parties while doing amiable in a stiff stock and tight-buttoned coat—I mean to apply for leave of absence, and spend the next three months ruralizing in some of the delicious Devonshire vales. Will you then be my companion? I feel already determined to be quite romantic. I have dreamt these last three nights of 'green fields and babbling brooks;' and my mind tells me we shall have some adventures!" He could scarcely have made a proposal more suited to my humour; but unfortunately business required my presence in London, and threatened to detain me there for a long time. I promised, however, if he would let me know of his retreat, to join him, if possible, before the summer had expired. With this promise we parted. In a few days his leave arrived. A soldier's preparations are soon made. A change of

clothes, a few books, his fishing-rod, and guitar, were quickly packed, and he set out on his rural expedition.

In the first letter I received from him after this, he said he had been fortunate enough to light on a spot that had realized all his wishes. He had established himself in a delicious little cottage ornée, that often reminded him of the scenes of some of our continental adventures. Along the front ran a broad light trellis, richly mantled on one side by the darkly clustering foliage of a vine, while on the other a hop-plant with its green blossoms and graceful tendrils extended its trailing festoons, which seemed as if they shook themselves in mimic mirth, as the summer breeze lightly rustled amongst their bright green leaves. His window looked out over a succession of long, low, undulating hills, whose summits and sides were crowned with orchards, already showing rich promise of an abundant autumnal crop, whilst around their bases glided a tiny sparkling stream, which ever and anon coyly hid its retiring beauties from the eye, only to reappear in some more enchanting form, until at length it spread itself out in one calm, smooth, silvery expanse, that seemed "lazily voluptuous" to roll itself in liquid melody amongst those happy fields.

From his bedroom he overlooked at a short distance the garden of a neighbouring house, which, he heard, had been taken by the celebrated Doctor F——, as a summer retreat for a few of his insane patients, whom he thought a change of scene likely to benefit.

It was towards the close of a lovely summer's day—the sun had gone down behind rich and gorgeous masses of clouds, which seemed as 'twere the wrecks of former worlds piled in wild disorderly array—the sultry heat of the day was over, and at intervals the night breeze sighed along, heavily laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, and seemed to mix its dying cadence with the rippling of the distant stream—Arden had retired to his chamber, and stretching from its half opened casement, was catching the fragrance of the passing gale. He was a child of impulse. Nature had formed him in one of her kindest moods, and he had ever been one of her most devoted admirers. His soul was attuned to the harmony of the moment; and sweeping his fingers across the chords of his guitar, he poured forth his whole feelings in the rich wild strain of an old Moorish love-song. As he paused, the moon, which had hitherto ridden in veiled majesty amongst light fleecy clouds, now suddenly burst from their envelope, and poured her pale clear flood of silvery light across the landscape. Arden half rose from the couch on which he had been reclining—his eye fell on a female form of surpassing loveliness.

Descended from one of France's proudest nobles, and reared in the lap of luxury, Marie de B—— had, at a tender age, been driven from her dearly loved country by the withering blast of that moral tempest which had dashed from his throne the representative of a hundred kings, and scattered to the corners of the

world that "*haute noblesse*," which had so long been the pride of chivalry and the boast of the civilized world. Enthusiastically devoted to the family of his murdered prince, the Duke de B—— did all that talent could devise, or gallantry execute. Joined to the band of noble exiles, he had shared the dangers and often the couch of the brave but unfortunate Condé. When at length the fortune of the usurpers prevailed, and their little army, thinned of many a gallant soul, was obliged to yield to hard fate and disband, the Duke retired to England, where he had some time before sent Marie and her mother. Still determined to raise the fallen fortunes of the Bourbons, he was busily engaged in intrigues and preparations for his darling object. A short time since, with the hopes of accelerating some of his plans, he had passed over into Switzerland. He was a man of too much talent and daring not to be closely watched by Bonaparte's spies. Scarcely had he been a month near the frontiers, when one night he was suddenly seized in his bed, bound on a horse, and hurried off by a party of mounted gens-d'arme to the castle of St Juliers.

Brief was his trial—scarcely invested with the mockery of form. He disdained to deny his name, his rank, or his objects. The following morning at daybreak he was brought out on the esplanade before the castle, where he found twelve grenadiers already drawn up with loaded muskets.

Boldly and steadily he advanced to the front of the

line: He cast a farewell look on the vine-clad hills of his own "bright land," just gilded with the beams of the rising sun—he sent back one agonizing thought to his wife and daughter, now about to become widow and orphan in a strange land—he took from his breast, and reverently pressed to his lips, a medal he had received from the hands of his sovereign, whom he honoured even unto death—then, raising his hat from his head, he gave the fatal signal with his own loved war-cry of "Vive le Roi!" and instantly fell. The tidings were brought to England soon after by a prisoner with whom the Duke had had a chance interview the night preceding his execution, and whom he had charged with his last remembrances to his wife and daughter. One of them these tidings were never destined to reach. Over-anxiety and intense mental agony, preying on a naturally delicate frame, had already reduced the Dutchess to the last stage of a low nervous fever. Summoned from her chamber, Marie received the fatal intelligence of her father's murder. With a bursting heart, but an assumed calmness of countenance, she returned to her mother's couch, where had been her constant post, and where she had fulfilled all the duties so comprehensively expressed in the brief but energetic aspiration of the inspired writer, "Make thou all my bed in my sickness."

In a few hours that mother had ceased to breathe—her last moments occupied in charging Marie with a

thousand tender regards to him, who, alas ! was never to receive them in this world. Nature at length gave way. Marie had just strength to return the last faint embrace of her only remaining parent, and sunk in a swoon across her lifeless body, from which she only awoke in the ravings of a delirious fever.

The talents, the heartfelt devotedness of this ill-fated family, had joined to them in the closest bonds of friendship the Countess Aubry, who, to the genuine and sterling virtues of an English character, added the warmth and fervour of a more southerly clime. She flew to the bedside of the suffering Marie. She watched over her with a mother's care ; and, when a slight change had rendered it practicable, she had her carefully removed to Aubry House, which she internally vowed should be henceforth the home of the desolate orphan.

Slowly did youth and a good constitution prevail over the fever which wasted the body of Marie ; but her noble mind resumed not its seat. Reason had been dashed too rudely from her throne, and the wild chaos of desolating ideas had swept across the place where she had once loved to rule. In vain was every expedient that skill could suggest, or affection dictate, resorted to, to recall her wandering intellect. Calmly and quietly she assented to every thing that was proposed ; with grateful thankfulness she acknowledged every little office of friendship ; but her thoughts seemed to have reverted many years—the last heart-rending scenes of her life seemed totally effaced from

her memory. As a last resource, Dr F—— proposed change of scene, and temporary absence from her friends, by transferring her to his retreat, which we have before mentioned as situated in Devonshire. To this arrangement the Countess more readily consented, as her own villa, to which she was about returning for the summer, was at such a moderate distance, that she could quickly be informed of any change that might occur.

* * * *

And now, as attracted by the music, Marie stood beneath the ray of the cold chaste moon, she seemed like a breathing statue—like a thing of light—like the “midnight meteor’s gleam,” the which, while we look upon, we fear to say, “there it is,” least it should have already passed away, and left us gazing on the deep blue vault through which it had shot. Marie was of the finest order of forms. A loose white robe, confined beneath the breast by a single diamond clasp, displayed a bust of faultless symmetry. Her long raven tresses, darkly clustering o’er a brow of spotless purity, fell in rich disorderly profusion on her snowy neck and shoulders. Her face was of the finest Grecian order, and pale as the purest Parian marble. Grief had touched—not changed it. ’Twas like a lovely Dorian temple—deserted, but not in ruins. Its symmetrical pillars, its exquisitely-turned dome, still remained; but the holy fire that once burned on its altar was extinct: its

beauty was calmness—its loveliness was repose—was stillness—was all but death.

The air that Arden sung had been a favourite with the Dutchess de B——. Marie had never heard it since her mother's death. It touched a chord that long had ceased to vibrate. With breathless attention she drank in every note; and, as the voice sunk in the last sweet cadence, and died away on the listening ear, a vague indefinite perception of what she had been seemed to steal across her soul, and lent a new and touching interest to her features. With mixed wonder and delight Arden gazed on the lovely being before him. He moved not—he scarcely dared breathe—lest the beautiful vision should vanish. His whole life seemed concentrated in that moment, and he found himself watching the spot on which she had stood for minutes after she had quitted it.

As the summer advanced, their interviews had been repeated. He had gained the inside of the little garden, and at her feet had poured forth his whole soul in a flood of impassioned eloquence—the child of true and unaffected feeling. A marked change had taken place in Marie's state. She had become more unsettled—more disturbed—and her mind seemed often to revert to her melancholy lot. Her careful guardians became alarmed. They tried confinement; but found that she relapsed into that state of cold unobserving apathy, which they dreaded more than the most powerful

excitement. She was again permitted to see Arden, and appeared so far improved, that, when it became necessary for Lady Aubry to return to London, it was determined that Marie should accompany her.

As it was thought the excitement of the journey, and change of place, might probably have some effect on Marie's mind, it was determined that, for the present, Arden should remain behind; Lady Aubry, whom his devoted and disinterested attachment had gained over, undertaking to inform him of any change that might occur.

The accounts went on daily improving, until, after the lapse of about a month, the anxiously expected summons arrived, and on the evening of the following day Arden found himself, with beating heart, at the door of Aubry House. In a brief interview Lady Aubry informed him that Marie's improvement had exceeded their most sanguine expectations—that she now joined in all their little amusements—took an interest in every thing that was proposed, and had even regained some of her former cheerfulness. There seemed, however, to be yet one dark corner of her mind which she cautiously avoided examining—one deep corroding sore—which had not yet learned to bear the probe. They had for some days been preparing her for the interview with Arden, which was now fixed for the following morning, and which she seemed to expect with rather a timid curiosity.

At an early hour Marie arose, after passing a restless

night. There was an unearthly brightness about her eye, something of an unsteadiness in her glance; and her colour "still changing," now rolled in crimson tide beneath her transparent skin, now retreating to the great citadel the heart, left her of a paleness more startling from the contrast. With anxious solicitude her friends gathered round her; and as they beheld her so young, so lovely, yet so steeped in misfortune's bitterest cup—they dreaded to think how near was the crisis on which her fate might depend, and almost shrunk from asking themselves what might be its issue.

The hour arrived. Arden was announced. Marie arose—her eye met his. For a moment an expression of joy shot across her countenance. 'Twas but for a moment—'twas succeeded by one of the intensest agony. She gave a loud and heart-rending shriek. She clasped her head with her hands, and sunk senseless. In that brief moment memory had resumed her seat. Her father's murder—her mother's untimely death—her own misfortunes—all glanced before her with maddening rapidity. Her feelings, so long pent up, suddenly gushed forth with resistless violence—she felt as if pierced by an arrow through the brain—the iron had entered her soul. With a cry, wild as her own, Arden darted forward—as she was falling he clasped her in his arms, and, as he pressed her senseless form to his beating heart, he felt "that surely the bitterness of death was past."

Lady Aubry alone retained any composure. Mildly

and gently she raised the still lifeless Marie from Arden's arms, and committed her to the care of Dr F——, whose attendance had been insured. I had come with Arden to share the happy scene—it was now my melancholy task to withdraw him from the fatal spot. For some time he heard me not when I spoke; at length, suddenly seizing my arm, and drawing his cap over his eyes, he hurried along with reckless rapidity. In the evening we called to inquire. She was still alive, but had not spoken. Early the next morning we again called. Though it was nearly dark, we were admitted. Lady Aubry came to meet us. Her face told too plainly that all was over. For a few minutes Marie had recovered her consciousness. In that brief delusive lightening before death, she had just strength to thank Lady Aubry fervently for all her kindness. She mentioned Arden; and, taking from her breast a small locket which had belonged to her mother, she begged it might be given him as a last memorial. In a few minutes she had ceased to breathe. Arden shook like an aspen leaf, while receiving the last token of her whom he had loved so well. He essayed to speak a few words of thankfulness to Lady Aubry, but his voice died away in hoarse and broken murmurs. He pressed her hand—then, placing his arm within mine, we slowly left the room.

On returning to the hotel, I found that our regiment was again ordered for foreign service, and that it was necessary we should join immediately. I rejoiced at

this, as I hoped it might dispel the depth of Arden's melancholy, and in some measure dissipate the cloud that hung around him, and seemed to freeze up all his feelings at their fountain-head. But it was in vain. He joined the regiment a heart-broken man. Mechanically he performed the duties of his station. He appeared on parade, at mess, but he moved amongst us as amongst persons with whom he had not one feeling, one idea in common.

“ He never smiled ; or smiled in such a sort .
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his soul
That could be moved to smile.”

In a few days we embarked.

Our regiment was destined to assist the troops engaged in besieging the strong fortress of S——. On our arrival we found that a breach had been made, and that an assault had been ordered for the next morning at daybreak. This news seemed to arouse Arden from his melancholy torpor. He eagerly sought the general, and obtained command of the forlorn hope. I well remember his appearance on that morning. His fine commanding figure, drawn up to its full height—his step proud, firm, and elastic. His face was pale ; but on each cheek there was a circumscribed blood-red spot, and a wild unsettled fire gleamed at intervals from his full dark eagle eye. In few but energetic words he addressed his devoted band—then

drawing his sword, and flinging away the scabbard, he gave the word to advance. I saw him as he sprung amongst the mouldering masses of a ruined bastion—the thick clouds of a murderous volley hid him from my sight—I had seen him for the last time !

We buried him on the breach that his valour had gained, and we mourned, as if each had lost a brother.

He was generally known and loved ; and many an old Peninsular officer, as he reads this hasty and imperfect sketch, will recognise the features of an “ ower true tale,” and sigh and say, “ Alas, poor Arden ! ”

P. B. L.

TO THE YEW-TREE.

BY THE REV. W. M. HETTERINGTON.

HAIL to thee, melancholy tree!
 Oh! well—by that deep midnight hue,
 Those boughs that bend so pensively—
 Well do I know thee, gloomy yew!
 Emblem of life! thou speakest true!
 Sadly thou bidd'st thy branches wave,
 Shedding dark drops of tear-like dew
 Over the gaunt insatiable grave,
 Still yawning, whether young Spring bloom or Winter rave.

Spring calls, with music-breathing voice,
 As mild she lifts her violet eyes,
 Bidding reviving earth rejoice;
 Glad the reviving earth replies.
 A thousand newborn sympathies
 Awake; fresh flowers on every lea
 Bloom beautiful; joy fills the skies
 With lively music; but, thou gloomy tree,
 Spring calls not forth gay flowers, nor freshening bloom on thee.

When, sweeping o'er the saddening sky,
 Pale Autumn's fitful gale descends—
 Like Nature's sick convulsive sigh;
 Or when stern Winter darkly bends

His demon scowl, or fiercely rends
The oak, till sadness, dim and hoar,
O'er hill, dale, flower, and tree extends :
Thou reck'st not though skies gloom and tempests roar,
In Spring thou canst not bloom, nor droop in Winter more.

Beneath thy dreary shade reclined,
Listening the wind's unsteady wail,
I love to lie ; while o'er my mind,
As swells or falls the moody gale,
Roll musings, mournful as the tale
Of sorrow, homeless, waste, and lone ;
Till sounds of wilder might assail
The startled ear, in hollow, boding tone,
Solemn, unearthly, deep, as some sad spirit's moan !

Yielding my heart to every dream,
There let me uncompanion'd lie,
Watching the shifting checker'd gleam
That glads or mocks the gazing eye :
Moon ! thou far journeyer on high !
Fair queen of night ! enjoy thy hour
Of peerless sway in that deep sky ;
Shed wide thy rays, a molten silvery shower—
They gild its outward gloom, but enter not my bower.

Mankind ! I hate ye not, nor scorn,
Though here alone I love to be
Stretch'd like an outcast, sad and lorn,
Beneath this melancholy tree !
Few pleasures life has now to me ;—
In youth, ere grief my steps had met,
Hopes smiled and bloom'd alluringly,
Like roses with soft dewdrops newly wet ;—
The bloom fled ere embraced, the thorn stings deeply yet !

Friendship, alas ! oft but a name !—
Its eye can look estranged and cold ;
And that soft, bosom-melting flame,—
Oh ! need its name be plainlier told ?—
Be still, crush'd heart ! O, Memory, hold !
Press not thy tablets on my view !
Bid not Oblivion's veil, unroll'd,
The bypast scenes of bitterness review !—
Darker, yet darker wrap me round, thou gloomy yew !

There was a time when life was young,
And cheering hopes dwelt in my breast ;
In Fancy's ear Fame's trumpet rung,
And would not let my spirit rest ;
Eager I bent me to the quest—
Laurels allured my dreaming eye ;
With fiery foot onward I prest—
Why need I speak of more ?— Behold me lie,
Without a wish—a hope—beneath this midnight sky !

Ambition's burning hopes are o'er—
They wing not now my bounding tread,
Tempting youth's eager grasp no more,
Green laurels seem as they would shed
Their willing honours round my head ;—
Honours ! Oh, mockeries ! worthless now !
All that could once delight has fled ;—
Then let me pluck, dark yew, thy gloomy bough,
And twine a sable wreath, to bind my pensive brow !

KILMOULIE;

A TALE OF THE FAIRIES.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE ODD VOLUME.



It was in the gloaming of a beautiful summer evening, that a youthful pair sat on the edge of a broomy knowe, in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, engaged in earnest discourse. Ronald Crawford was a shepherd; and, having used well the leisure his occupation afforded him, he had supplied the defects of a limited education, and was possessed of a degree of knowledge and refinement beyond what is usually to be found in that rank of life. He was, moreover, a handsome youth, quick of eye, light of foot, could breast a hill with the stoutest, and dance down the starkest rival that ever set foot on heather. But Ronald was poor; and it was the private opinion of half the old wives of the parish, that Mary Wishart, the only child of a bien father, "was little else than deleerit, in letting Ronald Crawford ever even himsell to her; and that, if her gude auld father didna gie them plenishing and stocking, it would be but a

marriage; and that it showed sma' sense to huff awa' Sandy Waddell, who could dress her in silks and satins." The young girls of the clachan were, however, more lenient in judgment; and more than one pretty maiden felt, that the glance of his clear hazel eye might well outweigh all the silks and satins in Clydesdale, and the Lothians to boot.

"If we tine heart we tine a'," said Mary to her lover, with an encouraging smile; "nae fear but a' will come right at the last."

"I doubt it, Mary," said Ronald; "what have I to offer you?"

"You have that to offer, Ronald, that I prize abune every earthly good, a leal and true heart, a blithe temper, a hand that's aye ready to right wrang, and to gie help to them that need it; and do ye ca' that naething?"

"These are kind words, Mary," said Ronald; "but when I think of Sandy Waddell and a' his riches!"

"If ye thought as little of him and his riches as I do, ye wouldna be sitting there as douff as Colley, puir thing, when he wants his bicker o' brose," replied Mary: "I wouldna take Sandy Waddell if he was laird of a' Clydesdale. He's unco hard to poor bodies: Na, na; I would rather have a true heart and an open hand, than a weel-filled purse and a covetous mind. Sandy Waddell, truly! I never can bring myself to gie him a civil word."

"I ken that, Mary; and, besides, I hear ye have lost his good-will."

"There was mair tint at Flodden," said Mary, with a merry smile; "but wha is that coming ower the face o' the brae?"

"That's the auld shepherd, Ringan Laidlaw," answered Ronald; "mony's the time I've sat on the hill-side, for hours thegither, hearing him crack about brownies and fairies, and such-like gentry. He has mair tales about them than he could tell between this and Martinmas:—He kens sae muckle about a' their ways, that one would think he had been serving-man to Thomas the Rhymer in Fairyland."

"I maun fleech him," said Mary, "to sit down beside us, and tell us a' about the bonny wee fairies. Folk say they come here every night to dance on this broomy knowe."

While the lovers were engaged in watching the approach of the old shepherd, they lost a sight rarely afforded to mortal eyes,—a troop of fairies hastening to their favourite knoll. The first band, which came sweeping round the shoulder of the hill, were mounted on brown horses; the second division on gray; and the third rode milk-white steeds. Thousands of snow-white hounds ranged the fields, scudding hither and thither, their golden collars sparkling through the long grass. The last band was headed by the King of Fairyland; the Queen, seated on her milk-white palfrey, rode at his right hand; while, on his left, appeared

the malicious sprite Kilmoulie, bestriding a coal-black steed. The whole party were dressed in green, and every part of their attire sparkled with gold and gems.

"Rein up! rein up!" exclaimed the King, on observing the intruders on his favourite spot; "call in the hounds, Kilmoulie, and command a halt!" And, Kilmoulie having passed the word, the whole party came to a stand.

"Knows any one here," said the King, "who these bold ones are who have dared to take possession of our dancing-ground?"

"So please your Majesty," cried Tattly, a brisk young fairy, strutting forward, "I have often met them hereabouts; they are very harmless good sort of people."

"They are a pair of silly lovers," said Kilmoulie, in a spiteful tone; "and if we don't find some means of getting rid of them, they will chatter there till the stars are put out of the sky."

"How can you be so ill-natured, Kilmoulie?" said the Queen.

"Oh!" said the King, laughing, "love is rather a sore subject to poor Kilmoulie, since he sped so ill in his last wooing."

"We have not all your Majesty's luck to be wooed," replied Kilmoulie, tartly; "but, with your permission, I will soon scare them away, and let them find some other place for their foolish babble."

"I wonder what they are saying," said the Queen,

moved by the spirit of female curiosity: "I should like to know how such affairs are conducted amongst mortals."

"I can assure your Majesty," said Kilmoulie, maliciously, "that they do not follow the custom of Fairyland; with them the lover is the wooer, not the lady."

"Silence, Sir Malapert!" exclaimed the King: "and since you, my princess," continued he, turning to the Queen, "whose word is a law to me, have expressed a desire to hear their love passages, we will ride softly up, and stable our horses below that bonny bush of broom, and so hear what passes between the lovers; and we'll take Kilmoulie with us, that he may learn how to win the heart of a fair May, and so come better speed in his next courting." And the King laughed merrily, while Kilmoulie's brow grew as dark as the steed which chafed and champed the bridle rein.

"Ride up, my friends, ride up!" said the King, "and range yourselves under yon hawthorn-tree, and there abide till our return. Call in the hounds, and keep them from straying; be silent and wary; in a brief space we will rejoin you."

With these words, the King wheeled round his white charger; the Queen resumed her usual place at his right hand; and Kilmoulie rode sullenly on his left. Away they went, at a gentle canter, and threading

between the bushes, quickly arrived at a large bush of broom, close behind the lovers. The King and the Queen stayed their prancing horses beneath the fragrant plant. The King alighted from his horse, and after having gathered some thistle-down for a seat for the Queen, he lifted her from her palfrey, and placing her gently on the cushion his gallantry had provided, he threw himself on the grass beside her, and after enjoining Kilmoulie to silence, prepared to watch the lovers through a parted branch.

"A fair gude-e'en to you, my bonny lassie!" said the old shepherd to Mary.

"The same to you, with mony thanks," replied Mary.

"And what are ye doing here, Ronald?" said the old man. "I jalouse you have found a ewe lamb that ye think mair o' than o' your whole flock."

"'Deed, you're no far wrang!" replied Ronald; "and ye sec I maun take tent that the fox doesna worry her."

"Gude certie!" answered the Shepherd, "there's no a fox in a' the country side that would hac the heart to harm her, 'cept maybe the slee fox, Sandy Waddell. It's an unco-like thing for a poor callan as ye are, to take awa' a rich man's jo. I didna think there was as muckle true love in the country side; faith! I thought it about as ill to be come at as midge's marrow."

"I'll no let you say that," answered Mary; "there's

mony a leal and true heart in the world, let who will threep the contrary ;—but come and sit down beside us, and tell us some of your auld warld stories about brownies and fairies. Ronald says you speak about such things just like a prent book.”

“ Aweel,” answered the shepherd, as he seated himself on the soft turf, “ you lasses maun hae a’ your ain way ; lie down, Colley, man ! ” exclaimed he, addressing his sagacious sheep-dog, which cowered at his feet ; “ lie down, ye towzy tyke ! Hech, sirs, but it’s unco warm the night ! ” continued he, “ so I’ll e’en hing my bonnet on this bush, and let the caller wind blaw about my lugs.”

“ This is a real bonny nook,” said Mary ; “ folk say that the fairies come here every night to dance among the gowans. ”

“ They’ll no dance here muckle langer, if a’ tales be true,” answered the shepherd ; “ for I heard Sandy Waddell say that he was coming at the gloaming to plough it up frae end to end.”

“ He’ll surely never have the heart to rive up a’ the bonny green sod with its gowans and bushes,” said Mary, “ for no end that I can see ? ”

“ ’Deed, my bonny dear,” responded the shepherd, “ he would think nae sorrow to rive up every gowan in Clydesdale to get as muckle aits sawn as would fill his brose bicker. He’s an awfu’ hard man ; the motherless orphan ne’er kent the taste o’ his bannocks. Troth !

he serves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone. This is ill enough; but if he ploughs up the Fairies' Knowe, it will be a black day for him and his."

"Are the fairies ill-natured bodies?" said Mary.

"That's just as they are guided," replied Ringan; "there's baith gude an' ill amang them; and mony a queer story is told o' them. They're a wheen merry thoughtless creatures, and they're unco good-natured, a' 'cept ane they ca' Kilmoulie—I doubt he's other than a gude ane. They say the neb o' him is ne'er out o' mischief."

"Do you hear that, Kilmoulie?" said the King, bursting into a loud laugh.

"How do you like your picture, Kilmoulie?" asked the Queen, as she joined in the mirth.

"He is a prating old ass," said Kilmoulie, in a rage.

"Hush!" replied the King, "let us hear what he is at now; we have lost some words."

"Aweel," said the Shepherd, "as I was telling you, the Queen fell in love with Thomas the Rhymer; but there's an auld ballant tells about it better than I can do; and it says, that ae day Thomas

'Gade down the cashie wud,
To pu' the roses braw,
And the blossoms that hing frae the rowan-tree,
As white as the driftet snaw.

The ouzel an' the mavis gray
 Rejoicit in their sang,
 An' the lustie cushat scoup't through the shaw
 An' currooit the trees amang.
 The eerie scaddows o' the aiks
 Fell black ower the skinklan grun',
 As frae a heap o' blude reid cluds
 Brast furth the morning sun.
 He hadna call'd on the Halie Name
 That scugs in the evil hour,
 An' throws a bield roun' sinfu' man
 Frae the blasts o' fairy power,
 Whan he was aware of a lady fair,
 Came out of a birken bower.'''

“ Ha, ha, ha ! ” shouted Kilmoulie, while his little eyes twinkled with malicious pleasure.

“ Silence, sir ! ” said the King, not a little disconcerted by his mirth.

“ Be quiet, Kilmoulie, ” said the Queen, as she shook her head at the mischievous sprite.

“ Aweel, ” continued Ringan, “ the next verses describe the Queen ; and if the tae half o' it is true, there's little wonder that she got Thomas 'ticed awa' to Fairyland.

' Her rude was redder than rose on rice,
 On Cairnie Castle lea ;
 Her teeth was the dew on the heather-bell,
 The diamon' stane her ec.

Her mantle, greener than the gerse,
Soup't down along the grun' ;
At the turn o' her ee the branches swirl't
As mov't by a whirlwin'.
To Thomas she cam ridin' up,
Wi' mickle state an' pride,
An' ye maun gang wi' me, luv Thomas,
I'll be your winsome bride."

" I dinna think that was a' thegither right," said Mary ; " she should have waited till Thomas sought her love."

At this remark, Kilmoulie gave a malicious giggle ; the Queen blushed, and the King put on so dark a frown, that the wicked sprite was fain to hold a clover leaf before his face to hide his mirth.

" Ilk country has its ain fashion," responded the Shepherd. " Howsomever, Thomas boggled a wee at this proposal ; but the Queen's heart was sac sair set on him, that she offered to marry him, and make him king over Fairyland.

' An' I will gie to thee, luv Thomas,
My han' but an' my crown ;
An' thou shall ring ower Fairylan'
In joy an' grit renown.
An' I will gie to thee, luv Thomas,
To live for evermair ;
Thine arm sall never feckless grow,
Nor hoary wax thy hair.

Nae chaneran grief we ever thole,
Nae wastin' pain we dree ;
An endless life's afore thee placed,
O' constant luve an' lee.'

" Aweel, Thomas thought this ower gude an offer to be sneezed at ; so awa' he gaed with the Queen to the Fairyland, and lang and merry be their reign, and that's the warst wish I'll e'er gie them."

" Preserve us a' !" exclaimed Mary, " if there's no Sandy Waddell driving the plough up the loan—wae's me for the bonny bit fairies."

" We'll try to get him persuaded to let the knowe alane," said Ronald. " It would gang to my heart to see it riven up with the plough."

" I doubt you'll come unco little speed with that job," said the old Shepherd ; " when Sandy Waddell takes a thing in his head, you may as weel expect to turn the house as to turn him."

" There's a fine caller night, Sandy !" said Ronald, when his rival had come within hailing distance.

" The night's weel enough !" retorted Sandy, in a gruff tone.

" And what are ye gaun to do with the plough sae late at e'en ?" asked Mary.

" You'll soon see that," answered Sandy, as he drove it into the sward. " I let alane this job till the gloaming, as I kent ye would be clavering here at that time, and I thought ye would like to see what straught rigs I would lay down on your bonny knowe."

“ Oh Sandy !” cried Mary, “ will ye really plough up this wee bit grund ? Oh, man, dinna take awa’ their dancing-green frae the bonny wee fairies.”

“ The fairies truly !” retorted Sandy ; “ muckle ye care about the fairies : you’re thinking mair about your ain pleasure, and daffin’ here with lang-legged idle chieks,” glancing at Ronald ; “ but this is the last night you’ll sit claverin’ here.”

“ Now, Sandy,” said Ronald, “ dinna be sae thrawn. I’m sure you’ll never grow as mony aits here as would fill the crown o’ your hat.”

“ I’ll try, at any rate,” replied Sandy,—“ Gee ho !”

“ Sandy Waddell,” said the Shepherd, “ I’m an auld man, and muckle hae I seen o’ the world and its ways ; and I tell you that nae job that’s begun with a heart brimming fu’ o’ malice will ever thrive ; and ye ken as weel as I do, that you’re ploughing up this bonny place for nae other reason than that thae twa trysted lovers find a pleasure in sitting amang the yellow broom : sae I tell ye again”——

“ Keep your advice for them that ask it !” interrupted Sandy in a rage. “ I’ll do what I like with my ain.”

“ Aweel,” said the Shepherd, “ a wilfu’ man will hae his way ; but, see if the fairies dinna pay you back for this job.”

“ I carena a doit for the fairies,” retorted Sandy ; “ let them find some other place for their daffin’ and galravitchin’ : they shall howff here nae langer. I

wouldna stop the plough if the whole bike o' them lay in the road ;" and, giving his horses a lash, away went the plough through the greensward, tearing up the daisies and buttercups.

"Take me awa', Ronald ! Take me awa' !" said Mary.

"Ye had better take her to your hame, Ronald," said Sandy with a sneer : "ye hae a braw house to gie her."

"I'm a poor man, it's true, Sandy," replied Ronald ; "but I have that I wouldna change for a' your riches."

"And what may that be, my jo ?" asked Sandy in a scornful tone.

"Just a clean conscience," replied Ronald.

"Hech, but that's grand stocking !" retorted Sandy ; "nae doubt but that will make up to you for toom byres and a cauld hearth-stane."

"Take my word for it, Sandy Waddell, a clear conscience is no an ill thing to begin the world with," said the Shepherd, "and I doubt that's wanting in your plenishing ; ye hae grudged the bite and the sup to the hungry orphan, and hae turned the grey-headed beggar frae your door ; ye hae the malison o' the poor, Sandy Waddell ; but, for as boldly as you stand there, see if Ronald Crawford is no a richer man than you long before your earthly days are done !"

"Ay, if the fairies help him," replied Sandy with a sneer ; "let him see if that ugly elf, black Kilmoulie, will gie him aid ; but I jalouse Kilmoulie likes better

to put love matters gleed, than to straight them ; for if a' tales be true, a' the fairies look ower their nose at him."

"Aweel," replied the Shepherd, "mony a true word's spoken in jest ; and it's weel kent that the gallant King o' Fairyland and his winsome Queen hae often taken the part o' true lovers, and they'll maybe do it again."

"I doubt that's a cauld coal to blaw at," retorted Sandy ; "for mysell, I want nane o' their favours, and I defy the whole clamjamfry to do me ony ill : nane but an evendown ass would gie ony credit to such auld freets. I hae nae mair fear o' the fairies, than o' a colley dog."

"Weel," said the Shepherd, "time tries a' : come, bairns, let us gang awa', for it brings the drap to my auld een to see the plough gang screeding on through the bonny broom." The Shepherd whisked up his blue bonnet, and strode away in high wrath, followed by Ronald and Mary.

"Up, up, my Queen !" cried True Thomas, as he beheld the formidable plough making rapid advances to their place of concealment ; "let us up and away, ere your gentle heart is pained by witnessing the destruction of our favourite haunt. The base churl shall dearly rue this day ; but mount, mount quickly : Kilmoulie hold the stirrup."

No sooner said than done : the Queen was lifted on her palfrey. True Thomas flung himself on his

saddle—Kilmoulie bestrode his coal-black steed—away they flew, and neither stinted nor stayed until they arrived at the hawthorn-tree, where they found their companions expecting them. Some were strolling through the field—some were sleeping in the shade, with the bridles of the steeds thrown round their arms. Fizz was fanning himself with his beaver hat—Tattly and Flisk were chasing each other round the tree to attract the attention of young Gliskly, who, affecting not to observe them, was, with true fashionable nonchalance, lolling against an alder-bush, coiling and uncoiling the lash of his whip, and diversifying the amusement by slicing off the heads of the daisies that strewed the meadow.

Great was the indignation of the troop on learning the destruction of their favourite spot, and with one voice they vowed to be revenged. “Silence, my friends!” cried the King. “To you, Kilmoulie, I commit the punishment of the offender and his niggardly family: touch not life nor limb, but, with that reservation, I give them over to your tender mercies for one week, and you are not the sprite I take you for, if in that period you do not give him cause to repent of his evil deeds.”

“A week is something of the shortest,” replied Kilmoulie; “but I’ll do my best to bring him to a sense of his errors: there is nothing like a little wholesome correction.”

“Which I am sure you will not let him want,”

replied the King. "In truth, I have selected you for this office, as being the most mischievous sprite in this company."

"You do me honour," replied Kilmoulie with mock gravity.

"As to the old shepherd and the lovers," continued the King, "you are not to molest them in any way."

"I don't wish to harm them," replied Kilmoulie ; "but they would be none the worse of getting a gentle fright."

"There we differ, sir," said the King sternly. "Take care that you attend to my commands on this point : now select a few associates to assist you in your task." This being done, the King wound his buglet horn, and away they all swept amidst the yelling of the hounds, and the sweet tinkling of the tiny silver bells hung round the necks of their swift-footed steeds.

"Precise old fellow !" said Kilmoulie, as he jerked his hat on one side of his head with a knowing air, and looked after the King ; "but come, my friends, let us make the most of our time, and carry the war into the enemy's quarters with all convenient speed. We had best leave our horses behind us. Rein up, Fizz ; you are always in such a deuced hurry : dismount all of you : come, dispatch is the word. I will show you I am not your leader for nothing ;" and, having fastened their horses to a wild rose-bush, the little

guerillas sat down to concert their plan of operations, and as each suggested some merry trick, the mischievous crew rolled on the turf, and laughed loudly and long.

“ Well, then,” said Kilmoulie, “ it is agreed that we open the campaign in Farmer Waddell’s garden : be sure you do not leave him so much as a kail-blade to thicken his broth. You, Trippet and Flisk, will turn the milk as sour as vinegar ; and you may as well fire the butter and misgougle the cheese when your hand’s in : ’tis needless doing things by halves. And do you, Tattly, drive some half dozen of the sheep over the scaur—that will do to begin with. And now let us to our business, before the sun rises to spoil our sport.”

As Kilmoulie was not a sprite to be trifled with, away the elfins flew to commence their operations on the property of their oppressor ; and so diligently did they fall to their work, that in a trice nothing remained of the goodly kail but rows of naked custocks glittering in the clear moonlight. If a brigade of mawkins had bivouacked in the garden, the havoc could not have been more complete.

“ What say you, my friends, to a little cool cream after our fatigue ?” exclaimed Kilmoulie.

“ Agreed !” cried his compatriots ; and away they flew to the dairy of Dame Waddell, each provided with a long straw, and perching themselves on the edge of the milk tubs, each inserted one end of the straw in

the cream, put the other in his mouth, and swilled away.

"By my fey!" cried Trippet, as he paused to take breath, "one could sip here all night: let us dip our whiskers in. Cream is a good cosmetic, Kil-moulie; it may improve your complexion; suppose you try the experiment?"

"After you," answered Kil-moulie, bestowing a cuff on the sprite that sent him head foremost into the middle of the dish.

"Murder, murder!" shouted Trippet; "I'm choked—I'm drowned—I'm killed!" as he scrambled up the side of the dish, and began to wipe his face and wring the cream out of his hair. "Just look at my new green breeches," whimpered Trippet, "they're quite ruined;" and as Kil-moulie looked at the wobegone sprite, with the cream trickling over his nose, he fairly shook his sides with laughter.

"Come, come, Trippet," said he, "you should learn to take a joke. I'll wager your breeches will not be a pin the worse, and you shall have a fine opportunity of drying them on the back of one of Farmer Waddell's horses; for we must now go and ride them up and down the hills till they are ready to drop; and then—" but here Kil-moulie was interrupted by the key turning in the door, and away the whole troop hustled, jostling each other in their hurry to get out at the window, many of them dropping their long straws in their haste.

Tremendous was the uproar that raged next morning through the domicile of Farmer Waddell, on discovery of the various mischances of the night. The farmer, on finding his horses panting and jaded, accused the ploughman of having used them on some nocturnal expedition. The man angrily denied the accusation, and, from words, the mutually enraged parties had nearly proceeded to blows. On seeing the impoverished state of her milk tubs, Dame Waddell, Sandy's mother, concluded that her damsels had been regaling their lovers at her expense, and the discovery of the straws, wet with cream, seemed to put the matter past a doubt. She raved at the maids, cuffed one, boxed the ears of another, tore a handful of hair from the head of a third, and stormed through the house like a fury. The tempest was just beginning to subside, when Sandy came running in to tell of the extraordinary destruction of the kail. This new mishap was scarcely related, when in rushed the dairy-maid,—

“ Oh, mistress, I doubt the cows are bewitched ! Hawky has kicked ower the milk-pail—Brownie winna let me come near her—Crummie has gane aff at the nail—and I could hardly get the young quey keepit frae putting its horns in me. There's something no cannie about the house, or I'm mista'en. I doubt the fairies hae gien us their malison for meddling with them ; and, forbye this, Bell and me hae been at the

kirn for four hours, and we havena got a bit butter as big as your thumb."

"Haud your gab about fairies and such-like clavers!" exclaimed Dame Waddell in a towering passion; "and dinna pretend to make them an excuse for your laziness, Ye're a wheen glaikit hizzies, and would sit horn-idle the maist feck o' the day if I didna look sharply after ye: awa' to your wark, and I hae just this to say to ye, that if I dinna see ten pund o' butter erelang, I'll break the kirn-staff ower your heads." The terrified damsels tucked up their sleeves over their red elbows, and once more set to work; but in vain they twirled the churn-staff—not an ounce of butter rewarded their labour.

During their homely repast every one was in a worse humour than another. Sandy growled at the ploughmen, who scowled at him in their turn. Dame Waddell threw furious glances at the dairymaids, who supped their thin and wersh kail in solemn silence, inwardly resolving to decamp at the next term.

"Well, my friends," said Kilmoulie, the next evening, "I think we did not amiss last night; but we must vary the thing a little. What is to be our plan for to-night?"

"Why," said Fizz, "Dame Waddell has half a dozen webs bleaching on the bank close to the stream;—suppose we blow them in? It will be rare fun to see them sailing down."

"An excellent thought," answered Kilmoulie, and off they flew.

"Suppose," said Trippet, as they alighted on the bank; "suppose we take a little dance on the webs before we toss them into the water?"

"Pooh!" cried Kilmoulie, "you are always wanting to dance, just because you fancy you foot it charmingly, and that you have a well-turned leg."

"I don't mind your sneers a single rush," replied Trippet; "'tis all spite because you never can get a partner. Come, Tattly, let us begin."

Kilmoulie turned his back in a pet, and Trippet and Tattly footed it away for a short time, when Trippet, stopping, said, "I don't know how you manage it, Tattly; but I find the huckabuck very hard for the feet;—suppose we go over to that nice smooth web of damask?"

"Nonsense!" said Fizz; "you just want to have Tattly all to yourself."

"I'll tell you what, Master Trippet," said Kilmoulie, "if you don't come off the web I will toss it in the water, and you after it. Nimble, Fizz, Gliskly—make haste all of you; there is Dame Waddell coming over the stile—now for it!" and sure enough, just as Dame Waddell came in sight of the bank, a sudden gust of wind whirled her webs into the water, and away sailed damask and huckabuck down the stream.

The shrieks of Dame Waddell brought to her assistance Sandy, and Andrew, one of the ploughmen,

who were at work in an adjoining field. "What the sorra's the matter now?" cried Sandy.

"Haste ye, man," shouted the Dame; "a blast like a whirwin' has swirl'd a' my bonny webs into the water. ~~For~~ ye gomeril, and soom to them; the water's no ~~that~~ dooms deep;—haste ye; for, if ance they get to the linn, we'll ne'er see as muckle as will make a dish-out."

"Troth, mother," answered Sandy, "I hae nae mind to a wet skin;—the water is deep, and the webs are weel on the road to the linn by this time."

"Aweel, my jo," answered the Dame, "ye maun either put up with a wet skin or a bare ane; for yonder sooms seventeen ells o' gude linen I spun for sarks to ye, and feint be in my fingers if I e'er draw a thread for a loon that's feared for a jaw o' cauld water."

"Come awa, Andrew," said Sandy; and, running to the bank, they stripped off their jackets and plunged into the stream. But all their efforts were fruitless; huckabuck, linen, and damask, alike eluded their grasp; and, after having had the mortification of seeing web after web disappear in the profundity of the linn, they returned to the bank benumbed with cold, wearied, and cross. Dame Waddell, after abusing them for a pair of thoweless loons, went off to raise a new hurricane at home, and the disconsolate swimmers preferred sitting on the bank in their wet clothes, to encountering the terrors of her tongue at the kitchen fire.

'This scene gave great delight to Kilmoulie and his

band, who were now ensconced behind a hazel-tree. "What's that for?" said Sandy, angrily, as an elf-bolt, shot by Kilmoulie, gave him a pretty smart blow on the cheek.

"What?" answered Andrew.

"Ye had better no try that again," said Sandy, "or I'll gie you your fairing, my man." At this moment he got a thump on the other cheek. "If ye dinna let me alane," cried Sandy, "I'll gie ye the best paid skin ye ever got in your life."

"Wha the sorra's meddling with ye?" retorted Andrew. "No me, I'm sure."

"Do ye ca' it no meddling t' be pelting me wi' chuckystanes?" said Sandy.

"Me pelting you wi' chuckystanes!" said Andrew. I did nae such thing; but, if ye want to pick a quarrel wi' me, rise up like a man, and let's fight it out."

"Faith I'll soon do that," retorted Sandy, on receiving a severe blow on the back, and another on the head, from his unseen tormentors. The battle began, and the young ploughman, being a stout active lad, gave Sandy a most complete thrashing, and sent him home with a black eye and a bloody nose.

Kilmoulie and his associates fulfilled their task so completely, that, by the time the day arrived which was to terminate their power over the oppressors of the poor and the orphan, they were nearly driven to desperation.

"Well, my friends," said Kilmoulie, "since this is

to be the last day of our reign, let us make it a brilliant one. We may well be proud of our exploits. I question if any potentate on earth ever effected so much mischief in so short a period; and that is saying a good deal."

"Come, come, Kilmoulie," said Trippet, "don't trample on the unfortunate."

"You are a sentimental ass," retorted Kilmoulie, "and I wonder what possessed me to ask you to join in this affair; but let that pass. Sandy has gone to the fair to buy some scores of sheep; we must give him the meeting on the hill; the moon will be up ere he returns; in the meantime, we may divert ourselves with driving the cows through the corn."

"That will be fine sport," cried Tattly.

Off they all went to a field where their old acquaintances, Hawky, Crummie, and Brownie, were lying chewing the cud in quietness and peace. The fairies, however, took their measures so well, that in a few minutes the cattle were seen scampering in all directions, bursting through hedges, leaping over dikes, and trampling down the corn with their heavy hoofs. "Hilloh, Fizz!" cried Kilmoulie, "come and help me to untether the young quey; it will do more mischief than the whole put together." Fizz on this threw down the bunch of furze with which he had been chasing the cows, and ran to help Kilmoulie to pull out the wooden pin which was driven pretty firmly into the ground. At length out it came, and away

flew the startled animal with the mischievous sprites at its heels.

While this was going on in the meadow, Ronald and Mary were sitting under a rowan-tree on the hill-side enjoying the balmy twilight hour, and building castles in the air, according to the use and wont of all true lovers. They were interrupted by the arrival of the old shepherd, who eagerly related all the mischances which had befallen Farmer Waddell, and which he did not scruple to attribute to the agency of the fairies. "I kent how it would be frae the moment Sandy ploughed up the Fairy Knowe," said he. "I wouldna wonder he were obliged to flit; for it's ill sitting at Rome and striving with the Pope; and we a' ken that if there's a place bye anither that the fairies howff in, it's hereabouts. I'm thinking Sandy will sup the sauce of meddling with their bit dancing-green."

"It was a real pity," said Mary; "for, besides angering the fairies, he has got the ill-will of the whole bairns in the clachan. Poor things, they used to plait rashy caps and string gowans on the bonny knowe."

"We have been speaking so much about fairies of late," said Ronald, "that I've taken to dreaming of them."

"What have you been dreaming, Ronald?" said the Shepherd with a serious air.

"Oh! just some nonsense no worth the speaking about," answered Ronald.

"Tell me what it was," said the Shepherd.

"Hout, man," replied Ronald, "do ye think I'm gaun to haver about dreams, like some auld wife?"

"Ronald Crawford," said the Shepherd, "dinna gang for to gainsay me, but tell me ower your dream word for word."

"Sorry would I be, Ringan," said the youth, "to anger ye for such a sma' matter; so I'll tell you a' about it. I had been sair forfoughten with a hard day's work on the hill, and trusting the sheep to Colley there, I lay down on the bank below the auld thorn, and what with the saft light—for the sun was down—and the caller air, I fell into a sound sleep in no time, and in my sleep I thought I saw a wee wee man speeling up the brae to me. He was busket in green frae head to heel; his jacket was passamented with gold, and cleekit at the throat with a shining diamond stane, and decoired with a' kinds of bravery. His hat was looped up with a chain of pearls, and a bonny green feather swirl't down till its neb amaisht touched his shoulder. I couldna help laughing at the wee paracket; but when he came nearer I jaloused frae the sparkle of his ee, and the commanding look of his brent brow, that he was no weel used to be made game o'. Weel, I thought when he came up to me, he said, 'Ronald Crawford;' and I said, 'That's my name, if it please you, sir;' and he said, 'There's little need to tell me that or any thing else about you; for I've often seen you though you never saw me before, and I ken you have broken a ring with bonny Mary Wishart, and

I've often helped true lovers, and I'll maybe help you.'—'Fair fa' ye, sir,' said I, 'that's the dearest news ye could tell me.'—'Ye ken,' said he, 'the ruins down at the cleugh foot?'—'Troth do I,' said I; 'mair by token that the sheep are unco camstary there; it's thought to be a boggly bit, and that unearthly queer things howff there.'—'Ride ye the ford as ye find it, Ronald,' said the wee man; 'there's that in the boggly bit that will make Mary Wishart's father blithe to see her your bride.'—'In Heaven's name, what's that?' said I.—'At the westmost corner,' said he, 'three feet below the ground, there's a pig of gold; take it, use it well, and a blessing go with it.'—Well, when I heard this, I was so transported with joy, that I flung myself on my knees before the wee man, and sure enough I came down on my knees with such a drive that I wakened, and there I was by my lane on the hill-side, and naething to be seen but the sterns in the sky."

"Bairns," said the old Shepherd, "my heart tells me this dream has been sent for your good; and, oh! if it be sac, dinna ye be uplifted by prosperity, but be humble and thankful to the Giver of all good; and may ye so guide his gifts as to enjoy happiness not only during that fast-fleeing thing they ca' Time, but through the lang simmer days o' Eternity."

"Amen!" said the lovers, as they arose and followed the shepherd.

The sprites meanwhile continued their pranks, till

at length Gliskly called out, "Stop, stop, Kilmoulie! I declare I am quite out of breath; let's rest a while."

"A very sensible proposal," replied Trippet; "why, if we go on at this rate, we sha'n't be able to dance a step to-night."

"My dear Kilmoulie," said Tattly, with one of her sweetest smiles, "it is rumoured that the king has taken Ronald and Mary under his protection."

"Yes," replied Kilmoulie, with a sneer; "he is bent on seeing them married, on the same principle, I presume, that made the fox who had lost his tail wish all his friends to denude themselves of that appendage. He has told Ronald in a dream to go and dig under the old ruins on the bank of the stream, where he will find a pot of gold large enough to buy him half a dozen wives if he had a mind for them; but I dare say he will find one quite enough in all conscience. Ronald and Mary, and that old ass Ringan Laidlaw, are rummaging the ruins at this very moment; it would be rare sport to give them a fright."

"Let us be content with tormenting Sandy Waddell," replied Trippet.

"And there he comes," cried Kilmoulie. "Up, up, my friends! Ha! a goodly flock of sheep, upon my word; away, away!"

By the light of the moon, which was sailing comfortably through the heavens, Sandy Waddell was seen coming over the face of the hill. Mounted on a powerful gray horse, he rode behind the flock, which was

kept from straying by the incessant efforts of his sagacious sheep-dog. Sandy was jogging quietly along, when, to his surprise, a number of the sheep suddenly broke away up the hill, every one chasing another in the most extraordinary manner.

"The sorra take the brutes!" ejaculated Sandy: "after them, Bawtie!"

Away went Bawtie up the hill, trying to get above the sheep, to turn them; and, at this moment, off scampered another division of the flock, flying as if they were pursued by the Furies. Sandy rode after them in high wrath; but the faster he rode the faster they flew: they seemed to have quicksilver in their heels. While spurring after the runaways, Sandy cast a look over his shoulder to see how Bawtie was coming on with his refractory charge, and great was his rage, on seeing his dog sitting cowering under a bush, looking at the vagrant sheep with a bewildered air.

"Sorra take me, if I dinna gie him his paiks!" cried Sandy; and, riding up to the unfortunate Bawtie, he cut at him with his whip, storming and swearing: but the terrified animal only crept closer into the bush, and neither threats nor blows could drive him from his intrenchment.

"Saw ever mortal the like o' that!" exclaimed Sandy, as the third division of his flock ran helter-skelter to the face of the scaur; "they'll be killed;

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KILMOULIE:

"We'll smash themselves to bits: may the foul fiend take the whole lot of them!"

Treat was the delight of the mischievous crew, as they ran about after the terrified sheep; some they chased so high up the hill that they appeared like so many white specks; others were driven over the scaur, and plunged in the stream below; another detachment they hunted into a bog, where they floundered and struggled, filling the air with their cries.

"Well done!" cried Kilmoulie, with a loud laugh; "but come and let us give Master Sandy a parting salute: there now, he is close to a nice bed of mire: we must have him deposited there. Fizz, tickle the horse's nose: famously done!" continued the elf, as the terrified animal sprung aside; "another such plunge, and the rogue will be shaken out of the saddle: jag the horse's haunches, Trippet, while I prick his sides: ay, that will do—away he goes!"

As the sprite spoke the words, the startled animal made a sudden plunge, and, throwing his astonished rider fairly over his head, broke away down the hill at the top of his speed.

"I hope Master Sandy has found it good lighting ground," said Kilmoulie, laughing.

"See how the ugly wretch is floundering about in the mire," cried Tattly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the whole band.

“ I’ll warrant,” said Trippet, “ he’ll eat his plough before he destroys another of our dancing-greens.”

“ Hark !” cried Kilmoulie, “ we are summoned : I hear the King’s buglet-horn. Let us away, and relate to him all our delightful mischievous exploits. Hark ! that blast was sharply blown. Away, away, away !”

The tiny band flew off to rejoin their King,—and thus ends a “ TALE OF THE FAIRIES.”

THE DEATH OF ANTAR:*

A SPECIMEN OF BEDOUIN ROMANCE.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, ESQ.

WEZAR secretly meditated revenge:—though his eyes were deprived of sight, he had lost little of his skill in archery. His ear, accustomed by long habit to trace the movements of wild beasts by the sound of their footsteps, sufficed to direct his aim, and never

* The Romance of Antar, founded on legends current in the age of Mohammed, was first formed into a complete work by Asmaï, one of the literary men that adorned the court of the Khaliph, Harûn-al-Raschîd. Some alterations were made by subsequent editors, but none that materially altered its character; it may therefore be regarded as a contemporary description of Arabic chivalry. The first portion of the Romance was published in English by Mr Hamilton, but he did not receive sufficient encouragement to complete the work. The extract we have made is from the conclusion of the Romance; and we are indebted for our knowledge of it to a communication made by A. C. de Perceval to the Asiatic Society of Paris. It is necessary to premise that Wezar had frequently attempted Antar's life, until the hero, finding that forgiveness only encouraged Wezar to fresh rebellion, deprived the traitor of sight. The Orientals say that Antar's death was a just punishment of his cruelty.—W. C. T.

did an arrow from his bow miss the mark. His sleepless hatred eagerly received the news which fame brought him respecting his enemy. He learned that Antar, after a perilous and distant expedition, was about to return home rendered more illustrious by his new exploits, and bringing an immense booty, as rich as the royal treasures of Chosroes. On receiving the intelligence, Wezar wept with envy and rage; he summoned Nedim, his faithful slave, and thus addressed him:—"Too long has fortune protected him, whose success drives me to despair. Ten tedious years have elapsed since the glowing iron seared these sightless eyeballs, and yet I am not revenged. But at last the moment has arrived in which I shall efface my shame, and quench in his blood the flame which devours my heart. Antar is encamped on the banks of the Euphrates; thither I will pursue him, and live concealed in the reeds and bushes until fate delivers him into my hands." He orders his slave to bring him his camel, whose speed rivaled that of the swift ostrich. He arms himself with his bow, and fills his quiver with poisoned arrows. Nedim compels the camel to kneel before his master, aids Wezar to mount, and guides the steps of the docile animal.

When they had plunged into the dreary depths of the arid desert, Wezar gave vent to his wrath; "My mutilated eyelids can never close in sweet sleep; an eternal night surrounds me. Thrice vanquished, I have rolled in the dust, and my tribe rejects me as an

enemy. Misfortunes be upon thee, Antar, son of Schedad, sole cause of my torment and my shame ; envy consumes my soul and wastes my body. May favourable fortune at last cause thee to fall by this hand !” After several days of toilsome journeying, they passed the deserts, and entered the plains which the Euphrates waters—a fertile country planted with trees, and clothed with verdure. When they reached the river, Nedim casts his eyes towards the opposite bank ; he beholds tents richly decorated, numerous flocks, camels wandering over the plain, lances planted in the earth, horses harnessed, and picketed before the tents of their masters. He hears the songs of young maidens, and the sound of musical instruments : one tent, more beautiful and exalted than the rest, was erected at a short distance from the river ; in front of it was a long lance, and a horse as black as ebony. Nedim recognised the noble courser and terrible lance of Antar ; he halted the camel, and concealed himself and his master behind the bushes. When night had spread her gloomy shade over the earth, Wezar said to his slave, “ Let us quit this place ; distant voices sound in my ear. Place me near the river ; my heart tells me that a signal blow is about to render my name illustrious for ever.” Nedim leads him by the hand, places him opposite the tent of Antar, and presents him his bow and quiver. Wezar chooses the sharpest of his arrows, fits it to the bow, and with attentive ear waits the moment of vengeance.

Antar, in profound security, was enjoying the company of his beloved Ablā ; he was suddenly disturbed by the baying of the watch-dogs round the camp, and, quitting his spouse, he rushed into the open air. The night was dark and cloudy; hearing the baying of the dogs renewed from the side of the camp next the river, he rushed to the bank in an evil hour, and called his brother Jerir to reconnoitre the other side. Scarcely had he raised his powerful voice, which made hills and valleys resound, when an arrow struck his right side, and penetrated deep into his body.

No groan, no complaint unworthy his courage, betrayed his pain ; he drew the shaft from the wound and exclaimed, “ O thou, whose perfidious hand is guided by the sound of my voice, to strike me in the shades of night, would that I could know thee, that I might pursue thee to the depths of the desert, and give thy flesh to feed the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. Traitor, who dared not attack me in the face of day, thou shalt not escape my vengeance, thou shalt not enjoy the fruits of thy treachery ! ” Wezar heard these words, and fear seized his heart. Believing that his shaft had failed, the idea of Antar, and of the punishment he would inflict, so terrified him, that he fell at the feet of his slave without motion. Nedim, seeing that his master lay stark and cold, quickly mounted the camel and rode away.

In the mean time Jerir had come up, at the sound of his brother's voice. Antar informed him that he

had been wounded by a shaft from the opposite side of the river, by an unknown hand, ordered him to pursue the assassin, and returned to his tent with tottering steps. Jerir laid aside his robes and plunged into the stream ; soon he reaches the opposite bank, he gropes about in the darkness, and finds a body lying senseless on the sand, near which he discovers a bow and quiver. Uncertain whether this motionless body could be restored to life, but hoping to gain some elucidation from the sight of the body, he places it upon his shoulders, and again crossing the river, enters the tent of his brother.

Extended on the bed of sickness, surrounded by his disconsolate friends, Antar was a prey to the most cruel agonies. The tender Ablā was bandaging his wound, which she bathed with her tears. At this moment Jerir entered, bearing the body of Wezar, which, with the bow and arrows, he laid at the feet of his brother. Scarcely had Antar cast a glance on the mutilated visage, where ferocity was still imprinted, ere he recognised the implacable enemy who had so often sworn his destruction. He doubted not that this hand had directed the fatal shaft, and he knew that the arrow was poisoned. Then sweet hope abandoned his heart, and the image of death alone presented itself to his view. He contemplated it with resignation, and, lost in thought, preserved for a time a profound silence. The combats in which he had conquered Wezar, without being able to subdue his soul of iron,

the perseverance with which the traitor had pursued his vengeance, finally, divine justice, which had not permitted the assassin to survive his crime, presented themselves to his mind. At length, waking from his reverie, he exclaimed, "The misfortune of mine enemy has satisfied my soul; his death consoles me for my approaching dissolution, which he will not witness. Yes, we should thank destiny when we survive an enemy, a day, or even an instant." Then addressing the corpse of Wezar, he said, "Wretch, thou hast not tasted the pleasure of vengeance, for I have survived thy death. But you, warriors, jealous of my glory, will rejoice in my calamitous fate; you, rivals that I have subdued, whose heart, gnawed by envy, cannot forget the shame of defeat. Triumph then, since such is the immutable will of the Eternal Being, whose decrees no mortal can foresee or avoid."

"Son of my uncle," said Ablā, "why renounce hope? Why let your courage sink? Should a slight wound of an arrow discourage you, who, despising the edge of sabre and point of lance, have borne so many deep and dangerous wounds, whose scars cover your body."

"Ablā," replied Antar, "my life approaches its close, the arrow which struck me was poisoned. Recognise in that carcass the features of Wezar, and cease to flatter yourself with vain hope."

At these words, Ablā made the air resound with her cries, she rent her garments, tore her flowing locks,

and cast dust upon her head. The women who surrounded her joined in her grief, the camp soon responded to their plaintive cries, and to the silence of night, succeeded the tumult and the cries of despair.

Then Antar said to his weeping friends, "Dry your tears; the Most High has subjected us all to the same law, and no one can withdraw himself from the decrees of destiny." Then turning to Abla, he said, "Beloved spouse, who shall defend thy honour and life after the death of Antar? I know well that the tribe of Banu-Abs, deprived of the support of my arm, must be overwhelmed by its numerous enemies, and annihilated by all the tribes of Arabia, whom vengeance will unite against it. A second husband, *another I*, can alone save you from the horrors of slavery. Of all the warriors of the desert, Amer, and Zeid-al-Khail,* are those whose valour will best protect your life and liberty. Choose then one of them, and offer him your hand. In order that you may return safely to the children of Abs, and securely pass the desert, you must mount my courser Abjar, and clothe yourself in my armour: in this disguise fear no attack, but proceed with confidence, not deigning to salute any warriors you may meet. The sight of the horse and arms of the son of Schedad, will suffice to intimidate the boldest."

* Zeid-al-Khail survived to the age of Mohammed, and embraced the faith of Islam; his surname was changed from al-Khail (the equestrian) to al-Khail (the beneficent.)

The curtain of darkness was now withdrawn, morning appeared in smiling beauty, and began to colour the mountain-tops. Antar caused himself to be carried out of his tent, and there distributed to his friends and relatives the numerous flocks, camels, and coursers that he possessed, and all the booty he had gained in his late expedition, reserving for Ablā the most considerable portion. After this distribution he bade adieu to his friend Amrú, and ordered him to return to his tribe, before the report of his death spread through Arabia, and encouraged their common enemies to assail him. Vainly Amrú protested that he would not quit him, and that he wished to escort Ablā to the tribe of Banu-Abs. "No," replied Antar, whilst a spark of life remains, Ablā shall have no arm but mine to defend her. Depart; if you desire to expose your life for friendship, go to combat the tribe of Banu-Nebhan; go to avenge my death on the family of Wezar." Amrú yields with regret; he swears to execute his will, and the two friends mingle their tears in a last embrace. Antar gives orders to prepare for his departure; the sorrowful Ablā permits herself to be clothed in the weighty armour of her spouse; girt with his ponderous sword, holding in her hands his dreaded lance, she mounts on Abjar, whilst the slaves place Antar in the litter that Ablā was accustomed to use in happier times.

They commenced the journey; the slaves drove the flocks and led the camels that bore the baggage;

behind them came the horsemen ; the march was closed by Ablā and Antar, accompanied by the indefatigable Jerir, who went before the gallant courser Abjar,* and his nephew Khadruf, who guided the camel that bore the litter.

Scarcely had they lost sight of the fertile banks of the Euphrates, and begun to enter upon the immensity of the desert, when they perceived at a distance, tents that seemed like obscure points in the horizon, or like a black border to the azure drapery of heaven. It was a rich and powerful tribe ; the warriors who composed it equaled in number the sands of Irak, and in courage the lions of the forests. As soon as their vigilant eyes had detected the advance of the feeble caravan, three hundred of the bravest sprung upon their coursers, seized their lances, and advanced to the charge. As rapid as the fleet gazelles their steeds dashed over the intervening space, and they were soon within a bow-shot of the caravan. Then they recognised the arms and litter of the hero : " It is Antar," they cried ; " yes, it is he who travels with his spouse. Behold his arms, his steed, and the magnificent litter of Ablā. Let us return to our tents, and not expose ourselves to the wrath of this invincible warrior." Already had they turned the heads of their horses, and were about to return to their tribe, when one of the party requested a moment's delay.

* Von Hammer says the true name of this celebrated steed was *Elhar*.

He was an old Scheikh, whose crafty spirit penetrated into every secret, and pierced the veils of mystery. "Friends,"* said he, "It is certainly the lance of Antar, his helmet, his cuirass, and his courser, whose colour is that of night; but it is neither his stature nor his fierce countenance; it is the stature and bearing of a timid woman. Believe me Antar is dead, or else a dangerous malady hinders him from mounting his horse; and the warrior that Abjar carries, the pretended Antar, is Ablâ clothed in the arms of her spouse, to intimidate us, while the true Antar, perhaps, lies dying or dead in that litter." Struck by these remarks, his companions returned; none of them, however, dared to commence the attack; but they determined to follow the caravan at a distance, in the hope of seeing some circumstance occur which might determine their uncertainty.

The sun had now risen in his strength, and shot his fiercest rays on the sands of the desert, which glowed under their heat like the ashes of a furnace. Ablâ, weak and delicate, could no longer support the weight of the ponderous lance; she allowed it to sink by her side, and its point traced a furrow in the yielding sand.† At sight of this, the horsemen, who observed all their movements, no longer doubted the

* *Friends*; literally, cousins or clansmen.

† Ablâ is, in the original, betrayed by a different circumstance, which, though more characteristic of Bedouin ingenuity, is so utterly at variance with European customs that it was necessary to change it.

many of their suspicions ; they couched their lances, dashed their spurs into the flanks of their coursers, and hastened to precipitate themselves on a troop, which they well believed was too feeble to make resistance.

The shouts of his foemen, the neighing of the steeds, the voice of Abia crying for aid, strike the ear of Antar, who is extended in the litter almost without sense or motion, and rouse him from his lethargy. Danger restores his strength ; he raises himself, shows his head, and raises a terrible cry, which carries horror into every heart. At his shout, loud as the thunder, the hair of the pursuing coursers stood erect ; they recoiled, fled, and bore over the plains their riders, chilled by the same terror as themselves, and saying to one another, " Alas ! Evil be to this day ! Antar still lives ; he designed to try the inhabitants of the desert, and prove what tribe would be bold enough to attempt the conquest of his spouse and his treasures." In vain the old Scheikh, who had already inspired them with confidence, strove once more to reassure them. The greater part remained deaf to his voice, and continued their retreat towards their own tribe. Thirty alone consented to remain with him, and to continue to watch the caravan.

In spite of his pains, which every moment became more fierce, Antar resolved to resume his armour, and remount his charger. He ordered Abia to be placed in the litter, and marched by her side. " Rest tranquil," he said, " Antar still watches over your safety,

but these are the last moments that he can consecrate to your protection." Ablā replied by a look full of heartfelt sorrow.

"Antar," said his companions, detecting his sufferings in his attitude, "Antar, weaken not thy remaining strength, once again ascend the litter; often hast thou protected us by thy valour, to-day we will fight for thee."

He replied to them, "I thank you, my friends; you are brave, but you are not Antars; advance, I hope still to conduct you safely to your tribe."

At the close of the day they reached a valley not far from the place where the tribe of Banú-Abs used to encamp. It is called the vale of antelopes, and the mountains which form it allow of but one passage through a narrow glen, where scarcely three horsemen could ride abreast. Antar halted until all the flocks and the camel bearing Ablā had gone past. When he had seen the caravan march before him, he advanced to the entrance of the defile. At that moment his pains augmented, his vitals were racked with convulsive agonies, and at each step of his courser, he felt the most dreadful torments. At length he checked Abjar, and propping himself on his lance, remained motionless.

The thirty warriors who followed the chase, seeing him in this position, halted at the other extremity of the valley. "Antar," said they to each other, "has discovered that we are watching his march, doubtless

he waits us in this defile, to destroy us in a moment. Let us take advantage of the night, which now hides us under its friendly shade, to regain our tents and rejoin our brethren."

"Friends," said the Scheikh to them, "listen not to the counsels of fear; the motionless state of Antar is the sleep of death. What! know you not his impetuous courage? Did Antar ever wait for the assault of an enemy? If he was alive, would he not long since have rushed upon you, like an eagle pouncing on its prey? Advance boldly, then, or if you refuse to continue your march, at least wait here until returning dawn shall dispel all doubts."

Persuaded afresh by this discourse, his companions remained, but still disquieted and alarmed, they passed the night on their steeds, without yielding to the sweets of repose. Day at length began to dawn, and dispel the shades which hid the valley. Antar was seen still at the entrance of the defile in the same attitude, and his docile courser stood motionless as the rider.* At this extraordinary sight, the astonished warriors consulted together for a long time; all appearances tend to prove the death of Antar, yet no one dares to approach him, so great is the fear that he inspires. The aged Scheikh soon put an end to their irresolution; dismounting from his steed, he pricked the animal with the point of his lance, and drove him down the defile. No sooner had the steed reached the foot of the mountains than Abjar, with a loud neigh.

dashed towards him. Antar falls to the ground, like an undermined tower, and the clash of his arms echoes through the hills.

The warriors, who perceived his fall, hasted to approach. They were astonished to see extended on the earth, one who had made Arabia tremble, and they ceased not to admire his gigantic stature. Renouncing all hope of overtaking the caravan, which must, during the night, have safely reached the tribe of Banú-Abs; they contented themselves with despoiling Antar of his arms, to carry them home as a trophy. In vain they attempted to seize his gallant steed. After the death of his master, Abjar no longer found a rider worthy to press his back; more rapid than the lightning, he disappeared from their view, and hid himself in the deserts.

It is said that one of those plunderers, touched with compassion for the calamities of a hero, whom his exploits had rendered so illustrious, bedewed the corpse with tears, covered it with earth, and thus apostrophized the deceased warrior. "Honour be unto thee, gallant soldier, who during thy life hast been the defender of thy tribe, and who, even after thy death, hast protected thy followers by the terrors of thy countenance! May thy soul be blessed through eternity—may kindly dews refresh the turf beneath which you repose."

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

THE sense of death ere we depart,
The drear forebode before we die,
The solemn signal at the heart—
How dread the mystery !

It comes, eclipsing pleasure's beams,
A shadow from the future cast ;
'Tis secret in its source as dreams,
And traceless as the blast.

It comes—the dark, mysterious mood—
The Prophet-spirit shades the mind,
Which trembles, as autumnal wood
That “ shakes without a wind.”

It breaks on Pleasure's rosy bower,
When Hope's accomplishment is near ;
And, in the very bridal hour,
Oft whispers of the bier.

On battle eves I've mark'd it rife,
And heard it mock'd as vision vain ;
But he who own'd it, from the strife
Never return'd again !

Whence comes the drear revealment, given
Ere ebbs away life's parting sand ;
Say, sighs it on the winds of heaven,
Far from the spirits' land ?

The doom predestined men forebode,
Breathes not from aught beneath the sky ;
The dark communion is with God—
The warning from on high !

THE BONSPEIL.

BY THE REV. W. M. HETHERINGTON.

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock,
When to the lochs the *Carriers* flock,
 Wi' glee some speed——
He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
 In time o' need.

BURNS.

"ANNIE, lassie! rin down an' open the yett as fast as ye can, will ye? The kye hae been standing in the loan this hour, routing as loud as ever they could, an' asking to be hame as plainly as brute beasts could ask. Will ye haste ye! Dinna ye see sic a night as is coming on?" shouted Robert Johnstone, at the top of his voice, to his daughter, as she tripped lightly across the farm-yard, looking after some rural employment.

"Yes, father, instantly!" replied she; "I'll be there an' back again ere yon black cloud has passed the height of Tinwald hills;" and away she darted

through the approaching storm, on her errand of humanity.

“The creature glints owre the grund like a hare,” said her father, as he gazed after her for a moment, in a glow of paternal delight; “I wish she may not hurt herself in her haste.” Then he turned his view towards the mountain-ridge, over the summit and along the sides of which the cloud was now rolling its dense volumes. The wind during the greater part of the day had been gusty and shifting; but towards nightfall it had settled into the north-west, and was rising into a perfect storm. Fragments of snow-flakes, as if detached from the coming mass, and shivered by the swiftness of their motion into a sleety form, were drifting sharply in the increscing blast; and as the main body of the tempest approached, came thicker and faster, blinding the eyes that vainly attempted to penetrate its wintry gloom. The wind began to howl louder and wilder; and the tall ash-tree, that spread its sheltering boughs over the western side of the house, tossed, and creaked, and groaned, in the gathering tempest. The anxious farmer, seeing his daughter returned, and his cattle safe in the *byre*, gave a hurried glance at his barnyard, and the corners of his dwellinghouse, to see that they were not *tirling*, bent his brow once more against the blast, to mark its progress, and probable force and continuation; then, as it beat with increasing force and keenness on his

hair and weatherbeaten cheek, turned, and hastily sought the shelter of his own comfortable roof.

"(Oadwife !" said he, as he approached his wonted seat in the hiemest corner of the *langoetle*, " Gude-will, can ye spare the lass a wee, to help done wi' the snawing ? It's come on an awfu' night, and the fireside's like to be the snuggest place about the town. Jeanie, my bairn, ye couldna do better than throw on some snaw firing this wild night. That's right ! we'll hae a bleeze belyve, that'll gar the mice cheep in the holes o' the wa' !" So saying, he took off his hat, shook the drifted snow-flakes from its broad brim, passed his hand once or twice across his high and somewhat bald forehead, and threw himself contentedly into his oaken seat. Scarcely had he secured his position, when his daughter, who had returned from releasing the cows from their cheerless stand, and seeing them housed, burst open the door, rushed up to her father, and throwing her arms round his neck, shook her loose locks, dripping with snowy moisture, against his face. " Haud back, ye mischief ! Plague's in the creature !" cried he, laughing all the while good-humouredly. " What tempted ye to rin out bareheaded, among the snaw, like a fool ? "

" Just because the kye had nae patience in the loan, father ; an' ye had as little at your ain door-cheek. They're snug in the byre ; and I think ye're no that ill off at your ain fireside ; but it's only fair to gie you a share o' the snaw."

"Much obliged t' ye, Ann, for your kindness ; but now that your sense of justice is satisfied, I wad thank ye to wipe my face dry again."

"Oh yes ! by-and-by ; but I must dry my ain hair first, ye ken, according to the natural course o' things."

"Fie, Annie," said her elder sister : "how can you behave so?" and instantly she reached her own pocket handkerchief to her father.

"Never mind Ann's daftness," said he ; "she maun hae her frolic out."

But as he spoke he received the proffered handkerchief with a pleased smile, turning his looks with equal delight alternately on the sisters ; nor would it have been easy for him at that moment to have said whether the playful liveliness of the one, or the mild kindness of the other, was the most pleasing.

In a few minutes the family circle was formed, occupying the several stations, in respect to light, &c. which either custom or the peculiar nature of their little employment assigned to each. And now having got them arranged comfortably enough, all within the *air* of the fire, let us take a glance round upon them, and note down our observations for the information of all who list.

To begin with the head of the house. Robert Johnstone, the gudeman, was a person considerably above middle age ; but though more than fifty winters had succeeded in thinning his locks, and abating his

nimbleness of foot, yet his capacity for any steady trial of strength was little diminished: his gait was still erect, and his eye was amply repaid by a mirthful shrewdness, for what its glance had lost of youthful gayety. His forehead was high and round, the head well balanced, and the expression of his countenance one of frank good-humour. His whole appearance was that of a healthy, happy man, who had braved the buffets of life successfully, and was still able to brave them; and who was more inclined to cheat away sorrow with a smile, than to follow in the train of drooping melancholy.

The gudewife—but let her age remain unrevealed; why should we speak of any woman as verging toward that period of life which has been characterised as “dark and unlovely?” Happily, however, she displayed few symptoms of decay, except in her matronly air and sedate cast of countenance. Yet in her face there might be seen glimpses of a latent susceptibility of higher duties and speculations than were required in her humble sphere. And when the wild howl of the storm rose into a louder roar, in the colour which mounted into her still ruddy cheek, the change which for a moment passed over her expressive face, and the glance of excited meaning which shone in her upturned eye, there might be seen the evident tokens of a soul capable of elevated and sublime emotion.

The eldest daughter, Jean, had nearly completed her twentieth year, but appeared much older than she

really was. A certain graveness of manner, and a careful provident attention to all the household concerns, in which she seemed chiefly intent on relieving her mother, together with features of rather an ordinary character, tended not a little to increase the maturity of her appearance. She was, in short, a very excellent young woman, though not a beauty : one of those gray-complexioned females, of whom my old friend W—— used to remark, that they always made by far the best wives.

Ann, to whom we have been already slightly introduced, was in most respects very different from her sister. She was now in the opening bloom of eighteen, full of high spirits, and possessing almost rude health. Her delight was in the rougher occupations of the out-of-door's work ; or, at least, in aiding her father in superintending it. No kind of exertion, or of exposure to the attacks of a variable, often an inclement, season, gave her the least concern ; and her fearless and active mind was well seconded by a frame of almost masculine hardihood. In person, she was rather under the middle size, and strongly knit together into a form of light elasticity. The constant expression of her countenance was good-humour, almost more : had she been trained to use her talents according to their bent and power, she would, in all probability, have shone as a wit. Providence, by having destined her to a low station, had saved her

from that unfeminine accomplishment and designation; yet she did what fate permitted: she out-talked, out-bantered, and out-jested every person about the town. But, in the midst of her mirthfulness, she often displayed some touches of genuine feeling, far more deep and tender than might have been expected from a creature so given to sport and laughter. Nay, of late, though abated nothing in her general sportiveness of manner when amongst the rest, she had been observed more than once, by her mother and her sister Jean, betraying the presence of deep emotions, and sinking into pensive droopings, when she supposed herself unseen by all. "Ay, ay," said her mother, with a sigh and a grave shake of the head, one day, as she observed the clouds pass secretly over her mirthful daughter's brow, "poor lassie! there's but *ae* thing could make thy young heart sad; an' I fear it's *ae* very thing that's dealing wi' thee!" How far the conjectures were well grounded, we shall probably never occasion to see.

There was nothing demanding particular mention as respecting boy and girl; they, as is common, were left to their elders."

The least remarkable personage of the family, was the maiden aunt of the gudewife. All her habits were good, but all were of an amiable nature. She had been, by the fire, consigned to her undisturbed position, wherever might be in the house. The *birr* of her wheel never ceased from early morning till late

in the evening, except when she happened to be employed in knitting, in which she excelled. In her youth, she must have been handsome, even beautiful; for though now sorely bent with age, and stiffened and lame with rheumatism, her appearance had a certain cramped gracefulness, showing what she must have lost, by the wreck which still remained. Her hair was brought far forward over her brow, and then doubled back, so as to form one full and continuous roll of snowy whiteness, extending quite across her pale withered forehead, and kept in its proper position, partly by the virgin *snood*, which she still gloried in wearing; partly by a long lappelled *mutch*. Her long white eyebrows bent over a pair of eyes which still retained much of their youthful beauty and expression; and though their sparkle was not now so often lighted up by mere hilarity as it once might have been, they could still emit gleams of strong meaning,—it might be the glance of mental power, or of enthusiasm, or probably a little of both. The high and Roman arch of her nose lent a firmness to her looks; and a mouth finely formed, still retaining its shape, and habitually closed in a kind of suppressed smile, softened and gave tenderness to her whole lower countenance. Though her bodily powers were greatly failed, her mind retained the use of all its faculties in almost unabated strength. The only symptoms of incipient feebleness which it ever showed, were little instances of superstitious fears, and something like peevish fretfulness, when her

anxious cautionings seemed not to be listened to with sufficient attention and deference. To complete the picture, we must mention, that she had, in her early youth, been very deeply imbued with a belief in all the marvellous sights, voices, and bodements, which furnish superstition with her creed; and, with the well-known tendency of age to revert fondly to the scenes, feelings, and impressions of youth, she was in the habit of producing, from the stores of her tenacious memory, an immense mass of superstitious rites, observances, proverbial sayings, rhyming incantations, and illustrative tales, suitable to every possible occasion, and of relating them at considerable length, on winter evenings, to the no small edification of the good people assembled round the farmer's hospitable fireside.

Such were the inmates of the farm-house of Cauld-side, on the night in which we have been first introduced to them. Auld Aunty happened to have laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in knitting; so that there was less din, of a mechanical kind at least, than common. Repeatedly did the roar, the howl, the disappointed bustle of the wild tempest in the chimney, and its *eerie* wail in the chinks of the window and door, put a stop to the circulating jest, or lively flow of conversation, and cause the shuddering listeners raise their faces to the roof under various emotions. "I wish this night may not be heard tell o' yet!" said the gudeman.

“ Ay, if *His* hand dinna assist them that are on the wide sea this night, there will many a mother’s son sleep in a cauld, cauld bed,” said the gudewife, as she raised her pale cheek and moistened eye with a pitying look to heaven, folded her arms across her bosom, and remained in deep and silent supplication for a few minutes.

“ Oh, bairns ! ye should mak muckle o’ the shelter owre your heads !” sighed out Auld Aunty. “ Many a puir creature maun bide the tempest this awsome night, wi’ nought atween them an’ the storm, blaw as it will. An’ many a fearfu’ sight, nae doubt, will be seen ;—gude keep us a’ frae witnessing the terrible an’ unearthly things that this night will show to some.”

“ What, Aunty, d’ye think this is ane o’ the nights that ‘ the diel has business on his han’ ’ in, as Burns says ?” half-said, half-chanted Ann in a gay tone ; then listening the raging howl of the storm, as it almost shook the dwelling, muttered to herself, “ this is a terrible night ! If *he* be out on the muir just now, he will get a pelting !” Immediately she began some sportive tricks with her younger brother and sister, as if to drive away anxious thoughts from intruding undesiredly into her mind.

“ Annie, Annie ! will ye tak tent where ye set your feet, lassie !” cried Jean, as she endeavoured to save from the sudden spring of her playful sister, the *shape* of a new cap which she had that moment got pinned and laid carefully down beside her, but which, in spite

of her efforts, was completely crushed. "I think there never was sic a daft creature! sure this is nae night to play your pranks in!"

"Hout, Jean, this is the very best night for glee and game. Dinna ye hear how the wind is careering away in a high key without; and what for should we no hae our share o' the sport within? Ye wad sit an' listen till't, wad ye? an' sigh an' make a lang face whenever ye heard it rise louder and fiercer? Now I think it's far better to make as great a din as ever we can; and, by being as merry as possible, show that we set a proper value on the shelter aboon our heads. Come, Jean, will ye come out to the floor and hae a dance? Here's wee Rab, an' you, an' me, we'll hae a famous threesome reel, and my father will whistle some lively tune to us!"

Auld Auntie raised her head, and looked pensively at the laughing girl. "Lassie!" said she, "I think there's a *gowk-storm* afore ye: I wish ye be nae *foy*!"

But, in the midst of this desultory conversation, the door was assailed with a hasty rap, and as hastily burst open. In came in a young man closely wrapped up round the neck and breast with a gray plaid, the colour of which, however, was at that time completely hid by a thick covering of drifted snow. "How are ye a' the night?" said he, as he came forward.

"Come *ben* and see, lad," replied the gudeman; "it's nae night this to stan' on stepping-stanes; an'

the ingle-neuk's a hantle better than the door-cheek to tell a tale beside. But guide us, Johnnie Graham, is this you? What wind's blawn you owre the muir in siccan a night?"

"A gey wild ane, gudeman, I assure you!"

"Weel, weel, ye're welcome at any rate. Sit about, some o' ye, an' let Johnnie get within sight o' the fire. Now sit down, lad, an' gie's a' your cracks." The young man laid aside his plaid, after taking it nearer the door, and freeing it, by a hearty shake, from its cold and melting covering of snow, shook off some that was adhering to other parts of his clothing, and seizing a chair, drew it near the side of the gudeman, thus taking up a comfortable position.

He was apparently little more than twenty years of age, but considerably above the middle size. Though well-formed in person, he could not be called handsome in countenance, his features partaking not a little of that harsh and marked character which indicates the weatherbeaten mountaineer; yet his face was lively and animated, and the expression of his quick brown eye, in particular, seemed to indicate a mind capable, not more of strong affection, than of deeds of sudden daring. His whole figure gave evident indications of great hardihood, manliness, and agility.

"Weel, Johnnie, how are a' the folk at Broom-knowe?" said the gudewife, willing to commence a conversation of some kind, by means of which the young man might be set on to talk, while the pen-

tration of a woman and a mother might observe something on which to form a judgment, or at least a shrewd guess.

"They were a' brawly when I left them, a wee while syne, thank ye; but they're a' sitting ower the fire sae dowff yonder, there's nae getting a bit fun, or a word o' daffin out o' ane o' them; sae I just took my plaid in the gloaming, an' came aff owre the muir, to see what ye were a' thrang about. Had I kenn'd it was gaun to be sic a night, however, I believe I wad hae bidden nearer hame."

"Atweel, lad, ye maun be fond o' daffin, if ye came a' the gate owre the muir for an hour o't, sic a night as this," said Ann, jeeringly; "but I'm thinking the snaw shower has sobered ye something. *You* come for sport! Ye look as grave as auld Ebenezer Wheedle-tale, when he turns up his een and spaes fortunes owre the castings o' the cup!"

"May be sae, Annie; but I hae an errand to the gudeman forbye; an' ane that couldna weel be putten off any langer."

"Ay, ay, so ye say; let's hear this very important errand o' yours, if it be not sae very secret that we maun a' gang outby to the dike-back till ye get your say said."

"'Deed, Ann," said Aunty, "the lad wad get his errand tauld wi' a hantle mair peace if ye *were* at a dike-back a blink. Never heed the daft gilpin, laddie; her tongue spares naebody."

“ Oh, never fear! I’ll try to haud up my ain side wi’ her, by and by. But, gudeman, hae ye heard o’ the great *bonspéil* that’s to be played on Lochalton the first favourable day?”

“ I hae heard some story anent something o’ the kind, but naething settled as certain. Tell us a’ about it, lad, as fast as ye like.”

In compliance with this request, the young man immediately proceeded to give an account of a *bonspéil*, or match at curling, which had been agreed upon between the parishes of Blaweerie and Droukum, for twenty stones of oatmeal, to be given to the poor, at the expense of the losing party. Each parish was, of course, careful to notify the circumstance to the best players within its bounds; and thus attempt to form a party of those who were most likely to maintain the honour of their parish. John Graham, an active, spirited young man, had taken a managing hand in the affair, and had engaged to get some of the ablest old players to join the side, and endeavour to win the laurels for Blaweerie. Robert Johnstone, the gudeman of Cauldside, had been distinguished for his skill as a curler in former days; and though not so frequent a maker up of matches as he had once been, was by no means averse to the matter, generally joining heartily in what he called “a famous ploy.” A frost had set in, and continued sufficiently long to cover the lochs, and afford hopes of getting to Scotland’s favourite winter diversion ere long; indeed, some of the most

illimitable futurity of bliss, serene and never-ending ! When Hope, the flatterer, spreads her painted unrealities before the dazzled eyes of the dreaming lover, leading him on with her sweetly delusive witchery, and offering to his fond grasp joys more extatic than ever, as he deems, were given to mortal man before ! Could that time but last !—Yet, 'tis well that it cannot. Man would seek—would accept no other heaven !

It was readily agreed upon, that, so soon as the weather presented any prospect of a good strong frost, Graham should ascertain the day of the intended *bonspeil*, and get information sent to Cauldside ; and that the gudeman should hold himself in readiness to make one, and a leading one, in the party. This weighty matter having been thus satisfactorily arranged, conversation of a different kind began ; and, in a few minutes, jests and songs were in quick circulation round “ the farmer’s ingle.” In due time supper was brought forward, and, according to the good old custom of Scotland, partaken of by the whole family, in social simplicity, seated all around one table. Family worship was then orderly performed, and they again rearranged themselves round the fireplace ; and instead of renewing their former noisy mirth, began to tell all the news of the surrounding districts. Among other “ country clashes,” Graham happened to ask if any of them had heard of the *lights* that had been seen on the side of Lochalton. All declaring that they either had heard nothing of it, or at least very imperfectly, re-

venturous of the boys had already tried the strength of the ice on Lochalton, and found it able to carry their weight. The weather had, however, suddenly taken what the farmer called a *thraw*, a *swither*, or a kind of uncertain hovering between frost and thaw, which, as we have seen, terminated in a heavy fall of snow.

Was this, then, a most suitable and tempting opportunity for John Graham to come, in order to persuade his old friend to join the party? There appeared, indeed, little prospect that their game could be soon played, for the weather seemed to be changing. Was it so very doubtful a matter whether he would join them, that a message by a herd-boy would not have sufficed? It was pretty well known that he would rejoice to hear of such a thing, and be delighted to make one in the party. Ah! these stolen glances of deep, and delicately tender meaning, secretly exchanged between the young man, and the lively Ann Johnstone, explain the whole, and tell that he was glad of any excuse for an errand to Cauldside; and that no snow storm that ever blew could chill the glow of pure love that warmed his manly bosom—love, too, which, unchecked by any cold frowns from its unsophisticated object, told his heart that he might venture to believe the affection mutual. Happiest time in the whole round of human life! When the darkening clouds of fears, misgivings, and baseless surmises have passed away, leaving an unobscured prospect into an

requested him to give them a full account of the matter. He spoke slightly of it at first, and endeavoured to put it off as idle nonsense, but was at length obliged to enter upon a circumstantial detail. The substance of his detail was, that Ned Gleg, the tailor, when returning home from a day's work at the Cleughbrae, had got a terrible fright by some strange lights rising and shining, and disappearing among the sedges on the banks of Lochalton, accompanied by an *eerie* moaning sound that seemed to come from the same place. Next night similar lights were seen, and sounds heard by Sandy Rabson, as he was returning from the smithy, where he had been getting some repairs on his *pleuch-graith*, and had met with Ned Gleg and heard his awful narration, its horrors from time to time requiring application to Luckie Jardine's bottle, or rather *gill-stoup*. The story had now become public property, and, unlike some kinds of public property, had benefited greatly by the number of hands through which it passed. The variations, however, like stupid sets of a stupid tune, need not be gone over; but, to finish the whole, John Graham declared that he had himself seen lights that very evening, which he supposed to have been *Will-wi'-the-wisp*, and which had probably been what had given rise to the whole story. Near the eastern end of the loch, where there were a number of springs, and a good deal of swampy ground adjacent, he saw the pale flickering of a feeble light, rising, glimmering, and soon dis-

appearing; but he had heard no sound, except an indistinct and hollow moaning among the distant hills, the forerunner of the storm, which was then rapidly approaching. The whole, he thought, was merely the natural indication of a change of weather; or perhaps occasioned by the unsteadiness of its present state.

Various were the opinions expressed by the different auditors of this story; but few of them were inclined to think so lightly of the matter as the narrator appeared to do. Among others, Auld Aunty maintained its supernatural character, and held that it was a warning of some sad disaster about to happen. "Nonsense, Aunty," said the young man, giving her the title by which the family addressed her—"nonsense; how can that be? Will-wi'-the-wisp kens nae mair what's to happen than I do; an' if it be some better spirits, as ye seem to think, could they no contrive to tell us *what* is to happen; for I see nae good that blinkin' and twinklin' away there's to do, when, ten to ane, naebody sees them, and, whether or no, naebody understands what they mean."

"O laddie, laddie! little do ye ken about the matter! The dead-lights dinna shine for nought; wad folk but tak the warning sae mercifully sent; but a *fey* man's a wilfu' man!"

"Dead-lights, Aunty! but there's nae sic thing: it's just some bit spunk o'—some kind o' air; I forget what the dominie ca's that kind o' air that shines without burning."

"Nae matter what the dominie ca's it, or you either; he's but a crackbrained gowk, wi' a' his lear, and ye seem to follow his steps very cleverly. Gin either him or you had seen what Hughie Crosbie saw, ye wadna venture to talk sae lightly about the matter."

"O, Aunty, tell us what he saw!"—"Do tell, Aunty, like a good body!"—"Ay, tell us what he *said* he saw!" were the exclamations of the two sisters and their young visitant; and after a few suitable hesitations, judiciously calculated to enhance the value of the very important, precious, and truthful narrative, she thus proceeded:—

"Weel, then, bairns, ye maun ken that Hugh Crosbie was, in his young days, as fearless a chield as ony in a' the country side. He was an unco reckless, through-gaun fallow, did whatever cam into his wild head, and gaed wherever the notion took him to gang, without paying the least regard to whether it was braid daylight, or a' the hours o' e'en. It was needless to tell him o' dead-lights, or fairies, or apparitions: he made light o' a', just as ye do, Johnnie. He has been heard to say, that he believed in nane o' them; and that, if he could see ony o' them, he wad tak it on him to speak to them. But, my word or a' was done, he got a lesson he didna soon forget. It happened ae night he had been owre at the clachan, and had spent the hale forenighit drinkin' in the public amang a wheen crazy chields no muckle better than himsell. It was atween eleven and twal o'clock when he took the road

for hame, rantin' and singin' a' the gate, like a creature possessed. His road was baith lang and dreigh; and, about midway, he had to pass Blaweerie kirkyard. Just as he came within sight o' the kirk, what should he see but a dead-light coming twinklin' along straight for the kirkyard, at about the same rate that a burial gangs. 'Haith, here is ane o' thae same lights!' quo he to himsell: 'that's lucky; I'se hae a leuk o't;' an' wi' that the fearless crature made a break, and ran whatever he could to meet the light or it should come to the kirkyard yett. It camna very fast, and he had won fairly by the yett or it came near. He had never ta'en his ee aff't, frae the time he first got sight o't; an' as it came near a thought struck him, that he wad do wi't as Wallace Wight did wi' Faudon's ghaist—a modest comparison, nae doubt, o' himsell wi' sic a hero! Weel, what does he do, but taks his stick and draws the sign o' the cross owre the road, directly where it had to come, and stood behind it to see what wad be the consequence. Nae sooner had the wee twinklin' spunkie touched the border o' the cross than a fire-flaught, braider than a' the road, flashed out like a sheet o' lightning. It gied a pale bluish light, like the moon through a watery sky, mixed wi' something like the unearthly gleamin' o' the streamers. For a moment he was sae sair surprised, that he couldna look at it; but as soon as he could look, he saw what made his fright ten times greater. Straight before him was the likeness of a hearse, as black as midnight, wi' great black nodding plumes, an' a hantle

o' death-heads, an' siclike, painted a' owre its sides. He saw the death-heads particularly distinct, because the fearsome light shined stronger on them, and the clear glassy een o' the driver, and the twa black horses, than ony other part. The driver was a' waving wi' crape, and his face was paler than ony corp: his een were like twa roun' lumps o' shining glass, or white jeelly; they gied an' awfu' glowrin' like light, but moved nane. The horses seemed to be moving on; their feet gaed, an' gaed, an' gaed; an' their great black sheetings shook and flapped by their sides; an' the plumes nod nodded owre their brows and their goggling wall-een; an' a' the hale hearse shook, an' made as if it was moving on; but an inch farther than the mark o' the cross it couldna win that blessed night. The road, for a gude piece behind it, was a' clad wi' riders and foot-folk, forbye some chaises; an' a' seemed in constant motion, like the hearse, but a' remained like it on the very same spot where they were when they first became visible. Hugh, for the first time, fand his heart sink, and his hair begin to stan' on end, and the blood to rin prinkle prinkling cauld down his back, an' a' owre his body. He couldna tak his een aff the terrible sight; an' yet every look he gied at it, mair especially the clear white dead een o' the driver and the horses, he thought he wad hae swarfed. He wad fain hae turned and run aff, but no ae step could he stir the lee lang night. There stood the terrible, the awfu', the grand burial; and there stood the tremblin', half-dementit sinner,

like a warlock catched in his ain spell. The cauld draps stood on his bent brow, and his knees doubled below him. Ance or twice he half thought on his Maker, and half tried to pray; but he was left till himsell, and no ae word o' grace could his lips utter; no, tho' the safety o' baith his soul and his body had depended on that single word. At last, when the first skreich o' day began to appear in the far east sky, the minister's cock crowed loud; and the hale sight flashed out stronger and clearer for a moment—the horses made as if they were gaun to burst off at the gallop—the white een and pale face o' the driver gleamed mair fearfu' than ever—something uttered a low hollow moan, and at that very instant horses, hearse, an' a' vanished. Hugh durstna gang forrit; but as he got power to move, whenever the vision disappeared, he turned, and back to the clachan, whatever he could rin. Davie Shittleton, the weaver, honest man, was a very industrious eident body; and was aften up afore maist feck o' the neighbours roun, to get his wark done in folk's thank, for he was weel employed. He had happened to be up geyan early that morning; and was plying away wi' candlelight when Hugh cam forenent his window. Nae sooner did he get a glance of natural, earthly light, than, wi' a loud cry for help, he fainted away as dead as a stane. The weaver ran out, and got him lying streekit afore the window, stark an' stiff, and carried him in. It was lang before he cam about sae muckle as to tell what had befallen

him; and he soon fand himself far frae weel. They got him ta'en hame, where he fell into a fever, and swam sair for his life. Wi' muckle ado he cam through; but frae that day to this was na mair like the same man. Sae ye see, laddie, folk shouldna mak light o' thae things; ye little ken what they may be, or for what purpose they may be permitted to appear."

"A very wonderfu' story that, nae doubt, Aunty, and just as ye heard it, I dare say; but I would like to ken how much o' the sight that the chield thought he saw was owing to the gude whisky. I would be nought surprised though he never had been by the weaver's window a' night; and to fa' into a fever was a very natural consequence o' sic a night's lodgings."

"Hech, sirs, what will this warld come to?" said Aunty, not a little displeased that her legend had not met implicit belief at once. "The bits o' young, beardless callants maun ken a' things better, and be far wiser than their auld gray-headed forebears, nae doubt. If it werena that ye're nae drinker, Johnnie, an' nae way gien to keepin' bad company, an' a carefu' kind o' a chield, ye're no muckle better than Hugh Crosbie himsell." Then rising hastily, her whole frame agitated and trembling, partly with age, partly with passion, partly with boding emotion, she stood full before the young man a moment, and pointing at him with her thin skinny hand,— "Johnnie Graham," said she, "mind my words!— the dead-lights didna shine on Lechalton for nought;

that 'll be seen and heard tell o' yet. But gin the weird be yours, ye maun dree 't; and nae warnings frae lan' nor water, far less frae an auld feckless body like me, will hae ony effect. Gude-night, and fareweel t'ye; and may ye be better protected than your ain care could protect ye," and immediately she passed away into her own sleeping apartment, leaving the young people considerably appalled by her earnest and boding words.

"The storm has almost blown past," said the young man; "I think I had better wait an hour or so, and then take the muir on my head; by that time it will be quite fair."

"But had ye not better bide a' night, Johnnie?" said the farmer; "we'll make a shift some way to provide a bed for ye; for I canna think on your gaun owre the muir the night, mair especially as ye're maybe something scaured wi' Aunty's dead-lights."

"O no, gudeman, I'm no sae easily scaured; and as our folk didna ken o' my coming, I'll no bide the night—thanking you for your kind offer a' the same. The lasses will maybe keep me company a blink, though you and the gudewife should tire, and leave us. What say ye, lasses? will ye help me to put owre an hour, till the night grows clear?"

"I daresay we may take pity on you for a wee blink, an' no leave ye to sit your leifu' lane," replied Jean; Ann, contrary to her wont, being by no means the readiest to answer.

The game commenced with great spirit, and apparently with nearly equal ability, and equal hopes on each side. The Blawearie players were directed chiefly by Robert Johnstone and John Graham; the one obeyed on account of his age and acknowledged skill, the other for his manly readiness and activity. On the other side the person who assumed the principal direction was James Sloane, a young farmer in the neighbourhood, best known for his wealth and corresponding pride. He was a very stout man in person, though scarcely rising above the middle size in height; and his manner was haughty and overbearing. On the strength of a slight acquaintance with the gudeman of Cauldside, he had introduced himself to his daughter Ann, at D—— fair, even when she was in the company of Graham, expecting, doubtless, that his superior merits in purse and person would induce her to forsake her old lover, and honour herself by receiving his addresses. The young woman, however, was blinded enough by love, want of judgment, or some infatuation, not to see the mighty compliment intended her in a very imposing and attractive light, and remained with the man whose merits, truth, and purity of heart, were already well known to her. From that time he had cherished an irreconcilable hatred against Graham; and on this day, during the game, took every opportunity of showing his enmity, and of annoying his more fortunate rival to the utmost of his power. Graham was

not long in perceiving his intentions, and easily divined the cause; but set himself to bear the petty vexations with great equanimity. He felt, that were he to see his Ann's smile bestowed on any one in preference to himself, he could not entertain sentiments of much cordiality to that man; and therefore, proud of the certainty that he did possess an interest in her affections, he thought the little waspish attacks of the disappointed lover both natural and beneath his resentment. So true it is, that the consciousness of being loved by woman gives a higher and more manly dignity to every thought, every motive, and every action. Several times in the course of the day did Sloane endeavour to strike Graham's stone slyly aside; often did he dispute the shot which Graham had gained, and insist on its being measured; nay, sometimes dispute even the measurement, hinting at the possibility of Graham's mistaking in his own behalf. Such insults were beginning to be observed by the other players; and Graham saw that he should be obliged to repel them, else his own reputation for courage would be likely to suffer. He determined, however, to avoid rashness; yet to endure less of Sloane's taunts than he had done.

Night was approaching, and the game was still undetermined; but it was now scarcely doubtful that the Blawerie party would gain it, in spite of all the efforts, fair or foul, of Sloane. His taunts were becoming proportionably more bitter; and Graham was beginning to display less and less forbearance. It

seemed a personal triumph to each when he could drive the other's stone out from the *tee*, and take its place. The *rinks* were long, because the ice had at first been very keen; but what with the motion of the men, and the heat of the sun, for the day happened to be bright, the ice gradually became soft, heavy, and somewhat wet. In one throw which Graham was making he slipped his foot, and came short of the *hog-score*. "Puir chield," said Sloane, in a tone of derisive contempt, "gin ye hae nae mair pith in your spaul than that, Ann Johnstone 'll no think muckle o' ye!"

This was more than Graham could now endure. He came close up to Sloane, and said in a low tone, every syllable of which was distinctly articulated,— "Sloane! I have borne a great deal of undeserved abuse from you this day—mair, far mair than I ever thought to hae borne frae mortal man, or wad hae done frae you, but for ae reason. But if ye mention the name o' that young woman otherwise than with the greatest respect, and in the most honourable manner, you an' I shall that instant try another kind o' game." To this Sloane replied only by a bitter laugh; and moved to another part of the *rink*.

After a few more throws the Blawecrie party were on the point of gaining, which made them very eager; and the others, though hopeless of the game, were doing their best to keep as near their opponents as possible. Sloane had played a very good shot, which

seemed likely to be the best at that time. Graham had to play after him; and Johnstone, holding his broom to direct his aim, called out, "Here, Johnnie! play weel up, and knock out Sloane—he's the winner. Here he lies, right on the *tee*; there's nought but ae weak guard on't—lay to some pith, and I'se warrant ye'll do't!" Taking the best aim he could, he threw with full and well-directed power; and immediately followed the stone to see what would be the effect. It held on fair, as it had been aimed, *in-wicked* the guard and beat it aside, then came full upon Sloane's, and struck it quite away, lying with a soft swirl directly in its place.

"What think ye o' that now, for a chield wi' nae pith in his speul?" cried Graham, as he came running up, laughing, to see the success of a throw which decided the game. In his haste he stumbled over a stone, and staggered against Sloane, where he stood gnawing his lip to see his hated rival's success. Construing this into an intended insult, he, uttering a deep curse, struck Graham a blow upon the head with a broom, so severe that it caused him to reel backwards, while the fire flashed from his eyes, and he felt a stunning sensation creep through his head and neck. It was but momentary; for before the ruffian could repeat his blow, which he was on the point of doing, Graham darted upon him, seized him by the throat with one hand, and with the other attempted to wrest the broom

no longer able to struggle, it appeared that the two rivals, Graham and Sloane, and another young man, were missing.

In the mean time preparations, in the anticipation of a very different event, were going on at Cauldside. "D'ye think, Jean, that my father means to bring any body home with him frae the ice?" asked Ann Johnstone of her sister, in a general way.

"I think that's very likely—indeed I'm sure he will; for I heard him saying something about coming to spend the forenight, as he gaed down the close wi' Johnnie Graham."

"Ay! did he?—than we had better see and get things in some decent order afore they come on us;" and immediately she busied herself in what preparations the house, the ordinary dinner, or her own person seemed to require, or by which she thought they might be benefited.

While these things were going forward as rapidly as possible, a young man came running towards the house, haste and terror displayed in his face, and all his motions. All the female tongues called out at once to know what was the matter, which he was scarcely able to answer, from the effects of his haste and his agitation. In broken and interrupted words he at last gave them to know, that the ice had given way, and several of the men had fallen in; and that he and others were sent everywhere about to procure ropes, ladders, &c., to attempt to rescue the unfortunate men from

their danger. Instantly screams of terror and commiseration rung through the house ; but Ann, after a moment's moveless, breathless trance of unspeakable dread, cried hastily, " Is my father, is —— ? " and, without waiting for an answer, flew to where she knew ropes might be had, seized them, told where the ladders were, and, still carrying the ropes, ran with incredible swiftness towards the loch. As she approached she darted a quick glance through those who were standing on the margin, near the spot where the accident had taken place ; her eye soon traced out her father, but, unsatisfied with his safety alone, continued its eager and searching gaze. No sooner had she ascertained that Graham was not in the group, than, uttering a hasty exclamation of blame against their unmanly inactivity, she threw one end of the rope to one of them, rushed to the loch, and was withheld only by force from plunging through the broken fragments of ice to attempt the rescue of her lover. Her promptitude and energy aroused them ; and, being now furnished with proper materials, they succeeded, in a short time, in dragging ashore the bodies of all who had been amissing. Graham and Sloane were found so firmly grappled together, that they were dragged out at once without their deadly grasp giving way. The firm gripe of wrath, which they had at first laid upon each other, had changed into that last unloosing grasp, which a drowning man takes of whatever meets his struggling hand. Ann Johnstone had ceased striving to get free

from those who held her ; and, during the time that the search continued, had stood with her eyes fixed and strained, and every muscle of her body swollen, as if in violent exertion, yet perfectly motionless ; but when the two rivals were brought into view, and her gaze fell upon them, she broke at once, with preternatural force, from their hands, and uttering one long, loud, piercing scream, threw herself upon Graham's lifeless corpse. Her father and some others attempted to separate her from the body ; but she held it with a convulsive grasp, and it was with considerable difficulty that her embrace could be disengaged. Dreadful was the spectacle she now presented to the eyes of her afflicted father. Her whole frame was agitated in a wild and frightful manner by a convulsive fit, which writhed her into every possible contortion, beyond the power of the beholders to suppress. In this deplorable condition she was carried home, there to receive the affectionate, but, alas, unavailing attentions of her parents and other relatives, themselves objects of deep commiseration !

During the whole of that night, she no sooner recovered from one fit, so far as to regain some recollection of the dreadful scene she had just witnessed, than she relapsed into another not less severe. Towards morning their violence abated, chiefly because her bodily powers were exhausted ; and at length she sunk into something like a lethargic slumber, interrupted from time to time by strong shudderings,

which passed over her frame, and deep sobbings, which heaved her bosom with protracted continuation. After she had lain a considerable time in this condition, she slowly awoke, opened her eyes heavily, half-raised her head, and looked around her with a gaze of blank astonishment, uttered a short hysteric giggle, and again closed her eyes, and laid down her head. A supposition and a dread, too horrible for utterance, took possession of her father's soul; seizing the mother's hand, he led her away into another apartment; and, returning, hung over his daughter, and spoke a few words to her, in the sweetest tone of paternal affection. She once more opened her eyes, and looked at him: but her look had in it nothing of intelligence; and though she seemingly smiled, it was but her features resuming their wonted cast of expression. The father groaned aloud, and tore his gray locks in utter agony and despair. It was but too evident that the equipoise of her mind was jarred, and that reason had forsaken her throne. That intense anguish, which would have proved fatal to a woman of less physical strength, had, by some mysterious process, deranged the fine ties by which perception and judgment are united, leaving her in a condition perhaps even more distressing to witness than her death would have been.

Some hopes were at first entertained that repose and tranquillity might restore her to the use of her faculties; but these hopes were gradually extinguished,

when days, weeks, months, and even years passed away, without her displaying any perceptible symptoms of returning reason. Her condition, however lamentable to behold, was not, so far as regarded herself, miserable; nor even void of its own little childish pleasures. Simple and harmless as an infant, she was amused as easily; and even her voice and laugh sunk into something of a more infantine tone than they formerly had. Her activity of management was gone with her reason, and she no longer regarded or took interest in any thing. None of her former pursuits or pleasures seemed any longer to give her delight; but she would plait wreaths of flowers, adorn her own head, or the dress of some of her sisters, and sing for hours together. Never was she known to display any recollection of the scene, which had caused her melancholy dereliction of mind, but twice. The first time was, when the mother of Graham came to visit the young woman who, she knew, would have been the bride of her son, had his life been spared. The poor girl no sooner heard her voice, the tone of which, though feminine, strongly resembled one to which her heart had formerly leaped with rapture, than she stood silent and trembling; tears burst from her eyes, and she sobbed violently, displayed alarming symptoms of a relapse into the convulsive fits which had shaken her mind into chaotic darkness. The other time was, when she had unconsciously wandered to that part of Lochalton where the fatal accident occurred. The whole

scene seemed to return upon her imagination. She screamed aloud, and endeavoured to plunge into the loch; then starting back, as from some horrible object, fell into the arms of her sister, and was carried home insensible, and writhing in strong convulsions.

The sequel of her life was passed in harmless tranquillity. Her sufferings and anguish had been short as severe; and though all her capacities and hopes had been blighted, the violence of the storm that withered them had also deadened her sensibility; and if her days were bereft of conscious pleasure, she felt not the misery of the bereavement. In her latest hour reason resumed its sway, and she died aware of all that had taken place; but thankful for the cloud that had concealed her sorrows, filled with peace and resignation, and hoping an hereafter of untroubled bliss. Let us not dwell on her melancholy fate,—nor let us inquire too nicely into the arrangements of an inscrutable Providence; but let us, when we contemplate the sad destiny of Ann Johnstone, be taught that youth, high health, innocent enjoyments, and prospects of dearest felicity, all afford no assurance of the stability of human happiness.

THE VALLEY OF THE DEVON.

BY WILLIAM TENNANT, ESQ.


(WRITTEN OCTOBER 1832, ON ARRIVING THERE AFTER SOME
WEEKS ABSENCE.)

I.

SWEET VALLEY, 'mid whose shades and flowers
The Muses gay have built their bowers,
And tarry side by side with joy,
Again I gladly bid thee hail !
And shelter me within the dale
Where Wisdom courts my soul's employ !

II.

How fair thy hill-embosomed plain
Shines forth, all rich with grass and grain,
And many a tuft of waving tree ;—
How fair thy river, rolling near,
Threads with its streak of silver clear
Thy long rich bosom tow'rd the sea !



THE VALLEY OF THE DEVON.

III.

High on the north, thy barrier-hill
Stands, to exclude thee from the ill
 Borne on the blast of Winter's day ;
But leaves thy dawn-saluted breast
Free to the breath of balmy west
 And Zephyr, as his scene of play.

IV.

That barrier-mount, that with his screen
Doth fence from storm thy bosom green,
 Excludes also the world's dire noise ;
Silence is ever in thy bowers,
And Meditation's museful hours
 Therein are fed with holier joys.

V.

In Summer, when th' up-mounted sun
Thy slopes, and banks, and fields, each one,
 Makes with a thousand beauties gleam,
Amid their glory I do walk,
And commune high in angel talk
 With Wisdom, on ne'er-ending theme.

VI.

In Winter, when the sun is low,
And nights are long, and earth with snow
 Is clad, as in her winding-sheet ;
Ev'n then my talk beside the fire
Is still with her, my heart's desire,
 Sweet Wisdom—aye with joy replete.

VII.

Greece, Rome, before me as they lie,
Expand their treasures to mine eye,
 These spirit-feasts that never cloy ;
And Jewry, with her sacred lore,
Her saws, and songs, still more and more
 Doth seal and sanctify the joy.

VIII.

Sweet valley, hail !—Hail, green retreats !
And groves with mossy woodland seats !
 And grass-green banks with daisies dress'd !—
Still in thy haunts be gladness found,
And every heart throughout thy bound
 With life-long happiness be bless'd !

next day hired a fishing-boat from that beautiful and interesting island to carry me to Sark, provided with letters of introduction to the Lord, or, as he may well be termed, the King of the Island.

Little would one imagine, in approaching this islet of the deep, and casting the eye along the outline of its sterile acclivities, that this seemingly barren rock should be rich in fertility and cultivation, and rife in scenes of varied beauty and sublimity; yet so it is. Most singular, however, is the access to these scenes. You approach the island—your fisherman rows you into a cove, surrounded by high and nearly perpendicular rocks—your boat is pushed right under them—and the boatman rests upon his oars. There is no landing-place: it is a thousand to one if your boatman speaks any intelligible language—all you perceive is, that he accounts the voyage over, and his fare earned. At length, casting your eye upwards, you descry a rope, depending from the rocks above, and the end of it just within your reach. This is the usual access to the Island of Sark. With footing for the great toe, you seize the rope-end, and work your way up, now and then reaching a niche half a foot wide, and at length gain the steep herbage that rises above the cliff. It is true, indeed, that on the opposite side of the island there is a small cove, with a Lilliputian pier; but there also the cove is surrounded by inaccessible rocks, and you gain the interior of the island through a natural archway under them, at least a

hundred yards long. But one is well repaid for the break-neck mode of a *descent* upon Sark. I spent some delightful days there ; and he would be a churl indeed who did not derive gratification from such a sojourn. Sweet are the honeysuckle hedges that skirt the pathway ; luxuriant the yellow fields of corn, waving, as I saw them, in the summer breeze ; and fragrant the purple heath that blooms above the cliffs. Then there are the views from these cliffs, down to the deep quiet coves and inlets, where, perhaps, a fishing-boat is seen far below, rocking on the bosom of the blue waters ; and the picturesque pinacles of rock, and wave-worn caves ; and the white and gray sea-birds that sail above.

But Sark has more living pictures than these. It boasts a race of stout men and comely maidens. I saw them in the fields taking in their harvest—their *own* harvest ; for although the forty farmers of Sark hold their lands under the Lord of Sark, yet they hold them in perpetuity, and their harvests are their own ; and there are no paupers—no, not even day-labourers—in Sark. I saw them, too, on the Sabbath morning, answering the call of the bell, that, from their *one* temple, called these simple islanders to go and worship Him “ who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.”

I could speak long of Sark : I think I could fill a small volume in speaking of it, of its people, its singular usages, and most singular constitution ; for it *has*

a constitution, and many privileges and immunities along with it. It has its little Parliament, of which the lord of the island is the head, and on the proceedings of which he has his *veto*: it has its own judges, named also by its own sovereign: it has its militia of ninety-four men, and its twelve pieces of ordnance, all commanded by the lord of the island.

What a tiny place it is! and how pleasant to lie among its fragrant heath, gazing over the sea,—to follow the narrow paths through the ripe rustling fields of corn,—or down the deep dells among the woodbine and wild roses, to listen to the “reaper’s song,”—and see, on the Sabbath morn, the whole four hundred and fifty-six inhabitants (for I do think that, except the bed-ridden, all go to church) winding, in long defile, from their forty hamlets, towards the house of God. And then, after all this, it is a right pleasant conclusion, to sit down with the hospitable and intelligent Lord of Sark, and talk of his sovereignty, and taste of its produce.

I shall certainly repeat my visit to Sark, and tell the world more about it.

had given rise to the heresies of Amaury, and might by their subtilties give rise to many heresies not yet invented."* But when it was discovered that subtilties, derived from his writings, might be applied to the support of lucrative doctrines, a sudden change took place, and Aristotle, "after having narrowly escaped being burned as a heretic, incurred the danger of being canonized as a saint."† The fact is, that the philosopher merited neither the censure nor the praise thus lavishly bestowed; for both his maligners and flatterers were utterly incapable of appreciating his merits or understanding his doctrines. It was not Aristotle, but a single sentence in the barbarous Latinity of one of his earliest translators, that checked the progress of learning. "Nulla est in singularibus scientia," was the unfortunate phrase that stopped the advance of the human mind, and for a time banished experimental philosophy from the world. And yet is the sentence perfectly innocent; it simply asserts, that *science* is constituted by classifying and generalizing facts; but unfortunately it was understood to mean, that *knowledge* dwelt alone in generalities. The consequence was, that the learned, quitting the examination of individual objects, assumed abstract terms and vague universalities as the basis of their investigations—the limits that bound the human faculties were forgotten—questions were debated that far transcended the limited powers of man—while the

* Dupin, cent. xiii. sect. 8.

† Vierer de Phil., lib. iiii. cap. 2.

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most profound ignorance veiled matters of everyday life and experience. The speculative dreams of the Alexandrine Platonists, which disfigured Christianity, and produced so many strange heresies in the East, exercised but a partial influence on Western Europe, and were amalgamated there with the cold and cautious reasonings of the Aristotelian logic. The compound thus formed was equally destitute of the splendid fancies which gave brilliancy to the one, and the cautious spirit of demonstration which bestowed accuracy on the other. It is difficult to convey an idea of the result to a person who has not laboured over the pages of the schoolmen; but if he can conceive such an event as a mathematical commentator mistaking the *Paradise Lost* for an authorized exposition of the Christian creed, and arguing from every metaphor and simile as simple truths, he will have some remote conception of the havoc made by this mixture both in religion and philosophy. The true use of metaphysics is to point out the limits beyond which human knowledge cannot reach. This is no modern discovery; it was so laid down by the Grecian philosophers in the earliest ages. But it is one thing to deliver a precept and another to observe it; and by none has this very aphorism been more flagrantly violated, than by those who have been most vehement in asserting its importance. The history of science in the middle ages is nothing more than a narrative of abortive efforts to acquire knowledge unattainable

by man—the labours of many modern speculators on mental philosophy will probably be similarly described by impartial posterity.

The prevalence of a bad system of philosophizing is always accompanied by depravity of taste. It is not very easy to trace the connexion between science and polite literature; but the fact, that they have been united in all the alternations of prosperity and adversity, is indisputable. Perhaps ethics may be very fairly deemed the link of union, since it is the science in which alone reason and feeling are brought into direct contact. This is a theory that would require much space for its development; at present it is sufficient to say, that the depravation of taste under the reign of *the schoolmen*, as the leaders of literary opinion were called in the middle ages, was fully as great as their ignorance of true philosophy, and the true mode of cultivating science. The sources of all their learning were pure—but their information was derived through corrupted channels. The principles of Christianity, obtained not from the Bible, but from the polemical notes of the fathers, attacking heresies which neither they nor the propagators understood—the splendid imaginations of Plato, *prosified* (if such an expression be allowable) and distorted by passing through a succession of weak and ignorant writers—the dialectics of Aristotle applied to purposes for which they were never intended—these formed the learning of Europe—these were combined in a system which

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consigned mathematics and physics to a long oblivion, made the science of morals a study disgraceful from its absurdity, and disgusting from its worse than indecency, and banished every element of polite literature.

The neglect of individuals and the attention to universals, has been already specified as the principal characteristic of the false system that was adopted in the ages of scholastic darkness—to prevent a similar accusation against this slight sketch of the period, it may be deemed not unamusing to individualize our description, and we shall therefore proceed to give some account of that prodigy of learning, Ricardus Gingosfusling, whose disputations “*De Omniscibili*,” at Cologne, were once the theme of commendation in every part of Europe, but whose very name is now buried in oblivion.

Of all the Universities remarkable for the cultivation of school divinity, metaphysical speculation, and logical subtilty, that of Cologne was far the most conspicuous. The benefits conferred on learning by the labours of its senate were incalculable—for it had laid down the canons for the regulation of study with a precision which was never equaled before or since. No less than thirteen statutes determined the shape of the caps which should be worn by the respective classes;*

* Hutteni, Epist. 57.

the length, breadth, and trimming of the gown was regulated by an equal number; but that most important academic ornament, the hood,* required full fifty-four canons to arrange all the varieties of colour which might symbolically declare the abilities and literary prowess of the wearer. There was, besides, an annual course of lectures delivered on the virtues of hoods,† wherein the great moral lessons that may be derived from a contemplation of their figure and varied hues, were set forth with a profundity of learning that would be perfectly astonishing to this negligent generation. The governors of the University were fully convinced of the truth of that important aphorism, which is five times repeated by Averroes, in his Commentary on Aristotle: "Form cannot exist without substance, but substance may exist without form."‡ They had, consequently, arranged all their forms with the most accurate precision, but left the substance of learning to be determined according to the inclination of their venerable professors,—having first bound them by an oath, "to teach nothing contrary to the opinions of Aristotle, Averroes, and the other early commentators, and to defend to the utmost of their power all the dogmas contained in Peter Lombard's book of sentences."|| The chief objects of study were logic,

* Scoti Opera, vol. vi.—Epist. Obec. Vir.

† Epist. Obec. Vir. vol. ii.

‡ See Aristotle's Chapter on Quality.

|| Buldi Hist. Univ. Par. tom. iv. p. 275.

ontology, pneumatology, theology,* and that species of ethics which, for want of a better name, has been designated casuistry. The only language taught was clerical Latin, a dialect as unlike the classical tongue as possible; mathematics were prohibited, because they naturally inclined persons to the study of magical figures; natural philosophy was deemed a dangerous introduction to the *Black Art*; and chemistry was forbidden, as being part and parcel of the abominable science of alchemy, which the fathers of the Church had with wondrous unanimity condemned in seven general councils.† Under such a system of management, Cologne naturally produced an infinite host of scholastic philosophers and theologians, more than sufficient to supply all Europe, Asia, and Africa, and keep besides a stock on hand, ready to export to America as soon as it should be discovered. But none of them could compare with Ricardus Gingosfusing, master of all the liberal arts, doctor of divinity, and ‡ lecturer “*de omniscibili*” to the University.

The early life and education of this prodigy of learning must unfortunately be passed over in silence; to the shame of history be it spoken, no record of such an important matter has been preserved. The first thing known of him with certainty is, that he

* Cave Hist. Lit. *passim*.

† Acta Concil. tom. 5.

‡ A lecturer on all matters that can be the subject of knowledge was actually appointed in one of the German universities.—See Vives de Causis Cor. Art.

began to study the dialectic art under Dr Thomasius, and soon became one of the most distinguished brandishers of syllogisms in the University. His first public disputation was in defence of that important thesis, "The essence of the universal is not essentially but individually present in individuals;"* and he maintained it with so much ability, that all the auditors hailed his conclusion with loud shouts of applause—an honour which had not been given to any student since the time that Thomasius himself had demonstrated, that "an actually existing angel can entertain affection for an angel whose existence is merely possible."† But the full blaze of his talents did not shine forth until he had taken his degree of Master of Arts. Some wicked perverse scribblers had just at that time made an attack on the pious persecutions sanctioned by the Council of Constance. This was a favourable opportunity for our hero to prove his ability as a polemic, and his fidelity as an orthodox defender of the Church. He accordingly published a book entitled "A Defence of Persecution," in which he demonstrated,‡ that by our first parents' eating the forbidden fruit was meant their lapsing into heresy, and that an angel had been constituted chief inquisitor, to try and to punish this great crime; whence it immediately followed that the

* Abelard de Cal. Suis. † Ægidius de Columna, in tractatibus.

‡ Such a book was really published by Ludovicus Paramensis, containing the strange assertions and curious plate mentioned in the text.—See Bruckerii Hist. Phil., vol. iii.

grammatical authors, which the University had tacitly condemned by removing them from the collegiate course. The clerical Latin being free from all trammels of orthography and syntax, was called the orthodox tongue; authors who wrote in any other, whether ancient or modern, were stigmatized by the degrading name of the Grammarians.* And thus† all the poets, orators, and historians, from the building of Rome to the days of Saint Augustine, were, “at one fell swoop,” subjected to sentence of degradation. But then Ægidius de Columna, in his tract “On the Employment of Young Angels in the Long Vacation,”‡ had declared, that the more excellent portion of them amused themselves in the manufacture of hexameter verses; and that the celebrated line in honour of the Blessed Virgin,

“Tot tibi sunt Virgo dotes quot sidera cælo,”

the position of whose words may be varied some hundreds of times without destroying the measure of the verse, was composed by a promising young seraph named Azazel. || And, besides, Aristotle had written

* Ludovicus Vives de Causis Corrupt. Art. *passim*.

† Abelard Hist. Calam. Snar.

‡ Rather in one of the chapters in his ponderous folio, “De Motu Angelorum,” printed at Venice, 1595.

|| Thomas Aquinas seems to have been less favoured in his celestial acquaintances; for he says, “he could only learn the names of the older angels.”

a book about poetry, which was sufficient to prove it nearly as valuable as logic, seeing that the great man had made each the subject of a volume.

With Gingosfusling, to resolve was to execute. He sought a dispensation of absence for five weeks, during which time he resolved to attend the lectures of Sulpicia, at Leipsic, "on the quantity of syllables," and to read all the commentaries that had ever been written on the classical writers, deferring the originals, as a matter of less importance, to a more favourable opportunity. It has been well observed, that a great man will derive useful hints even from trivial matters. While journeying to Leipsic, our hero thought of two questions, suggested probably by the stumbling of the nag which he rode—questions that puzzled all the professors then in that University, and which would at this day be too hard for all others, notwithstanding their boast about the increased light of science and march of intellect. The first was, "if a horse were to obtain two additional legs, whether would his pace be accelerated or retarded?" The second, "where should a fifth leg be placed in an animal so as to be of the greatest use possible?"*

Gingosfusling had not been long in Leipsic before he was seized with serious misgivings as to the moral rectitude of his studies. To explain his doubts, we shall extract a passage from one of his letters to the

* Lud. Viv. de Causis Cor. Art. cap. vi.

great Petrus Hafenmuisius, whose duty it was to resolve all cases of conscience by which the minds of his contemporaries were troubled. We translate the passage, because, whether the reader is or is not a classical scholar, the language in which it is written would be to him equally unintelligible: * “ Know then, most splendid, illustrious, and renowned, that I fear lest I may commit a sin in studying grammar from the secular poets, such as Virgil, Tully, Pliny, Cicero,† and Horace—for, in the first book of his metaphysics, Aristotle clearly says, that all poets are liars. Now the *master of sentences* ‡ expressly states that liars are sinners; therefore those who found their studies on lies, place their learning on a sinful foundation.” To this the great casuist replied, “ that all poetic fables may be adapted to the explanation of sacred subjects; for that Aristotle had also declared poets to be animated by a certain spirit of divinity, which the best commentators understood to signify, that in the substantial forms of all poetry, a secret theology was latent.” And, to prove his point, he quoted nine passages from the Book of Sentences, showing that the words divinity and theology were closely connected.||

* *Epistola Obscur. Vir. vol. i.*

† The often-repeated joke of reckoning Tully and Cicero as different persons, is nearly as old as the orator himself. It is noticed in the notes of Ascanius, one of his first commentators.

‡ Peter Lombard.

|| Peneskius de Script. Prof. lib. iii.

Finally, he illustrated his point by referring to the works of Wallesius,* who had ably shown that Ovid's *Metamorphoses* contained the entire system of Christianity under a thin veil of allegory ; instancing that the fable of Phæton driving the sun's chariot, setting the world on fire, and being tumbled headlong into the Po, is a very clear type of Saint Peter preaching the gospel at Rome, provoking a bitter persecution, and being crucified with his head downwards. If any person still doubts the application, let him remember that Nero assumed the epithets and honours of Jupiter—if he continues to hesitate, the eloquence of Wallesius himself would fail to convince him.

At the end of three weeks, Gingosfusling found himself as well qualified to become a poet as he was ever likely to be. Accordingly, he returned to Cologne, and announced that, on the first day of the ensuing term, he would deliver a lecture introductory to his course. The following is a correct copy of the syllabus, enumerating the varieties of subjects which were to be explained in this long and anxiously looked for address:—† “ On the stature and knowledge of angels ; the style of Thomas Aquinas ; the principles of possible existence ; the nature of promises ; the metrical arrangement of prose sentences ; the distinction be-

* Bruckerii Hist. Phil. tom. iii. ; Cave Hist. Lit. in Wallesio ; and Vives de Causis Cor. Art. cap. ii.

† This syllabus is far from being a caricature, as the reader will see by consulting Vives on the Causes of the Corruption of the Arts.

tween entity and quiddity ; the etymology of the names of the heathen gods ; the true position of Paradise ; and the species of fish to which maggots belong.”* Whether all these subjects were really treated of by the professor in his opening lecture, we have not been able to discover. There were no shorthand writers in those days to send speeches to the periodicals ; but we have by chance found a brief sentence which one of his disciples has preserved, and which we give to our readers as one of those fragments of the productions of genius, the contemplation of which leads us bitterly to lament the loss of the entire :—“ We may, as the Master of Sentences has well observed, discover traces of our theology every where ; it is the very pith and marrow of secular poetry ; for know well, my brethren, that by the nine Muses are meant the seven choirs of angels described by the most illustrious *Ægidius* in the fifth chapter of his ‘ Functions of the Heavenly Hierarchy ;’ for you see that both consist of odd numbers, and both are employed in music.”† Willingly would we follow *Gingosfusling* through all his lectures on the circle of his sciences ; but, alas, our materials fail us ; he indeed collected his lectures, which would have filled fifteen thick folio volumes, and gave them to the senate of Cologne. But they, with shameful parsimony, would not go to the expense of printing such an extensive work. The manuscripts

* *Epist. Obs. Vir.*† *Ibid.*

lay neglected on the shelves until the middle of the 'Thirty Years' War, when they were cut up for cartridge paper by a party of barbarous soldiers ; but as Professor Hunken remarked, "there was still some noise made when they came out into the world." Contemporary writers, however, assure us, that his learned labours were of the greatest value, and particularly specify the following difficult subjects as being remarkable amongst those which he alone satisfactorily elucidated. The manner in which angels converse*—the maximum and minimum of water necessary to the perfection of the sacrament of baptism†—the peculiar beauty of syllogisms in the mode Bokardo‡—the species of perches which Noah provided for birds in the ark§—the passages in sermons whose beauty would be increased by the preacher's giving a slight cough||—and, finally, the quadruple interpretation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, to wit, the literal, the natural, the historical, and the spiritual.¶ Oh, reader ! if thy heart be not as hard as the nether millstone, join with us in bitterly lamenting that such treasures have been lost to the world for ever !

Nothing has been said about Gingosfusling's mathematics, and nothing will be said now ; first, because, as he never passed the fifth proposition of the first

* Bonaventura in Trac.

† Vives de Causis Cor. Art.

‡ Viersa de Phil. cap. vii.

§ Vincii Quæst. Vex. cap. xv.

|| *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littéraire*, vol. i. p. 108.

¶ Morhofii Polyhistor.

book of Euclid,* they could not be of much importance ; and secondly, we must hasten to the catastrophe which removed so bright a luminary from this lower sphere.

Two deities, as Homer says, aided and abetted Achilles in slaying Hector ; two polite arts, logic and poetry, joined to a heavy debauch of Rhenish wine, in destroying the great Gingosfusing. A precocious student of the dialectic art, chose, at his first essay in disputation, to propose as a thesis the following very important and highly useful question :—" When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about his neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the hog carried to the market by the rope or by the man ? " † Three entire days were spent in vain attempts to solve this question ; every mode and figure of syllogism was exhausted ; the ten categories and the five predicables were twisted into propositions of all sorts, shapes, and sizes ; one contended that the rope was an accident, for the man might have pulled the hog along by the head ; another replied, that, in such a case, he might " catch the wrong sow by the ear ; " ‡ a grave doctor stood up for the dignity of the rope, because the motion of the pig must have commenced at the point of contact with the moving

* Brucker says the same of all the learned men of the period.

† J. Salisbur. Metalog. lib. i. cap. iii.

‡ This is a German proverb, and is said to have originated in a scholastic discussion similar to the above.

power, which was manifestly at the knot by which the rope was fastened round the animal's neck ; a pert master of arts replied, that it was not the motion of the pig, but the cause of its being moved, that was the subject of investigation. This drove them into the metaphysics of causation, and, following Aristotle's division of causes, they agreed that—The final cause of the pig's being dragged to the market was, that he might be sold ; this, therefore, had nothing to say to the point at issue.—The formal cause of the dragging was the man and the rope together ; which, consequently, helped nothing to the decision.—The material cause was clearly the *rope*, but the efficient cause was as certainly the *man* ; and it was therefore necessary, as a preliminary, to decide the relative importance of the four kinds of causation. As this opened a new discussion, which might easily have been extended to the day of judgment, the moderators stopped its farther progress, and announced, *ex cathedra*, that this was one of the questions which could not be solved, the arguments on both sides *being so perfectly equal*.* Such a decision excited the bile of the great Gingosfusling. What ! should it be said that the University of Cologne, the very queen of all the learned societies in Europe, should declare itself unable to solve a petty question about a pig ? Forbid it, all ye powers of dialectics ! He seriously set him-

* John of Salisbury, Metal. lib. i. cap. iii.

self to work ; night and day he laboured to attain a satisfactory solution,—

“ And now the arguments for man prevail,
And now the rope comes in, and turns the scale ;”—

but his labour was vain. Efficient and material stood even before him like a double trial of assault, as cause and cross cause ; the more he considered, the more he doubted—his mind was in a constant state of vacillation—he could neither eat nor sleep—for the man, the rope, and the hog, had taken such a strong hold of his mental powers, that they could not be dismissed for a moment. His friend Hafenmusius at length began to fear for his intellects, and suggested to him the expediency of choosing a new subject for investigation. Gingsfushing requested the casuist to recommend one of sufficient novelty and importance. Hafenmusius advised him to deliver the customary prelection on New Year's Day before the University. The first of January being dedicated both to the commemoration of the Circumcision, and also to Saint Almachius, it had been usual for the orators to dwell entirely on the former, leaving the merits of the poor saint to shift for themselves as best they might. Here, then, was a subject well worthy the universal professor, to discuss the unknown merits of a saint, whose virtues had hitherto been as if they had never existed.

Gingosfusling thanked his friend, and immediately set himself to the task.

The first day of January came, the lecturer ascended the pulpit, and Saint Almachius was for an hour and a half praised, as saint was never praised before; every Latin and German adjective susceptible of the termination *issimus*, and every adverb that signifies superlative excellence, were varied with singular ability through sentences of interminable length. But, oh! that cursed problem! When the lecturer got to the most heart-rending part of his subject, just while describing the martyrdom of the holy man, the remembrance of the puzzling question crossed his mind, and instead of comparing the pious Almachius to a sheep or a lamb, he said, that "he advanced calmly and patiently to the fatal pile, like a hog which a man drags with a rope to the market." The auditors, who had just raised up the lappets of their gowns to wipe away the tears which they anticipated would gush forth, at the pathetic picture of Christian fortitude amid torturing flames, were astounded. There was a pause for five seconds, and then arose one tremendous roar of laughter, that shook the building from its topmost tile to the lowest stone of its foundation; peal followed after peal, with the noise and rapidity of an army firing by platoons on a field-day; like the laughter of Homer's gods, it seemed to be unquenchable, for the echoes of one volley were not quite extinct before a new roar again burst from the merry

congregation. Gingsofusling stood aghast; utterly unconscious of having said any thing ludicrous, he gazed vacantly around, to discover the cause of this unseemly merriment, but he could not perceive any object sufficiently ludicrous to move even a muscle. Slowly a suspicion began to arise in his mind that he himself was the laughing-stock of the congregation; it was at first a faint doubt, that for a moment ruffled his mental complacency; it soon became a strong surmise, then increased to firm belief, and at last stood before his unwilling soul as an awful certainty. He sprung from the pulpit in a violent rage, and rushed out of the assembly, ere the last notes of the laughing chorus had died in air.

Alas! how true is the assertion of the poet,

“ Envy doth merit like its shade pursue,
And, like the shadow, proves the substance true.”

The high fame and intellectual acquirements of Gingsofusling had raised up against him a whole host of enemies, who eagerly embraced this opportunity of evincing the spleen which his successes had inspired. A flight of epigrams, satires, familiar epistles, and ballads, in bad German and worse Latin,—

———“ The weary pressman’s load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad.”

But worse remained behind. A new student had lately come to the University, who had been instructed

by the heretical Reuchlin in the grammatical authors, and in a certain heathenish tongue called Greek, which he impudently asserted to be the original language in which the gospels were written.* This insolent fellow had twice contradicted the great Gingosfusing; he had denied that *Mavors* was derived from *mares vorans*,† “because he devoureth males,” and had ridiculed the notion that Adam was named *a damno*, “from the evil that he brought on the world.”‡ Sorry are we to add, that Hafenmusius tacitly encouraged the youth’s rebellion; irritated, as we are told, by the senate’s having adopted the etymology given of the term *magister* by Gingosfusing in preference to his own. The great casuist had declared, “magister dicitur ex *magis* et *terris*, quia tenibilis debet esse magister in conspectu discipulorum;” but the learned universal professor contradicted this, and declared “magister dicitur ex *magis* et *ter*, quia *ter* major est quam alii homines;” § and, spite of all the efforts of Hafenmusius, the latter etymology was sanctioned by the University. The casuist, in revenge, promised to shield with his authority the disciple of Reuchlin from the consequences of his attacks on the great Gingosfusing. Thus encouraged, the young student set to work in earnest, and as he possessed a considerable share of satirical merit, his attacks were really formidable. The sermon on Saint Almachius

* Dupin. Ecc. Hist. cent. 15.

† Epist. Obs. Vir. vol. i.

‡ Vives de Causis Cor. Art. cap. 11.

§ Epist. Obs. Vir. vol. i.

was an opportunity not to be neglected: he wrote several pointed epigrams on the subject, whose merit would justify their insertion, were we not convinced that it would be criminal to give permanency to libellous attacks on a virtuous and learned professor by inserting them in our immortal pages. While pursuing his attacks, in an evil hour he stumbled on a most unfortunate discovery; he found out that Saint Almachius never had existence,* but was introduced into the calendar by an ignorant transcriber, who, not understanding the contracted title Sanct. Alm., had taken it for a proper name, and had travestied the Holy Almanac into Saint Almachius. Forthwith he published a bitter poem, entitled, "The woful martyrdom of the Almanac, illustrated by facts derived from the laws of motion, the natural history of hogs, together with a dissertation on ropes, markets, angels, and men, written in hexameter verse, containing an infinite variety of feet and metres, by the professor *de omniscibili* to the University of Cologne." Gingsofusling read this spirited pamphlet, and, like Cromwell, after the perusal of "Killing no Murder," was never seen to smile more. He sought, by copious draughts of wine, to obtain oblivion of his woes, but the remedy proved more fatal than the disease. Having one night swallowed a seventh flask of Rhenish, he stumbled towards his bed, and, lo! a copy of the terrible pamphlet lay upon his pillow. This was too much.

* Henry Wharton's Preface to the Detection of Romish Errors.

182 SKETCH OF A LEARNED PROFESSOR.

Overcome by wine and vexation, he sunk upon the floor, and was found the next morning lying dead, with the fatal pamphlet, the instrument of destruction, in his hand. Death quelled the malice of his enemies; his funeral was attended by the entire body of the University; Hafenmüsius delivered an oration over his grave; and the professor of dogmatic theology made his first attempt at versification, by writing an epitaph on the great Gingsofusling. The epitaph was painted on a wooden monument, which was temporarily erected over the grave, until the University would be sufficiently rich to purchase one of marble. But years rolled on, the timber mouldered away, and the illustrious deceased was forgotten. The four last lines of the epitaph were, however, preserved by the theologian, and are to be found in the fourth folio volume of his prelections on the first chapter of Genesis, page 1578.* Here they are :—

“ Sed tu audi Deus Omnipotens,
Quod ego oro supplex et flens ;
Da mortuo membro quietem sempiternam,
Et mitte poetas ad infernum.” †

Which has been thus translated, as nearly as possible, in the style and metre of the original :—

“ But hear me, O Omnipotent,
What I ask with both knees bent ;
Grant that the member deceased in heaven may dwell,
And send all poets to hell.”

* De Hausaia wrote four volumes of Commentaries on Genesis, and did not get beyond the second chapter. See Cave Hist. Lit.

† Epist. Obs. Vlr. vol. i.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE ODD VOLUME.

THE Middle Ward of Lanarkshire is generally denominated the "Fruit Land," and richly does it merit the name, the country, for miles round, appearing like one vast garden.

"There certainly cannot be a more beautiful sight than an orchard in full blossom!" said I to myself, as I rambled alone one day from the hospitable mansion where I was a happy visiter, down to the banks of the Clyde. In the course of my peregrinations I strolled into an orchard, which drew from me the above-mentioned exclamation.

As I wandered on amidst fruit-trees of every description, bending beneath a weight of blossom, I stumbled on a half-ruined cottage, whose picturesque appearance immediately attracted my attention. The thatched roof had partly fallen in, not a pane of glass was to be seen, nor a fragment of casement; in short, the whole concern wore an air of desolation sadly out

of keeping, as a painter would say, with the joyous character of the orchard in which it stood. However, to make amends for this, there was abundance of repose. "Without doubt," said I to that agreeable personage myself, "this has been the abode of some former proprietor, or perhaps renter of this charming orchard. I wonder if he is dead, or if he left it—I wonder why it was allowed to go to ruin—I wonder what kind of place it is inside"—and, to sum up all my wonders, I wondered whether I could get in. I tried the door; it was fastened, and that was the greatest wonder of all. Why the door of an old tumbled down cottage should be so carefully secured, was a puzzling question; my curiosity was aroused, and, after looking round to see that no one observed me, I fairly made good my entrance through one of the broken windows; and not, however, without a little surprise at my temerity, I found myself standing close to the cold hearth of this deserted dwelling.

As I looked on the bare mouldy walls, the damp floor, and broken rafters, I felt a pleasing sort of sentimental melancholy stealing over me. My veil seemed to hang in pensive folds, and even the very feather in my bonnet drooped in graceful sadness. "Perhaps," thought I, "these walls may once have enclosed a happy family—these broken rafters may have *dirled* with the sound of young and joyous voices—Yes, yes, there can be no doubt of it; and these marks on the wall show distinctly where the different articles of

furniture stood. That corner was certainly occupied by a press-bed, and, close to its foot, I see the outline of their eight-day clock. They must either have had no chest of drawers, or they were probably placed in that little room adjoining, which I shall examine presently. The bunk, I observe, has stood opposite the bed, and these lines above it have been marked by the shelves, where have been placed their shining pewter dishes, horn-spoons, delf-plates, and wooden porridge-luggies. In that corner stood the goodwife's wheel; and the substantial chest, containing her husband's well-brushed Sunday clothes, could not be more conveniently stationed than under that window which afforded me ingress, although in rather an awkward manner. I am sure the careful mother would have the cradle close to the fire, and, in that case, I don't see how her husband would manage to draw in his chair; however, it was his business to see to that. In fact, I dare say, he sat a good deal on that stone bench outside the door."

Having settled all this to my entire satisfaction, I proceeded to examine the next room. "The drawers could not have stood here," said I, shaking my head, as I looked at its Liliputian dimensions. "This has probably been the sleeping-place of their eldest daughter—perhaps a 'flaxen-headed' girl of sixteen. It is possible that some curly-pated little brother or sister may have been her companion; yet, I doubt it. The bed must have been very small—of dimity, I dare

say, white as the drifted snow, and with a tiny counterpane of patchwork, at which she had worked diligently during the winter evenings, when her little brothers and sisters had gone to bed. A shelf must have run along just there, containing her Bible and Psalm-book, and perhaps the Pilgrim's Progress; and, I would lay my life, that on that identical rusty nail, projecting from the wall close to the window, hung the little looking-glass which reflected her fair pretty face. I dare say that abundance of flowers grew in at that window; indeed, it would have done the heart of my rose-bush good to have transplanted itself to such an enchanting spot."

Such were my reflections; when, approaching the window to take a peep of the view on that side, my eyes fell on a cottage about a stone-cast off. It was evidently newly built. "O ho!" said I to myself, "I understand now what has caused this cottage to be deserted. The renter of it and of the beautiful orchard, has without doubt been oppressed and ruined by some richer neighbour, who coveted his dwelling, and he, poor soul, with his excellent wife and pretty children, has been driven out to make way for a wealthier rival. It is as plain as a pike-staff!" continued I, throwing a spiteful glance at the *parvenu* domicile. Here was no picturesque poetical thatch—no interesting disjointed rafter—no broken window to occasion cold and sentiment. It was, on the contrary, a square substantial-looking building, covered with vulgar slates, and

glaring white-wash : in short, it was altogether a mighty prosaic affair.

While I stood gazing at the dwelling of the oppressor, and lamenting the fate of his interesting victims, I was aroused by hearing some one gaily whistling, "Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn," and in another moment my host's old gamekeeper, with his fur cap, his capacious game-bag slung across his shoulders, and followed by several sporting dogs, stepped gaily along. "Good-day, Jack," said I, giving him a nod from the window ; "you seem to spend a very happy life with your 'dogs and your gun.'"

"I would be bauld to complain," answered Jack ; "it's an easy enough life, except, maybe, when there's routh o' company up at the house, and then I'm driven doited with them aye skreighing for game, game, as if black-cocks were as thick as puddock-stools ; but women hae unco little sense in thae matters, so I just let my lady say her say without let or hindrance ; but what may you be doing here, if ~~sae~~ might be ~~sae~~ bauld as to ask, and how got ye in ?"

"Why, my good friend, curiosity drew me to the cottage, and, as I could not get in by the door, I e'en made the window serve the turn."

"And is it your pleasure to come out by the same road ?"

"Why, I would rather prefer making my exit by the door, provided you can get it opened."

"I'll soon do that," replied Jack, as with one drive of his powerful shoulder he tore it from its frail hinges, and in bounded the dogs, followed by the weather-beaten old man.

"It's a poor disjasket like place," said Jack, looking round him.

"Ah!" said I, shaking my head, "if these walls could speak, many a strange tale could they tell."

"You may swear that," replied Jack with a grin, "mony's the time thae very rafters hae dirled with the din o' drucken Davy's splores."

"Drunken Davy!" ejaculated I in a tone of horror.

"O ay! he was the last that lived in this bit nook, and Sir John was glad to get quit o' him, for he was fou frae ae week's end to another."

"Heavens!" thought I, the bench at the outside of the door was good enough for such a wretch. "But, Jack," said I, "what became of his wife and children?"

"Sorrow haet o' wife or bairns had he that ever I heard o'," replied Jack; "he lived here by himsell, except when Robbie Hempseed, the carrier, would come to hae a booze wi' him, and they would drink maybe for days thegither; and if they ran out o' coals, Davy thought as little o' riving down a daud o' the rafter, or mending the fire wi' an armfu' o' thatch, as I would o' shooting a patraick."

"And did the wretched man die here?"

"Faith, no; he got himsell fou at Rutherglen

fair; and as he was stoitering hame he dandered into a ditch, and ne'er came out alive. Just a wee while before this splore, Sir John one day told Davy that he maun flit, for that he wouldna hae him for a tenant ony langer. 'Dear sir,' said Davy, 'would your honour ever think o' putting me out; me that's connected, as a body may say, with the family?'—'Ay, Davy,' quoth Sir John, 'and how may that be, friend; let us hear how you are connected with my family—it will be news to me.'—'Hooly, hooly,' said Davy, 'your honour maun surely hae heard that my father made your grandmother's coffin, and if that's no a gayan close connexion, I kenna what is.' Aweel, Sir John couldna help laughing: 'Troth, Davy,' said he, in his blithe way, 'I have heard it said of the Scotch, that if one man's horse drew another man's cart, they thought themselves connected, but your way of claiming kin beats this to sticks;' and so Davy got aff for this time. But he had misguided this cottage sae sair in his roving fits, that Sir John was obliged to big a new ane,—ye see it frae the window,—and where he put in a decent thriving family: ask ye Sir John, and he'll tell you enow o' stories about drucken Davy."

Jack whistled on his dogs, and walked off, and with him vanished press-bed, wheel, reel, bink, cradle, horn-spoons, dimity curtains, and "left not a wreck behind!"

SCENE.—THE CAMP BEFORE PILSEN, IN BOHEMIA.

SCENE I.

Sutlers' tents, with booths—Soldiers of all colours and uniforms thronging about—All the tables filled—Croats and Uhlans cooking at a fire—Sutler woman serving out wine—Soldier boys throwing dice on a drum-head—Singing in the tent.

A PEASANT AND HIS SON.

SON.

Father, no good will come, I fear,
Of our stay with the surly soldiers here ;
They are saucy comrades, one and all,
And broken bones may next befall.

PEASANT.

What then !—No fear !—they will not eat us,
Though they knock us a little about, and beat us.
See ! new recruits are come to join,
Fresh from the banks of the Saal and Mayn ;
They have lined their pockets with gold and gains,
We may lighten them, with a little pains.
These lucky dice, which a captain left,
Whom his comrade's hand of life bereft,
Have fallen to me, and to-day we'll try
If they keep their old propensity.
Like woful wights we must play our part,
For your roaring fellows are frank at heart,
And gently led by the nose may be,
For their cash came light, and it goes as free.

If our goods from us by the bushel go,
We must win them back by the spoonful so ;—
If the soldier's blade keeps the boor in trim,
The boor is too sharp a blade for him.

(Singing and shouting in the tent.)

Lord ! how the rascals bawl and shout,
While the peasants' skin must pay for all ;
Eight long months have this rabble rout
Driven us out both from bed and stall :
Far and near, goods nor gear,
Bird nor beast have they left us here ;
Till the starving boor, for his hungry maw,
Has nothing left but his bones to gnaw.
What worse, forsooth, was our lot before,
When the bell in the land the Saxon bore ?
Yet these are the Emperor's troops, they tell us—

SON.

Here comes a pair ; but their looks proclaim
There's not much more to be made of them.

PEASANT.

Ah ! these are your born Bohemian fellows,
Blades of Count Terzky's carabineers,
Who have lain in these quarters now for years.
Worst are they where all are ill,
Strutting, swearing, swaggering still,
And far too lofty and full of pride
To drink a glass by the peasant's side.
But yonder, boy, on the left, I see,
Beside the fire, three riflemen,
From the fair Tyrol they seem to be ;
Come, Emeric, these look like our men ;

Give me your easy rattling gull,
Whose brains are scant, though his purse be full.
[*Going towards the tents.*

SCENE II.

The same.—SERGEANT-MAJOR—TRUMPETER and UHLAN.

TRUMPETER.

What wants that peasant there?—Be off!

PEASANT.

Sweet sirs, some food and drink, I pray,
No meal has warm'd our mouths to-day.

TRUMPETER.

These fellows must always swill and stuff.

UHLAN (*with a glass.*)

Not breakfasted yet, you dog?—There—drink.
[*Leads the peasant to the tent—the others come forward.*

SERGEANT (*to the Trumpeter.*)

And is't for nothing, friend, do'st think,
That we touch our double pay to-day?—
For our sake comes this windfall, pray?

TRUMPETER.

Why, the Dutchess and the Princess come
This morn to quarters.

SERGEANT.

That's all a hum !

'Tis done to gull these stranger bands,
New come to Pilsen from other lands,
To win them o'er by a show of cheer,
And make them feel contented here,
And bind these new acquaintance fast.

TRUMPETER.

So something is in the wind at last ?

SERGEANT.

These Generals all, and Commanders proud——

TRUMPETER.

There's something brewing now, that's clear.

SERGEANT.

That thus so close together crowd——

TRUMPETER.

'Tis not for pastime they gather here.

SERGEANT.

And these whisperings, and these messages——

TRUMPETER.

Ay ! ay !

SERGEANT.

And this big-wig's prying face,
That since yestermorn in the camp was seen,
Parading about with his golden chain,—
These bode no good to us I ween.

TRUMPETER.

Some sneaking bloodhound sent again,
To snarl at and run down our Duke !

SERGEANT.

Ay, true ! They trust us not, that's plain—
They like not Friedland's mystic look ;
Too high they find the bird has flown,
And so they strive to pull him down.

TRUMPETER.

But we will yet uphold him,—we,
If all here thought like you and me.

SERGEANT.

Our regiment here, and the other four
Of Terzky's, the Duke's own brother-in-law,
In all our camp the boldest corps,
Are bound to him with heart and soul ;
For he favour'd us through fair and foul,
And to a man, with life and limb,
Each officer will stand by him.

SCENE III.

The same.—CROAT, (*with a necklace*)—SHARPSHOOTER *following him.*

SHARPSHOOTER.

Ho ! where hast stolen that necklace, Croat ?
Come, truck,—to thee 't isn't worth a groat,
I'll give thee these pistols for the toy.

CROAT.

Go to ! I'm not to be choused, my boy !

SHARPSHOOTER.

Well—I'll give thee too this cap of blue,
Which in Fortune's wheel I lately won.
Look here,—the cap's just as good as new.

CROAT, (*holding the necklace up to the light.*)

But this is of pearl and precious stone—
Only see how it sparkles in the sun.

SHARPSHOOTER, (*laying hold of the necklace.*)

My own canteen I'll give to boot ;

[*Looking at the necklace.*]

I want the thing for the look alone.

TRUMPETER.

How knowingly now he gulls the lout !
Halves, comrade, mind ye—or all's out.

[*Winking to the Sharpshooter.*]CROAT, (*putting the cap on his head.*)

A smartish affair !

SHARPSHOOTER, (*winking to the Trumpeter.*)

It's a bargain then—

A fair exchange you see, gentlemen !

SCENE IV.

The same.—An ARTILLERYMAN.

ARTILLERYMAN (*to the Sergeant.*)

How goes it, brother carabineer ?
How long shall we loiter here a-warming
Our hands, while the foe in the field is swarming ?

SERGEANT.

Well—there's no time lost—you need not fret,
The roads are scarcely passable yet.

ARTILLERYMAN.

Why—not for me—I sit snugly here ;—
But hark ye, tidings are come to hand,
To say that Ratisbon is gone.

SERGEANT.

Ha !—Then we shall all decamp anon !

ARTILLERYMAN.

Why so ?—To guard the Bavarian's land,
Our Prince's greatest foe ?—No, truly,
We'll take our marching there more coolly.

SERGEANT.

So !—You know every thing it seems !

SCENE V.

The same.—Two JAGGERS—Then SUTLER WOMAN—SOLDIER
BOYS—CAMP SCHOOLMASTER—SUTLER'S SERVANT GIRL.

FIRST JAGGER.

See, see !

Well met !—a jolly good company.

TRUMPETER.

What fellows now may these green coats be,
That strut so smart and so daintily ?

SERGEANT.

They're of Holk's light horse ;—those laces, I'll swear,
Were never paid for at Leipzig fair.

SUTLER WOMAN.

Welcome, good sirs !

FIRST JAGGER.

Why !—Blood and thunder !

Gustel of Blasewitz, or I wonder ?

SUTLER WOMAN.

The same for certain ; and you, I know,
Are long-legg'd Peter of Itzeho,
Who in one jovial evening spent,
At Gluckstadt, with our regiment,
All your father's yellow boys ; and then——

FIRST JAEGER.

Shoulder'd the rifle and dropp'd the pen.

SUTLER WOMAN.

So, so !—We are old acquaintance then !

FIRST JAEGER.

And meet in Bohemia once again !

SUTLER WOMAN.

Ay !—Here to-day, and to-morrow gone,
As the stormy besom of war sweeps on ;
And shakes and bumps us from place to place—
I've wander'd many a weary pace.

FIRST JAEGER.

Ay, ay !—No doubt !—It's the fate of war.

SUTLER WOMAN.

I've been up as high as to Temeswar,
Where I jogg'd in the rear by the baggage car,
While they hunted Mansfeld fast and far.
Before Stralsund I pitch'd my tent
With the Duke, where my trade to the devil went ;
I march'd with the succours to Mantua,
And back with the troops under Fera,
Then met with a Spanish regiment,
And made a diversion as far as Ghent ;
And now to Pilsen I've wander'd over
In hope old debts I might yet recover,
If the Duke but a helping hand would lend—
See !—yonder's my market tent, old friend !

FIRST JARGER.

'Twill all come right enough ; but come,
Where have you dropp'd your Scottish chum,
With whom you jogg'd so long ?

SUTLER WOMAN.

Who !—He !
The cheating scoundrel, he sneak'd from me ;
With bag and baggage he fill'd his pack,
And left me nought but the rags on my back,
And that young sluggard beside me here.
[*Pointing to the Boy.*]

SOLDIER BOY, (*running up to her.*)

What's that about father, mother dear ?

FIRST JARGER.

Pooh !—The Emperor must these imps maintain,
The army must still be recruited again.

CAMP SCHOOLMASTER.

Off !—To the camp school, boy !

FIRST JARGER.

Poor fellows !
Of your close quarters they're rather jealous.

SERVANT GIRL, (*enters.*)

Aunt, they are going.

SUTLER WOMAN.

Anon, anon !

FIRST JAEGER.

So ! who is this little roguish piece ?

SUTLER WOMAN.

A sister's child—of the empire born
And bred.

FIRST JAEGER.

Gadso, a favourite niece !

[*Sutler woman goes out.*]

SECOND JAEGER (*laying hold of the Girl.*)

Come, stay with us, pretty maid.

GIRL.

Can't stay—

Must serve the customers over the way.

[*Disengages herself, and exit.*]

FIRST JAEGER.

That girl is not so much amiss,
And that aunt of her's ! By the element
I mind when the best in our regiment
Would have fought for love of her handsome phiz !
Strange to think of the folks we've seen,
And how brief the hour of their bloom has been,
And the ups and downs that may intervene !

[*To the Sergeant and Trumpeter.*]

Comrades, I drink your health. We'll take
A seat by your side, if ye're nothing loth.

SCENE VI.

The two JÄGERS—SERGEANT—TRUMPETER.

SERGEANT.

Thanks, brother. Room we'll gladly make,
And welcome here to Bohemia both.

FIRST JAEGER.

Snug's the word in your quarters here ;
By my faith, with the foe we had colder cheer !

TRUMPETER.

You don't look like it—you're spruce enough.

SERGEANT.

Ay, ay ! in Meissen, and on the Saal,
We hear strange tales of ye, one and all.

SECOND JAEGER.

Tush, comrade—mere nonsense all, and stuff—
The Croats had swept the field too clean—
They left but the stubble for us to glean.

TRUMPETER.

And yet this collar of pointed lace,
And these hose that sit with so tight a grace,
And these linens fine, and this hat and feather,
Don't look so like starvation neither ;
It *looks* like luck, at least, I say,
I wish such windfalls came our way.

SERGEANT.

But then we're the Duke's own regiment,
And honour and high respect may claim.

FIRST JAEGER.

Well! to us, now, that's no great compliment,
We, too, methinks, bear Friedland's name.

SERGEANT.

Ay, ay!—Ye belong to the general mass.

FIRST JAEGER.

And ye, forsooth, are a separate class?
I see no difference save in the coat,
And mine's as good as your own, God wot!

SERGEANT.

I pity your notions; but then, to be sure,
You have lived all your days with the rascal boor;
The right conceit, the proper tone,
Must be learn'd by the general's side alone.

FIRST JAEGER.

And much good your schooling would seem to have done;
Like him, to be sure, ye can spit and cough,
In these, to a hair, ye have hit him off;
But his soul and his genius—these, I'm afraid,
Are not to be caught on the guard parade.

SECOND JAEGER.

What the plague!—Ask after us here or there,
Friedland's Wild Hunt is the name we bear;
And we shame not the title, for boldly we go
Right through the country of friend or foe;

Through the rising grain, through the ripen'd corn,
They quake at the blast of Holk's buglehorn.
In a moment near—in a moment far—
Swift as the deluge, there we are ;
As the fire breaks forth at the midnight deep
In the silent houses, when all men sleep ;
No flight can save, and no fight avail,
Drill and discipline both must fail.
Then strives in our arms the struggling maid
In vain ; for war is a ruthless trade.
Ask where ye will, I tell but the truth,
In Voigtland, Westphalia, or in Bayreuth,
Wherever our troopers have once rode through,
There children, and children's children too,
When hundreds and hundreds of years are o'er,
Shall talk of Holk and his Jaeger corps.

SERGEANT.

Heyday ! Does the soldier's glory lie
In nothing but riot and revelry ?
'Tis promptitude makes him,—the hand to do,
The head to plan, and the eye to view.

FIRST JAEGER.

'Tis liberty makes him, and that's enough !—
That I should listen to such-like stuff !
For this did I run from the rod and the school,
To be tied to the oar again here like a tool,
Or, 'scaped from the warehouse, the desk, and the pen,
To meet my old plagues in the camp again ?
No, I'd float with the stream, and idly stray,
And see something new upon each new day ;
To the whim of the moment I'd yield at once,
Nor backward nor forward I'd cast a glance ;

For this to the Emperor I sold my bacon,
So by him let the care of my hide be taken.
Order me on while the shot is pouring,
Over the Rhine, deep, rapid, and roaring,
Though every third man to the devil is blown,
Without more ado I am up and on ;
For this I'm your man, but I beg, d'ye see,
That in all things else ye would leave me free.

SERGEANT.

O ! if that's all you wish, you made certain of that,
The moment you mounted the soldier's hat.

FIRST JAEGER.

When I think what a fuss and a pother was made
By that plague of his people, Gustavus the Swede ;
His camp was a chapel, long prayers must be said,
At morning réveille and evening parade ;
And if on a frolic we chanced, by the powers,
He would hold forth himself from his saddle for hours.

SERGEANT.

Ay ! he was a man of a godly stamp !

FIRST JAEGER.

Not a girl to be seen in his saintly camp.
If she came, slap-dash to the church she must tramp.
I could stand it no more, I was off in a trice.

SERGEANT.

Your Swede, now-a-days, is a trifle less nice.

FIRST JAEGER.

So next to the League I rode coolly down,
Who were mustering and marching for Magdeburg town ;

There things were different as things could be,
All was frolic and gayety,
Wine and wassail, women and play,
By my faith but that was a blithesome day !
Old Tilly knew well how to manage the thing,
Though he pinch'd his own carcass, he gave us our swing,
And, so long as he had not the piper to pay,
Live and let live was his easy way.
But Tilly's lucky time ran out,
With the fatal day of the Leipzig rout ;
His plans all founder'd, his means were spent,
And all to rack and to ruin went ;
Where we came, and where we rapp'd,
Friends looked frowning, doors were slapp'd,
Scared and hunted from pillar to post,
We found that our old respect was lost ;
So next with the Saxon my service I took,
Where things seem'd to wear a more promising look——

SERGEANT.

And you join'd him just in the nick to touch
Bohemia's plunder.

FIRST JAEGER.

No, faith, not much ;
For their damnable discipline tied up our hand,
And we durst not demean us like foes in the land.
We were plagued with the Emperor's castles to guard,
We must stand upon trifles, and speak by the card,
The war in our hands but a child's play was,
And our hearts, ye may think, were but half in the cause ;
With none could we venture to break outright ;
Small glory, in short, and the gain as light.
So sick of the business at length I grew,
I was thinking of handling my quill anew,

When all of a sudden, what sound should come
To my ear, but the beat of the Friedlander's drum.

SERGEANT.

And how long will you stick to your present post ?

FIRST JAEGER.

You jest ! So long as *he* rules the roast,
No fear, my boy, I shall wish to flee ;
Where better than here could a soldier be ?
War's the star by which we steer,
And the stamp of power is on all things here,
And the soul that life to the mass hath given,
Bears on, in its course, like the blast of heaven,
The meanest trooper in all our throng.
So, bold as brass, I can step along,
And have learn'd to trample a burgher down,
As our General treads on the Prince's crown.
Here all goes on as in days of old,
When the blade alone in the balance told ;
We know but one crime that can't be forgiven,
And that's to murmur when orders are given ;
What's not forbidden you're free to do,
And no man asks, Of what creed are you ?
There are but two things in the world, I wot,—
What belongs to the army, and what does not,—
And I walk by the martial law alone.

SERGEANT.

You're a sensible fellow, I like your tone,
You speak like a trooper of Friedland's own.

FIRST JAEGER.

He bears not his baton as 'twere a trade,
A trust in his hands by the Emperor laid ;

For the Emperor's service he owes not a jot :
 What good as his hands has the Emperor got ?
 The power and the strength that he wishes at command,
 How he uses it is another and sadder tale !
 No : a soldier's kingdom is Freedom's game,
 He would free the world, and then have the name,
 And then drive all that oppose his aim.

INTERLUDE.

That . who does without such words as these !

FIRST LADDER.

What as I think I'll make free to say.
 The word is free.—So the General says.

SECONDARY.

Why, then, that's true, from his very phrase.
 He was clear to me . . . The word is free.
 The word is true—absolutely true !
 As these were his very words I heard.

FIRST LADDER.

I know not if these were the words that took place.
 But whoever might say it, so sounds the case.

SECOND LADDER.

Good luck will never desert his side.
 Though she throws at times on the best side.
 Old Tilly received his name at last,
 Not beneath the Freilander's flag to be.
 Is as good as a promise of victory.
 He has spellbound Fortune : she must stand fast.
 We feel that we fight, when his banner's unfurled.
 By the side of the powers of another world.

For friends and foemen have long found out,
That Friedland deals in a devilish way,
And keeps an imp of his own in pay.

SERGEANT.

Ay, ay, he's charm'd ; that's past a doubt.
On the bloody day of the Leipzig rout,
When the Swedish fire the fastest pour'd,
Calmly and coolly he rode about ;—
His hat through and through with balls was bored,
Through boots and jerkin the bullets flew,
I saw myself where the shot went through ;
But pike nor bullet could ever get in,
Where the hellish salve had once greased his skin.

FIRST JAEGER.

What wonders next have we got to hear ?
An elk's skin jacket he wears ; that's all
That bids defiance to steel or ball.

SERGEANT.

I say 'tis by witches' ointment solely,
Cork'd up and kneaded with spells unholy.—

TRUMPETER.

Ay, ay, there's witchcraft in't, I'm clear.

SERGEANT.

They say, too, he reads in planet or star,
Things that are coming, both near and far ;
But I know better how things are done.
A little gray man, at the dead o' the night,
Through bolts and bars, to his room glides on ;
In vain have the sentinels challenged the sprite ;

And something of moment was sure to be near,
When little gray doublet was seen to appear.

FIRST JAGGER.

He's sold himself to the devil, I say,
So let's make the most of him while we may.

SCENE VII.

The same.—A RECRUIT—A CITIZEN—DRAGOONS.

RECRUIT (*enters from the tent, wearing a tin cap on his head, and carrying a wine-flask in his hand.*)

My love to father, and uncle too—
I've bid them good-by—I'm a soldier now.

FIRST JAGGER.

See! there's a greenhorn caught i' the net.

CITIZEN.

Bethink thee, Franz, thou'lt repent it yet.

RECRUIT (*sings.*)

Drum and fife
And warlike chime,
Wandering life
From clime to clime;
With swift steed to ride—
Strong hand that can guide
Broad sabre beside—
We hie far and wide,

As jolly and light
As the finch in its flight,
O'er thicket and tree,
By sky and by sea,—
Huzza! by the Friedlander's banner we'll be!

SECOND JAEGER (*saluting him.*)

A jolly companion as any you'll meet.

CITIZEN.

Let him off—he's come of good kin.

FIRST JAEGER.

And we,
I'd have you to know, were not dropp'd in the street.

CITIZEN.

I tell ye, both money and means hath he.
Look at that jacket of his, and see.

TRUMPETER.

The Emperor's coat is your finest wear.

CITIZEN.

To a cap-manufactory he'll soon fall heir.

SECOND JAEGER.

Free will and free quarters with us he'll share.

CITIZEN.

He's sure to succeed to his grandmother's booth.

FIRST JAEGER.

What!—Dirty his fingers with matches, forsooth?

CITIZEN.

And his godfather's stock will be his beside—
A cellar with twenty good butts of wine.

TRUMPETER.

O! these with his comrades, no doubt, he'll divide.

SECOND JAEGER.

Come, harkye, brother—our mess you'll join.

CITIZEN.

From a sweetheart in tears would you have him depart?

FIRST JAEGER.

To be sure!—that's a proof of an iron heart.

CITIZEN.

His poor grandmother's sure to expire on the spot.

SECOND JAEGER.

All the better—the sooner the cash will be got.

SERGEANT (*advancing gravely, and laying his hand on
the recruit's cap.*)

You have weigh'd, I hope, what you're going to do ;
You have doff'd the old Adam, and put on the new.
With the cap on your head, the blade on your flank,
Henceforth you take place in a dignified rank,
And a loftier spirit must study to bear.

FIRST JAEGER.

And of all things, look ye—your cash don't spare.

SERGEANT.

You have paid your passage in Fortune's ship,
And the sails are spread for your future trip ;
The world's before you to pick and to choose,
If you play for its stakes you must venture to lose.
Your cit jogs on, for better for worse,
In the same dull round, like a dyer's horse ;
But the soldier has all things to hope, you'll allow,
While war is the watchword on earth as now !
Look here at me :—In this coat I wear,
The Emperor's baton you see I bear ;
All government on earth, you know,
Forth from the baton alone must go ;
The sceptre itself, so majestic,
What is't but a baton after all ?
The man who can once but a corporal be
Has his foot on the ladder of sovereignty,
And you too may mount to its topmost height.

FIRST JAEGER.

Ay, provided you can but read and write.

SERGEANT.

I'll give you an instance of what I say,
Which I saw with my eyes but the other day :—
There's Butler, the chief of our corps, I trow,—
Why, we rank'd as privates in the line
Some thirty years since, at Cologne on the Rhine,
And yet he's a major-general now.
For why ?—He knew how to push his way,
All the world of his feats has got something to say,
While poor I am put off to another day.
Ay, ay !—and Friedland himself beside,
Our lord and master in all his pride,

Who now rules all with a word or a glance,
Was himself but a pitiful noble once ;
But he pinn'd his faith to the goddess of war,
And she raised his fortunes to what they are ;
Now, next to the Emperor's self stands he ;
And who shall say what he yet may be,
(*Cunningly*)—For the day of judgment is not come yet.

FIRST JAEGER.

He began with little, and rose to great.
At Altdorf, even in his student's gown,
He bore himself, by your leave to say,
In such a riotous roistering way,
In a trice he had knock'd his Famulus down,
And anger'd the Nuremberg gentry so,
That, will he nill he, to jail he must go.
The jail was new built, and the magistrates meant
To give it its first inhabitant's name.
So, what did he do, d'ye think ? but sent
His dog before him the honour to claim—
And after the dog it's call'd to this day ;—
That look'd like a humorsome fellow, I say,
And of all the strange feats that our master has done,
None tickled my fancy so much as this one.
(*During this speech, the Second Jaeger has been toying
with the girl, who has been in waiting.*)

DRAGOON (*interfering.*)

Comrade, let that alone, d'ye hear ?

SECOND JAEGER.

What the devil makes you interfere ?

DRAGOON.

Hands off, I tell you,—the girl is mine.

FIRST JAEGER.

So ! Your's alone—that's very fine.
Dragoon you've lost your wits, I see.

SECOND JAEGER.

To talk of private property
In camp ! Why, a wench, like the sun, must be
As free to all as to you or me.

DRAGOON.

I tell you again it sha'n't be done.

FIRST JAEGER.

Here come the pipers.—Halloo, for fun !

SECOND JAEGER.

If you want a quarrel, all's one to me.

•
SERGEANT.

Peace, comrades all,—a kiss is free.

SCENE VIII.

Enter musicians, and play a waltz, first slowly and afterwards quicker.—The FIRST JAEGER dances with the GIRL.—The SUTLER WOMAN with the RECRUIT.—The GIRL runs off, and the JAEGER pursuing her, lays hold of a CAPUCHIN FRIAR, just entering.

CAPUCHIN.

Huzza ! Halloo ! and dudeldumdey,—
Rare doings these—and shall I be away ?

Do you call yourselves Christians when such are your works?
Are ye better than mere Anabaptists and Turks?
Do you dare on the Sabbath to raise such a rout,
As if the Almighty had got the gout,
And, to punish your wickedness, couldn't kick out?
Is this a time to swagger and shout,
To banquet, dance, and drink about?
Quid hic states otiosi?
Why do ye stand with your arms across ye?
While the furies of war on the Danube run loose,
While Bavaria's bulwark is down at last,
And the Swede in his clutches holds Ratisbon fast.
Is it thus in Bohemia you swill and snore,
Filling your bellies, and nothing more?
You've been dreaming of bottles much more than of battles,
Clattering your gums much more than your guns;
Jigging or swigging is all your concern,
Ye snap up the oxen, but leave Oxenstiern.
In sackcloth and ashes all Christendom's dress'd,
But you think of nothing but feathering your nest.
And yet 'tis a time of tears and drought,
Signs and wonders in heaven are wrought,
And blood-red yonder, the clouds among,
The mantle of warfare is downward hung;
And the comet's tail, like a fiery rod,
From the windows of heaven is shaken abroad.
Earth groans beneath the wrath of God—
The ark of the Church is floating in blood—
The Romish empire draws fast to its tomb—
Rome will soon be in little room.
Our native Rhine runs blood, alas, not wine;
For cloistering there's nought but roistering.

Our bishoprics and abbacies
 Are shrunk, I ween, to very shabby sees.
 From convent and from monastery
 The nuns are fled, the monks are gone astray.
 Where bells were tolling, and mass was chaunting,
 There thieves are trolling and robbers haunting.
 And the German estates, once so fair to see,
 Are estates of sin and misery !

Do you ask me whence all this proceeds ?
 It comes of your vices and your misdeeds ;
 Of the heathenish lives that ye lead in camp,
 For, master and men, ye are all of one stamp.
 Sin's the magnet at whose command
 The iron's drawn into the land ;
 Where wrong is wrought there ruin's near,
 As sure as the onion draws the tear.
 After the U must come the V—
 Such is the order in A, B, C.

Ubi erit victoria spes

Si offenditur Deus ? Can good come to pass
 When thus ye turn tail on the priest and the mass,
 And in pot-houses only show your broad face ?
 The woman of whom the Scriptures speak,
 She found the penny she went to seek ;
 Saul met with his father's asses anew,
 And Joseph his precious brethren too ;
 But he who thinks to meet in camps
 With the fear of the Lord or common shame,
 May search long enough ere he find the same,
 Though he poke about with a hundred lamps.

The soldiers were not so bad of old,
For by the Evangelist we're told,
To the Baptist's sermon off they ran,
Confess'd, and were christen'd, to a man.
Quid faciemus nos? said they—
Into Abraham's bosom show us the way.
Et ait illis; and what doth he say?
Neminem concutatis,
No man shall ye roughly handle;
Neque calumniam faciatis,
Nor deal in backbiting and scandal.

Contenti estote,—grumble not,
Stipendiis vestris, at the pay you've got,
And let evil doers be sent to pot.

The law hath said, Thou shalt not swear,
Nor take the name of the Lord in vain;
But where will you light on such swearing again
As your own in Friedland's headquarters here?
If for every thundering oath ye twang,
So glib from the tip of your blasphemous tongue,
The bells in the steeples round were rung,
The bellmen all might as well go hang;
Or if that for every evil prayer
That from your unwash'd mouths ye vent,
A single hair from your heads were rent,
Ere night ye would show but a shaven crown,
Though your poll had been bushy as Absalom's own.
Joshua of old was a soldier too,
And King David too his Philistine slew;
But where in the Scriptures, old or new,
Have ye read that they swore and blasphemed like you?

Don't you think without straining your jaws, ye might try,
 "God save us," instead of "Damnation," to cry?
 But with what liquor the cask ye fill,
 With the same must it froth, and run over still.

Again it is written, Thou shalt not steal;
 So neither we do, ye may boldly say,
 For ye rob and plunder in face of day.
 With vulture claws, by force or trick,
 From the strongest coffer the gold ye pick.
 The calf is not safe the cow within,
 Ye take the hen and the egg therein.
Contenti estote, the preacher said—
 Can't you do with your rations of army bread?

But why must the servant bear the blame
 Of the ills that from the master came?
 If the members are bad, the head's the same—
 'Twould puzzle us all *his* religion to name.

JAEGER.

Of the soldier, Sir Priest, ye may talk as ye list,
 But steer clear of our general's name, I insist.

CAPUCHIN.

Ne custodias gregem meam,
 He is an Ahab and Jerobeam
 That leads men from the rightful way
 To idols and false gods astray.

JAEGER.

No more on that text, if you be wise.

CAPTAIN.

A vagrant, Brumby in sack,
 With wild tale of fortune's sack,
 And voice with his own mighty sack,
 That Scarsdale soon should be his sack,
 Though to heaven itself were with chains made fast.

TRUMPETER.

Will no one stop his sinuous haw?

CAPTAIN.

A wizard, I say—a conjuring Saul;
 A Holfernes—a Jehu abhor'd;
 A Peter denying his Master and Lord—
 And like him quite aback when he hears the cock crow.

BOTH JAGGERS.

Be off, old shaveling! Your hour is come.

CAPUCHIN.

A fox, as cunning as Herod, I trow.

TRUMPETER AND BOTH JAGGERS.

Die, villain—or else at once be dumb!

CROATS (*interfering.*)

Fire away, father!—there's nothing to fear,
 Get on with your sermon, and let us hear.

CAPUCHIN.

A Nebuchadnezzar himself for pride,
 A heretic rank and sinner beside;

His name, he tells us, is Wallenstein,
And truly he is to us all a stain,
And no peace can the Emperor hope to command
Till of Friedland himself he has freed the land.

[*He has been gradually retreating while pronouncing
the last words, during which he raises his voice, and
exit. The Croats holding off the other soldiers.*]

SCENE IX.

The same.—Excepting the CAPUCHIN.

FIRST JAEGER (*to the Sergeant.*)

Can'st tell us, friend, what he meant by that tale
Of the cock that makes Friedland's heart to quail?
Is't a joke—a cock and bull story solely?

SERGEANT.

Why, friend, between ourselves,—not wholly.
Our general was born with a ticklish ear,
Some sounds he cannot abide to hear;
He starts and trembles to hear a cat mew,
And the crow of a cock shall make him look blue.

FIRST JAEGER.

That fear with the lion in common has he.

SERGEANT.

Mouse—still must all things around him be;
This order all the patrols must keep,
For he broods o'er matters for din too deep.

VOICES (*uproar in the tent.*)

Seize the villain—don't let him off!

PEASANT'S VOICE.

Help, help, for mercy!

ANOTHER VOICE.

Nay, hold, enough!

FIRST JAEGER.

Hark! blows are going—they're getting mellow.

SECOND JAEGER.

Then I'll make one.

[*Running to the tent.*]

SUTLER WOMAN (*coming out*).

The scoundrelly fellow!

TRUMPETER.

Come, landlady, tell us the cause of your grief!

SUTLER WOMAN.

The ragamuffin—the cheating thief,
Must sneak, like a rascal, into my tent,
And shame me before all the regiment.

SERGEANT.

What's ado, good mother?

SUTLER WOMAN.

What's ado!

Why, they've caught a boor in the very nick,
Who was trying with loaded dice to trick.

TRUMPETER.

So ! here he comes, and young hopeful too !

SCENE X.

SOLDIERS (*dragging the Farmer along.*)

FIRST JAEGER.

He must swing, that's clear !

SHARPSHOOTERS AND DRAGOONS.

To the gallows ! away !

SERGEANT.

Ye lose no time with your sentence, I wot.

SUTLER WOMAN.

I'll see him hang'd, I hope, on the spot.

SERGEANT.

An evil trade brings evil pay.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*to the other.*)

It's owing entirely to desperation ;
We drive them ourselves to ruination,
And cheating and stealing in course succeed.

TRUMPETER.

Eh ! what ? Do you dare for the dog to plead ?
The villain ! what devil drives you now ?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Why ! a boor's a man, after all, you'll allow ?

FIRST JARGER (*to the Trumpeter.*)

Pooh ! never mind these, they're of Tiefenbach's corps—
Tailors and glovers—I've seen them before ;
New come from their quarters in Brieg they are,
What should they know of the ways of war ?

SCENE XI.

The same.—CUIRASSIERS.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace ! why are you knocking the boor about ?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

He's a knave detected in cheating at play.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Has he done you then to some tune, I pray ?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

To be sure—completely clean'd me out.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Served you right ! *You* a Friedland's man,
And yet to descend so devilish low,
With a rascal boor the dice to throw !
Run for it fellow—run while ye can.

(*The Peasant escapes, the others close together.*)

FIRST JAEGER.

Short and sharp—just what they deserve—
It's the only way such fellows to serve.
What is he? He's no Bohemian this?

SUTLER WOMAN.

He may well claim respect—a Walloon he is—
A cuirassier of Pappenheim's bands.

FIRST DRAGOON (*advancing.*)

Whom young Piccolomini here commands ;
He whom they chose, in their own good right,
On the bloody field of the Leipzig fight,
To be their colonel, when Pappenheim fell.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

And how did they venture so far, can ye tell?

FIRST DRAGOON.

This regiment has always had rights of their own,
For foremost in danger they ever were known ;
So by laws of their own they are ruled and tried,
And favour'd of Friedland o'er all beside.

FIRST CUIRASSIER (*to the other.*)

Who brought this message ; it can't be true.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

I have it myself from the colonel's mouth.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why, zounds ! do they take us for dogs, forsooth ?

FIRST JAEGER.

You seem in a rage—what's the matter with you ?

SECOND JAEGER.

Is't a message with which we have aught to do ?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

'Tis news at which none of us need rejoice !

(The soldiers close in.)

To the Netherlands next we must march in a trice.

Cuirassier, and Jaeger, and Rifle must tramp—

Eight thousand good troopers from hence decamp.

BUTLER WOMAN.

What, what ? must it always be, up and away—

I got back from Flanders but yesterday.

SECOND CUIRASSIER *(to the Dragoon.)*

You, too, of Butler's must ride with the rest.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

But to send the Walloons too ! that's the best.

BUTLER WOMAN.

Send away the Walloons, the pride of our crew ?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And to march with that fellow from Milan too !

FIRST JAEGER.

With the Infant—it's more than flesh can endure !

SECOND JAEGER.

With a priest—that's the devil and all to be sure !

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

So, then, from our Friedland they'd have us to part,
Who loves of the soldier so much to make,
With the haughty Spaniard the field to take,
The niggard whom all of us hate at heart.
I'll be blown if I go—I'm for off at once,

TRUMPETER.

Why the devil should we after cardinals dance ?
It was to the Emperor we sold our bacon,
And not to the Spanish red hat, I reckon.

SECOND JAEGER.

'Twas on Friedland's word and credit, I ween,
My service I took in the trooper line ;
Were't not for love of our Wallenstein,
This Ferdinand never our faces had seen.

FIRST DRAGOON.

'Twas Friedland that made us the men we are,
And shall we not follow his fortune's star ?

SERGEANT.

Now, listen to reason—that is, to *me*—
There's more in this matter than you seem to see ;
I look through a stone rather farther than you,
And I'll venture to swear they have something in view.

FIRST JAEGER.

Attention there—hark to the word of command.

SERGEANT.

And Dame Gustel, before I begin, from your bottle
 I'll just take a trifle to comfort my throttle,
 And then we'll see clearly how all things stand.

BUTLER WOMAN (*serving out.*)

There, sergeant!—I vow, though—you frighten me sadly,
 I'm afraid, after all, that our matters go badly.

SERGEANT (*after drinking.*)

Now, look ye, my masters, it's all very right,
 That each man should act as his notions invite,
 But first, as the General is used to say,
 We should look well about us, and see our way.
 All of us here are of Friedland's band—
 Free quarters the burgher must find to our hand,
 Good cheer for our mouths, and a snug fireside ;
 The horse and the ox must the boor provide,
 To forward our baggage-waggons on :
 No use in complaining, it must be done.
 Let but a corporal, and seven of his men,
 By some terrified village be seen to ride in,
 In a thought he is mayor and all within,
 And, after his liking, may rule and command.
 Yet, Heaven's our witness, they like us not,
 And would see the devil himself on the spot,
 As soon as a glimpse of our yellow coat ;
 Then why don't they drive us forth, God wot ?
 To the peasant, ye know, in number we yield,
 And if *we* carry swords, *he* a cudgel can wield ;
 What enables us, then, to laugh at their might,
 But this—that in *one* mighty mass we unite.

FIRST JAEGER.

Ay, ay, in the *whole* must the strength reside ;
This truth full well did our Friedland know,
When he raised, some eight or nine years ago,
That mighty force for the Emperor's side.
They would hear of twelve thousand only at first ;
Twelve thousand, said he, I can never maintain,
But give me five times twelve thousand, and then
I'll engage they sha'n't perish of hunger and thirst ;
And so were we listed in Wallenstein's band.

SERGEANT.

Look here, for instance, at this right hand.
Suppose that of these five fingers I own,
One of you should chop off this finger so small,
Do ye think ye have taken that finger alone ?
No, by Jove, ye have ruin'd the hand and all ;
For ye leave but a stump, worth nothing, behind—
Just so with these eight thousand horse, you'll find,
That now for Flanders are drafted away—
They're the army's little finger, I say.
Do ye flatter yourselves, if ye let them march on,
Ye have weaken'd your force by a fifth alone ?
Much good may it do you, I say, *all's* gone !
Fear is gone, and respect and dread,
The boor again will get up his head,
Again from Vienna's Chancery
Our billets will issue all cut and dry,
And all, as before, will be beggary !
Ay ! ay ! and how long will it be, think you,
Ere they take from among us our General too ?
At court they bear him a grudge, that's clear—
And, then, all's up with the army here !

Who'll help us then to recover our pay,
Or see that our contracts are kept, I pray?
What becomes of the talent and power of command,
The clearness of head and the firmness of hand,
That these scatter'd limbs of the army joins
Together so, and in one combines?
For instance—here's a dragoon—come now,
Just tell us what countryman art thou?

DRAGOON.

From Green Erin, honey, I'm hither blown.

SERGEANT (*to the Second Cuirassier.*)

And you're a Walloon, that's very well known;
And you are a Lombard, I know by your tone.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Who I am I never could learn at all—
They kidnapp'd me when I was a youngster small.

SERGEANT (*to a Rifleman.*)

You, too, are not of this quarter, I think——

RIFLEMAN.

No, I'm from Buchau, on the Federsee brink.

SERGEANT (*to the Second Rifleman.*)

And your neighbour?——

SECOND RIFLEMAN.

I am of Switzerland.

SERGEANT (*to the Second Jaeger.*)

And where in the world was your birthplace, Jaeger?

SECOND JAEGER.

By Wismar lies my forefather's land.

SERGEANT (*pointing to the Trumpeter.*)

And the trumpeter here and I are of Eger ;
And yet who that looks at us ever would see
That south and north had blown us hither,
And snow'd and drifted the mass together ?
Don't we look as if all were chips of one tree ?
Don't we stand in our ranks 'gainst the foeman fast,
As if in one mould we were melted and cast ?
Don't we work together at word or sign,
As the teeth of a wheelwork in one combine ?
And who is the being that blent us so,
That none can the one from the other know ?
Who else but our Wallenstein alone ?

FIRST JAEGER.

Well, I never once thought of the matter, I own,
How it was that we came so well to agree,
For to follow the lead was the rule with me.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

I agree with our sergeant—I see the thing—
The army they fain to the ground would bring
And trample the soldier down, that they
Themselves alone may engross the sway.
'Tis all a conspiracy—a plot.

SUTLER WOMAN.

A plot !—I hope in mercy not !—
My debtors never would pay at all.

SERGEANT.

Ay !—all would be bankrupt on the spot.
For many a leader and general
From out their own coffers advanced the cash,
To raise their regiments, and cut this dash.
More than one has his means o'erpast,
In hope of a rich return at last ;
And all their money at once is lost,
If the Duke, our leader, should lose his post.

SUTLER WOMAN.

O Lord ! this prospect like ruin looks,
For half the army is down in my books ;
And Count Isolani that villainous payer,
For two hundred hard dollars, at least, I declare.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Well, comrades, let's think what's next to be done.
To save us from ruin, I see but one plan,
While we stand united all danger we shun ;
So let's stick to each other—man to man—
Let them issue their orders and warrants at will,
We'll keep a firm foot in Bohemia still ;
We will not yield, we will not go,
The soldier fights for his honour now.

SECOND JAEGER.

Ay ! we're not the men to be bandied about ;
Let them come and try us—they'll find that out.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Good sirs, think better how matters stand ;
Why—this is the Emperor's will, and command !

TRUMPETER.

And much for the Emperor we'll care, to be sure !

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Such language as this I'll no longer endure.

TRUMPETER.

Endure it or not—it's all true, by your leave.

FIRST JAEGER.

Ay, ay ! So I've always been taught to believe
That Friedland alone was our master and head.

SERGEANT.

'Twas the very condition and terms he made.
He has absolute power, it must be understood,
The war to prolong, or a peace to conclude ;
All goods and gear he can confiscate,
To hang and to pardon is his alone ;
Colonels and officers he can create,
And the posts of honour are all his own.
All this he has under the Emperor's hand.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The Duke is mighty and great in the land ;
But, great or little, what else is he
But the Emperor's servant, as well as we ?

SERGEANT.

As we ?—Now, there you're out, d'ye see ;
He's a prince of the empire, immediate and free,
As good as Bavaria's self can be.
And don't I remember myself to have seen,
While at Brandeis, the sergeant on guard I've been,
How the Emperor's self allow'd him there,
His cap on his princely head to wear ?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

'Twas for Mecklenburg's dutchy I'll engage,
Which he held from the Emperor himself in pledge.

FIRST JAEGER (*to the Sergeant.*)

In the Emperor's presence to wear his hat !—
There's something uncommonly queer in that.

SERGEANT (*putting his hand into his pocket.*)

If you see any reason to doubt my word,
Your eyes and your hands shall the proof afford.

[*Drawing out a coin.*

Look—tell me whose image and stamp on that coin are.

.SUTLER WOMAN.

Let's see.—'Tis a genuine Wallensteiner.

SERGEANT.

There then, you see.—Are ye satisfied now ?
He's a prince as well as the rest, you'll allow.
Don't he mint his own money, like Ferdinand ?
Can't he boast too, like him, of his subjects and land ?
His Highness he's titled ; and therefore 'tis plain
He's entitled an army to raise and maintain.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That right there is nobody seeks to gainsay.
But we, you'll observe, are the Emperor's men—
The Emperor's the master that gives our pay.

TRUMPETER.

Now that, d'ye see, I deny on the spot—
The Emperor's the master that pays us *not*.

Have not all of us here, for these ten months past,
Been promised our pay, yet got nothing at last ?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

It's in very good hands, then, as every one knows.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace, gentlemen all, would ye come to blows ?
Do ye squabble and fight in a quarrel like this,
Whether the Emperor our master is ?
Why, it's just because we would wish to be
His soldiers, in honour and loyalty,—
That though we're his servants, we'll not be his slaves,
To be bandied and bullied by priests and knaves.
Say, yourselves, is it not for the Emperor's gain,
That the soldier his place and his rights should maintain ?
What makes him a monarch so mighty and high ?
What else, I would ask, but his soldiery ?
What guards and protects him abroad and at home,
And makes his word weighty in Christendom ?
Ay, ay, let those to the yoke submit
Who reap all the fame and the benefit—
Who feast at his table in golden halls—
No splendour or pomp to *our* portion falls—
Nothing have we but the toil and the smart,
And the feeling of worth that we bear in our heart.

SECOND JAEGER.

All your great tyrants and emperors of old
Went to work with more wisdom, as I've been told ;
They took care, while they tax'd and tormented the rest,
That the soldier should always show face with the best.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The soldier must learn his own value to know,
And bear himself nobly as soldiers ought,
Else better the business he never had sought.
If for life or death I must hazard the throw,
I take leave to rate myself higher too ;
Not like your vile Croat who serves but for pay,
And stands to be shot at for so much a-day.

BOTH JAEGERs.

Ay, honour is dearer than life—that's true.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

This sword of ours is no plough nor spade—
'Twere folly to delve with its iron blade.
For us comes no earing—no harvests rise—
Forlorn and homeless the soldier hies,
Wandering over the face of the earth,
Warming his hands at another man's hearth ;
From the stir and glitter of cities fair,
From the mirth of the village he's doom'd to roam ;
The vintage gathering, the harvest home,
He sees at a distance, but may not share.
If no riches or gain can the soldier expect,
What else has he left him but self-respect ?
Man must have something he calls his own,
Or on rapine and murder at once he's thrown.

FIRST ARQUEBUSTER.

Ay, ay, 'tis a wretched life, we must own.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Not I, by my faith, I'd exchange it for none.

Far and wide through the world I've been—
All things in turn I have tried and seen—
In Spain, and Venice, and Naples, I've served—
But though Fortune still bilk'd me of what I deserved,
Though merchant and knight have past in review,
Though I've look'd on the craftsman and Jesuit too,
Of all the gay doublets I've chanced to see,
There was none like my own steel-coat for me.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Well, in that, now, I can't exactly agree.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The man that hopes in the world to rise,
Must look about him, and stir and poke.
If he seeks after honours and dignities,
He must bend his neck to the golden yoke.
Would he enjoy a father's blessing,
Children and grandchildren's caressing,
Let him drive some honest trade in peace.
I—I had no mind for a life of ease.
Free I would live, as I have begun,
Robbing no mortal, and heir to none;
And smile, from the back of my nag, to see
The coil and turmoil that is under me.

FIRST JAEGER.

Bravo! I'm of your opinion quite.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

So, to you then it seems quite proper and right
To ride over other men's heads outright?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrades, the times are evil you see,
And the sword and the balance can't always agree;

But don't, I pray ye, mistake me so far,
As to think I incline to the sword alone ;
I'm just as humane as my neighbours in war,
Though I won't give my hide to be drumm'd upon.

FIRST ARQUESTIER.

And whose to blame but the soldier, pray,
That the boor is in such a woful way ?
This war, with its plagues and its wants so severe,
Is wearing fast to its sixteenth year.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why, brother, the Lord above our head,
Can't please all people at once, I'm afraid.
One longs for the sun, of which others complain,
One prays for dry weather, another for rain.
You see but want and misfortune there,
Where life, to my thinking, looks bright and fair.
The boor and the burgher are suffering I know,
And sorry am I that it should be so ;
But how can I help it ? For, look ye here,
It's just the same as in charging the foe—
Off go our horses, and on we go,
No matter who lies in our mid career ;
It may be my brother, mine own dear son,
My heart may break at his moaning cry,
But over his body I must ride on,
Nor stop even to lead him aside to die.

FIRST JAEGER.

Let every one look to himself, say I.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And so, my friends, since it seems for a while
Good-luck on the soldier is like to smile,

With both our hands let us clasp it fast,
A life like this is too good to last ;
Peace will come dropping in anon,
And then is our occupation gone ;
The soldier walks out, the boor walks in,
And all will be as it once hath been.
As yet we have got a firm foot in the land,
And feel that we still have the hilt in our hand ;
But once we're disbanded, that's all they desire,
They'll hang our bread-basket a peg or two higher !

FIRST JAEGER.

No, no ; let them try to do that if they can,—
We'll stand by each other, man by man.

SECOND JAEGER.

Let's settle the matter at once, I say.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER. (*To the Sutler Woman, drawing out a
leather purse.*)

Come, landlady, what have we got to pay ?

SUTLER WOMAN.

O ! nothing worth mentioning.

[*They reckon—Arquebusiers go out.*]

TRUMPETER.

Glad they're away,
They'd only disturb us, and stand in our way.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

I pity them too—they're good fellows enough.

FIRST JAEGER.

But 'twas monstrously spoony to talk such stuff.

SECOND JAEGER.

Now, then, that we're snug by ourselves, let us see
How this new plan of theirs disconcerted may be.

TRUMPETER.

How best, do you ask ? By refusing to go.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Do nothing 'gainst discipline, friends,—no, no..
Let each man go quietly back to his corps,
And lay things coolly his comrades before.
Tell them our minds, and make them aware
That to this long journey no liking we bear.
I'll answer for my Walloons—you'll see
They'll all be ready to swear by me.

SERGEANT.

And Terzky's regiment, both foot and horse,
Will follow, I'll answer, their comrades' course.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

The Lombard won't leave the Walloon in the strife.

FIRST JAEGER.

Freedom's the Jaeger's-breath of life.

SECOND JAEGER.

Freedom can only with power abide,
So I'll live or die by Wallenstein's side.

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

The Lorrainer still with the tide will float,
Where there's pleasure to tempt, or good cheer to be got.

DRAGOON.

The Irishman follows fortune's star.

SECOND SHARPSHOOTER.

The Tyrolese only his liege lord in war.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Then, comrades, let every regiment
Write out a memorial, fair and plain,
That all of us here are resolved to remain ;
Nor by force or cunning from Friedland we'll part,
Who is to the soldier a father at heart ;
Then hand it, with all respect, when done,
To Piccolomini—I mean the son,
Who understands that sort of thing,
And can do as he likes with the General,
And, what's more, they tell me, is all in all
At court with the Emperor and the King.

SECOND JAEGER.

Ay, ay, 'twill do, let's all agree,
Piccolomini shall our spokesman be.

TRUMPETER, DRAGOON, FIRST JAEGER, SECOND CUIRASSIER, and
SHARPSHOOTERS, *together*.

Piccolomini shall our spokesman be.

(They prepare to go.)

SERGEANT.

Come, a glass before ye go with me,—
Here's a health to Piccolomini !

SUTLER WOMAN (*bringing a bottle.*)

No scores for this, I give it free,
And hope good-luck to your plan to see.

CUIRASSIER.

Long may the soldier sway.

BOTH JAEGERs.

Long may the peasant pay.

DRAGOONS AND SHARPSHOOTERS.

Flourishing still may the army stand.

TRUMPETER *and* SERGEANT.

And long may Friedland that army command.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*sings.*)

Then rouse ye, brave comrades—to horse and ride!—

Ride on to the field and to freedom:

In the field must the worth of a man be tried,

True hearts must be sought when they need 'em:

He can hope no aid from another's hand,

By himself alone he must fall or stand.

(*The soldiers have advanced from the background during the singing, and join in the chorus.*)

He can hope no aid from another's hand,

By himself alone he must fall or stand.

DRAGOON.

Away from the world has fair liberty fled,

We meet but the master and master'd,

And falsehood and cunning are crown'd instead,

By the race of the knave and the dastard.

He who death in the face with a smile can view—

The soldier alone is the freeman true.

(*Repeat chorus.*)

FIRST JAEGER.

The troubles of life he can cast aside,
 Shake hands with all fear and sorrow ;
 In the face of his foe he can boldly ride,
 He meets him to-day or to-morrow ;
 And if met to-morrow,—why then, to-day,
 Let him taste life's pleasures while yet he may.

(Repeat chorus.)

(The glasses are refilled, the soldiers drink.)

SERGEANT.

From Heaven itself comes his easy pay,
 He needs not to toil or to strain for't ;
 The farmer he gropes in the ground a way,
 And delves in earth's bowels with pain for't ;
 He delves and shovels till life is past,
 And digs till he digs his own grave at last.

(Chorus repeated.)

FIRST JAEGER.

The horseman and horse, in bower and stall,
 Are guests that are seldom alighted :
 When the lamps are bright in the bridal hall,
 He comes to the feast uninvited ;
 He woos not with gold, with vows or sighs,
 But by storm he carries away the prize.

(Chorus.)

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why weeps the fair maiden ? Why mourns she so ?
 That her lover hath left her behind him ?
 What home on earth can the soldier know ?
 What true love e'er could bind him ?
 His restless fate it hurries him on—
 Ere his heart can fix, he is here and gone !

(Chorus.)

FIRST JAEGER (*takes the two next him by the hand—the others imitate his example—all form a semicircle.*)

Then rouse ye, brave comrades—to horse and away !—

Ride on to the field, ye true-hearted !

Youth smiles around us—life sparkles gay—

Then drink, ere its foam hath departed !

And he that would startle at life or limb,

No prize in life's lottery was meant for him.

(*The curtain falls before the chorus has completely ceased.*)

THE MANIAC

A SKETCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GARDNER, M.D. AND A.M.

My circumstances in life had become somewhat easier ; and, as a relaxation to my mind, I retired from the bustle of my ordinary business in town, to spend a few weeks in the seclusion of my native village in Perthshire. For some days after my arrival, the weather was rather unfavourable, and I felt somewhat impatient to visit some of the well-remembered haunts of my boyhood. Gladly therefore did I embrace the first opportunity which occurred in consequence of an unexpected change in the weather, to feast my eyes upon scenes which, besides being beautiful in themselves, were associated in my mind with all the fond recollections of the past. Such had been the nature of my employments for many years, that I had never seen, and indeed scarcely ever heard of the state of affairs in that small village which at one time was "all the world to me." My father had taken a farm in the

south of Scotland, shortly after I had been bound apprentice to a merchant in the metropolis, and of course all our connexion with the lovely little village of B—— was for ever broken.

In these circumstances, my return, at the distance of thirty years, was viewed by the simple rustics in no other light than as the arrival of a stranger. I was utterly unknown, and even though I had taken lodgings in the very cottage where I had some forty years before drawn my earliest breath, not an individual in the village was aware that the “strange gentleman,” as they termed me, felt any peculiar interest in the spot which he had selected for his summer residence. There was something in my manner, it is true, which differed not a little from ordinary visitors; but still I contrived to escape the intrusion of impertinent curiosity, and to indulge in my own bosom those varied thoughts and conflicting emotions, with which, though I had revealed them, no one around me could have sympathized.

It was a lovely morning in the month of June, and I sallied forth from my humble lodgings to take a solitary ramble in the surrounding country. A great change was perceptible in the whole aspect of the scenery. Fields had been enclosed, trees had been cut down in some spots, and in others thick plantations, dense with foliage, sheltered fields of the richest pasture. Agriculture in short had effected extensive improvements on the whole surrounding district. And yet, as my mind reverted to the past, I felt as if every

one, even the slightest, of those alterations, were a sacrilegious intrusion upon a hallowed spot. They may have improved the land, thought I, and rendered it more interesting as well as valuable to its present occupiers, but to me its natural beauty is for ever gone ; it is a rich wilderness,—a productive desert. If this be the effect of advancing civilisation, it is to me no source of joy, but of grief ; man may become more refined, but it is only to become more barbarous. To the acquisition of wealth the finest feelings and associations of our nature are ruthlessly sacrificed.

Such were the reflections that occurred to my mind, as I sauntered slowly along the main road leading from the village towards the county town. The day was serenely beautiful ; all nature looked so fresh after the recent showers, and I felt so enraptured with the visions of other years, that I know not how long I might have protracted my walk, had not my attention been suddenly attracted by a still distant but gradually increasing noise. This, however, only partially disturbed my musings, until at last the sound became so distinct, that I almost instinctively walked with a quicker pace to reach the crowd from which the noise seemed to issue. As I approached, I could distinguish, amid the shouts of laughter which rent the air, a strange unearthly cry. My curiosity was excited ; it was apparently a shriek of anguish, indicating a mind in a far different state from that of the surrounding multitude. No accident surely, thought I, could give rise to such

feelings of merriment as that hoarse loud laugh betrays. But what was my surprise, on reaching the spot, to find that the vulgar shout was raised at the wild contortions and grimaces of a maniac. The object of their ridicule was leaning against the wall which enclosed a garden, and though his vacant stare and wild unmeaning look showed clearly that reason had completely fled, still his whole appearance was sufficient to convince me that he felt, and deeply too, the barbarous treatment to which he was subjected by the bystanders. That he was not insensible to the unkindness of his fellows, was, alas! too obvious, from the writhings of his body, the anguish depicted in his face, and the low mutterings of revenge which escaped from his lips, with now and then an awful cry, the very thought of which even now—and several years have passed away—harrows up my soul. Who that has once heard the yell of a maniac could ever after forget it? It tells us of feelings incomprehensible by ordinary mortals, and the very vagueness of the ideas which it suggests, throws around it a horror all the more impressive that it cannot be understood.

Knowing that any interference on my part would only aggravate the ill I wished to obviate, I hurried from the crowd, but the scene dwelt in all its unfading effect upon my mind. All reflections on the past were for a time entirely dissipated; my whole soul became absorbed in the thought of the miserable wreck of humanity which I had recently witnessed. I tried to divert my mind by gazing on the surrounding scenery,

but in vain ; the poor maniac, in all his wretchedness, was ever present to my eyes. On reaching my lodgings in the village, I sought to amuse myself by reading one of a few entertaining books which I had brought along with me from town. All was unavailing. The maniac's image still flitted before me. The dark rolling eye, the convulsed countenance, the low unintelligible mutterings, the fearful shrieks rising above the fiendish laugh of the ignorant crowd around him—the whole scene was pictured vividly in my imagination. My feelings became excited, my pulse rose, my head ached, I was seriously unwell. Anxious to dispel unpleasant thoughts by a little familiar conversation, I sallied forth again into the village in quest of any individual whom chance might present. I had not gone many paces when fortune favoured me. One of those old patriarchal villagers, so frequently to be met with in my native county, dressed in primitive costume, and leaning on his staff, was standing at his door. After the usual salutations, I began to expatiate on the changes which the district had undergone within some years, in point of agricultural improvement. This led me to allude to the walk which I had enjoyed in the earlier part of the day, and of course, occupied as my mind had been, I could not refrain from describing the affecting scene which I had witnessed. "Yes," said he, on hearing my description of the poor maniac, "that is Tom Hawkins, the disappointed scholar." He was proceeding to

remark, in a very becoming manner, on the inhumanity involved in the ill treatment of such unfortunate persons; but more than the general strain of his observations I could not catch. The name was enough. It fell upon my ear like the spell of an enchanter. It was the name of my earliest friend, the companion of my boyhood. "What!" I exclaimed in the utmost anxiety, "Hawkins, Hawkins,—the son of the farmer at the mill of ———?"—"The same," was the cool reply of the old man, while he gazed upon me with a look of wonder, as if curious to know how I could recognise a family which had for many years been broken up, and of which not a trace remained in the neighbourhood, save the unhappy maniac. At that moment a thousand recollections rushed upon my soul in wild succession. "But are you certain," I stammered out, rather to conceal my emotion than that I doubted the fact; "no, surely—it cannot be. Tom Hawkins was no ordinary boy, his intellect was of a superior cast, and his fine beaming eye seemed to indicate feeling and fancy, as well as high mental power. We were knit to each other with the affection of brothers, and even after I left the village we corresponded frequently with each other, until at length, when Tom began to study for a profession which required all his time, our correspondence gradually ceased. I became immersed in the intricate concerns of an extensive mercantile business, and at length entirely lost sight of my early friend."—"So, then, you belong to

this quarter of the country ?” said my sagacious informant.—“ I do, but it is many a long day since I had the privilege of breathing my native air, and I anticipated much benefit to my health from my present visit, but this affecting occurrence, I fear, will do me no good. My head aches violently ; there is a weight at my heart—I must hasten to my lodgings.” On leaving the old man I hurried home, scarcely conscious of existence. Day after day passed, and the maniac, Tom, was the prevailing object of my thoughts. I knew little or nothing of his woful situation, but sufficient to convince me that the words “ *disappointed scholar*,” which had been applied to him, seemed to refer to some early blight which had passed over his prospects, and withered the freshness of his manly intellect. But what could it be ? What could have dried up the current of his soul, and quenched—alas for ever !—the fire of his vigorous, energetic mind ? It was not in fact until I had recovered from the shock I had experienced, in consequence of the announcement that he whom I had pitied from my inmost soul as the gazing-stock of an idle crowd, was the companion of my earliest days—it was not until I had recovered from the shock caused by this intelligence, that my curiosity led me to make still farther inquiry into the circumstances which had occasioned this melancholy change. Every opportunity was eagerly embraced of acquiring additional information, and at last I succeeded, by collecting and comparing the facts as stated by different in-

dividuals, in attaining a tolerably minute and accurate acquaintance with the history of poor Tom, the maniac of B——.

It appears that not long after our correspondence ceased, Hawkins had completed his literary studies at college, and being still unsettled as to the particular profession which he would adopt, resolved on accepting, in the meantime, a tutorship in the family of Lord G——, to which he had been recommended by a kind literary friend. From the hints already given as to the splendid talents of my early companion, it may be easily imagined that he was highly qualified for the situation on which he now entered. His pupil, who was more remarkable for amiable qualities than vigorous intellect, soon became strongly attached to him, and always spoke of him in the family with the highest terms of respect and affection. Three years passed pleasantly away, and the young scion of aristocracy made such rapid progress, that it was at length resolved he should be sent to Oxford. Tom, for I cannot refrain from speaking thus familiarly of my bosom friend, was unwilling to accompany his ward, and at last he came to the determination of returning to Scotland. It was with great reluctance that Lord G—— consented to part with a tutor who had proved such an important acquisition. But Tom felt as if impelled by some resistless fate, and neither the most earnest solicitations, nor the most handsome offers, could prevail with him to change his purpose. He

longed to see his friends, not having heard from them for a long time, and more especially as the last letter he had received contained no very favourable account of their circumstances. The morning of his departure was gloomy, and therefore quite in accordance with Hawkins's frame of mind. He was about to leave a comfortable home for—he knew not what. No doubt his kind patron, under whose roof he had spent so many happy days, did not allow him to leave his hospitable mansion without the warmest assurances of his regard, accompanied with the solemn promise that he would do all in his power to promote his views, whatever they might be. Tom sighed a last farewell, and with a heavy heart mounted the coach which was to convey him to Carlisle, as he intended to take that road for the metropolis of his native land. Many and painful were his reflections on the joys of the past, the perplexity of the present, and the uncertainty of the future. Naturally prone to melancholy, his mind began to droop—but still hope, that last refuge of the distressed, tended in some degree to support him. On reaching Edinburgh his stay was short, as from the anxiety of his mind he was eager to travel homewards as soon as possible. Not days, therefore, but hours merely, intervened between his arrival in town and his departure from it.

The journey to the village of B—— was far from uninteresting, from the varied scenery through which he required to pass ; but in the case of Hawkins, neither

the beauties of nature nor of art could minister the slightest enjoyment to a mind diseased. Even the romantic valley of Glen-Farg, the view of which would have at one period imparted to his sensitive mind such inexpressible delight, was now to him an object of the coldest indifference. He lived in a world of his own, and the musings of his own dejected spirit engaged his exclusive, his undivided attention. At length the scenes of his youth opened before him; the gently sloping hill, at the foot of which lay his father's farm, and a little in the distance the rural village, with its simple church and ancient court-house, burst upon his view. Still the presentiment was ever present to poor Tom's mind that all was not right—that he was returning not to happiness but to misery. In vain did he endeavour to dissipate the thought; the attempt was utterly hopeless. The coach drew up at the principal, or rather almost the only inn in the village, and on alighting, Tom was instantly recognised by the innkeeper and several other individuals belonging to the place. Without, however, entering into conversation with any individual, farther than the ordinary language of salutation, he quickly deposited his luggage in the inn, intending to send for it as soon as he had reached home. With rapid steps accordingly, and a trembling heart, he directed his course towards the mill of ——. A few minutes only elapsed when he found himself in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, but how changed was its whole appearance!

Solemn stillness reigned around. All was desolate and ruinous, evidently showing that some time had passed since it was inhabited. Tom sought to find admittance, but the doors were fast locked. He looked around, but not a human being could be found to tell the reason of this sad sad change. He stood gazing in mute astonishment at the once cheerful, now dilapidated mansion. His presentiment was too certainly fulfilled. Rather more than a year had passed away since his father and family had been compelled to part with their little all, in consequence of the rapacity and unflinching sternness of their landlord. Their effects had been sold to satisfy his demands, and the whole family were driven forth upon the world, without money and without a home. Unwilling to distress the "scholar," as they termed Tom, they had refrained from communicating the desperate state of their affairs, and they accordingly resolved, without writing him a syllable upon the matter, to earn, each member of the family for himself, a scanty subsistence as they best could. Two of the sons, without informing their aged father, had secretly embarked for America; a third had gone into England in search of employment, but where he was, or whether he was yet alive, was and still continues a mystery; a fourth had accompanied his father to Perth, resolved to use his best endeavours to maintain both his father and mother, as far as possible by his own exertions. Scarcely, however, had they found a shelter in a wretched damp cellar, when first the old

man, and shortly afterwards his wife, depressed by calamity and pinching poverty, sickened and died. The young man, whose filial affection was intensely strong, now became desperate, and enlisted in a regiment about to sail for the West Indies, where it was ascertained that, a few weeks after he landed, he caught a fever peculiar to the country, which speedily brought him to a premature grave.

Such were the changes which a few short months had witnessed in the once happy family occupying the farm-house at the mill of ——. It was not, however, till Tom had returned to the inn, and made eager inquiry, that he learned the doleful tale. Thus was he a friendless, a solitary wanderer in a world of sad vicissitude; and the very consciousness of this, coupled with the gloom which hung over his personal prospects, preyed upon his mind. Had he been educated with a view to any particular profession, he might have looked forward with some hope of success. This, however, had not been the case; and even now he felt uncertain what course to pursue. General literature seemed to be the only object of his inclination; and yet to follow out the life of a literary man, was to land himself, he knew, from many melancholy examples, in a state of poverty, if not ultimately actual starvation. At length, therefore, after much reflection, he bethought himself of studying for the bar, but how was he meanwhile to earn a subsistence?

It was amid such conflicting thoughts as these,

that Hawkins came to the resolution of throwing himself upon the bounty of his former patron, Lord G——; and accordingly he despatched a letter, revealing freely the critical state of his circumstances. Days, weeks, and even months of anxiety rolled on, but no answer came. The mind of the unfortunate youth began to droop, but still a faint ray of hope occasionally shot across the gloom which enshrouded his mind. Perhaps the letter had not reached the place of its destination, or his lordship might be from home on a visit to his friends in Wales, or some unavoidable circumstances might have prevented a prompt reply being sent.

At length, after nine months' harassing and painful suspense, a letter arrived bearing Lord G——'s seal. Tom opened it with a trembling hand, but a half sanguine heart. Its contents were brief, but sufficiently explicit. "Sir, absence from home has alone prevented me from stating, in reply to your letter of 5th December last, that circumstances have so entirely changed since my son was under your charge, as to put it quite out of my power to be of any service to you. Yours, &c. G——."

On receiving this note, Tom's mind was relieved from torturing suspense, and his was now the certainty of absolute despair. He was deserted by his last, his only hope of support, and nowhere on earth could he look for the slightest aid, or even commiseration. A settled melancholy came over his mind, and reason

reeled when hope for ever died. In plain terms, Tom Hawkins, once distinguished for his talents and high accomplishments, fell into a state of confirmed and irrecoverable idiocy. When this woful event occurred, Tom occupied an obscure lodging in a narrow lane in Perth, whither he had retired to await the result of his application to Lord G——. The neighbours had often remarked an unaccountable wildness of look and eccentricity of manner in the youth, and various speculations were current upon the subject, more especially as they were entirely ignorant of his history. From the name and address however inscribed on some of his books, it was discovered that he belonged to the village of B——. An application was accordingly forwarded to the minister of the parish in which the village is situated, and poor Tom was removed, as soon as arrangements could be made, to his native village, and his name was enrolled as a pauper upon the parish funds. For some months he was kept in close confinement, but as his disorder exhibited none of the violent symptoms of infuriated madness, it was judged more prudent that he should be permitted to walk at large about the village and its neighbourhood.

Such is a brief but faithful outline of the melancholy history of my early friend and schoolfellow Tom Hawkins, down to the period of my last visit to my native district. Little did I then imagine that I was to witness a scene which no time, no change, can efface from my mind. Yet so it is. Many have

been the cares and harassing anxieties to which I have been subjected since that time ; yet amid them all, I have never for more than two or three hours successively lost sight of the maniac of B——. He haunts me by day and by night ; he gazes upon me with a maniac's stare ; he annoys and agitates me with a maniac's yell ; and, in short, by all possible contortions and grimaces, and unearthly cries, he embitters my earthly existence, rendering life a burden, and its purest blessings an unmingled curse.

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF COLLINS.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.



HARK ! I hear, my breathing lyre,
A spirit 'mid thy sad and sullen strings ;
A hand sweeps wildly through thy quivering wire,
As fancy o'er thee spreads her radiant wings.
No mortal hand awakes thee now ;
I know that earthless, pallid brow—
That starting step and restless eye,
And song of mourning ecstasy.

O shaded bard ! and art thou near,
Who woke those wilder'd chords of fear ;
Ruling the rapt and trembling soul,
That shrinks before thy dark and dread control.

Beyond the faint and shadowy forms
That haunt the earth or fill the sky,
Through fancied realms that lie
Above this mortal bound of calms and storms,
Ere spheres their radiant course began,
His bold enthusiast spirit ran,

And wander'd through those paths sublime,
Untrodden by the march of time,
Where fate unfolds no book of doom,
Nor Nature sighs o'er Beauty's tomb ;
But the immortal sisters there
For ever braid their golden hair,
And bind the amaranth flowers that glow
On Phœbus' bright and sacred brow,
But startled at the vision bright,
His spirit bow'd and sunk in mental night.

Who now shall breathe with lips of fire
The spirit of that sacred band,
Who first awaked the Muses lyre
On Grecia's laurell'd strand ?
O, sovereign of the wildly-varied song,
Thine the language sweet and strong
That charm'd the sons of elder lore—
To nature, truth, and genius true,
What beauties burst upon thy view,
As with a prophet's hand thou tore
The garb that veil'd their charms of yore ?
And the throng'd passions stood confess'd,
And raised their throne within thy throbbing breast.

And from the deep-secluded shrine
Of holy feeling known to few,
Burst the loud pealings of their song divine ;
And thrilling with ecstatic measures new,
Thy wild harp rung, and first the Eastern muse
The sweet and solemn strain began,
Flowers on her brow and feathers in her hand,
And song of Persian maids ; how royal Abbas woos
In shepherd guise—the ruthless Tartar band,
And Hassan 'midst the deserts faint and wan.

What angel spirit wakes thee now
 With distant shouts of joy and love,
 And hangs enamour'd o'er thy trembling strings—
 Forms of untold delight around her move,
 And myrtles bind her brow ?
 And ever at each magic close,
 Spontaneous scenes of beauty rose,
 And young Desire rejoicing flings
 His purple light of love around,
 And whisper'd it was Hope's enchanted ground.

Too soon she fled ; for hark, in mingled strain
 Of Love and Hate, sad murmurs rose ;
 Now strung to bitterness and pain,
 And now the song in tenderest feeling flows.
 O, cursed with Love's excess,
 And happier hadst thou loved her less.
 Pale Jealousy ! thee none shall aid,
 Still changing, and of all afraid ;
 Sad Melancholy from her wild haunts came,
 Heard the voice, and reckless laid
 Her hand amid the changeful strings,
 But from the chords such plaintive sounds she brings
 As well might suit the chambers of the grave.

Now comes a louder strain
 In sounds of wild and varied flow,
 Dark fleeting shadows haunt the plain,
 Swift as the winds Fear struck the chords of woe,
 And onward fled.
 Hark, the dirges of the dead !
 Panting for blood, lo, dark Revenge,
 With desperate hand and eye of flame,
 That told the work from which he came,

Awoke the thunder of the lyre,
And, struck with mingled horrors strange,
Dropp'd his uplifted hand, and quench'd his deadly ire.

Unrivall'd bard ! O, Nature's son,
Too soon thy meed of fame was won !
O had the fatal sisters spared,
What had not then thy genius dared !
For Nature ruled with high control,
And flung her mantle o'er thy soul.
While Joy awakes his heartstring lay,
While Pity weeps her soul away,
While Nature's wonders tower sublime
Above the flight of fate and time,
So long thy pictured truths shall live,
And hallow'd throbs of rapture give
To those whose spirits spurn the earth,
And stamp them of a nobler birth ;
Whose deathless claims may none inherit,
But such as boast thy forceful spirit.
Where breathes thy solemn music wild,
Are sad or suffering souls beguiled ;
'Mid the pale mansions of the dead,
Hearing thy sounds of holy dread ;
Or do'st thou on some rocky steep
Thy melancholy vigils keep ;
Or dress the sod where Freedom fell ;
Or Pity's softest cadence swell ;
Or bid the tide of Music flow,
Whilst flowers of amaranth round thee blow ;
And angel forms delighted hear
Thy heaven-born strains to Fancy dear ?

SONNETS.—BY THE SAME.

I.

BEFORE the throne of high Olympian Jove,
 'Mid the bright choir, insulted Phœbus stood
 And smote his pealing lyre ;—a sounding flood
 Of song burst through the court and sacred grove.
 “ And shall those meaner spirits claim our love,
 And walk the bright paths of our laurel wood,
 Daring our praise in low and earth-born mood,
 Untaught the rapture of our songs above ? ”
 He shook the terrors o'er his shoulder hung,
 And glanced indignant lightning from his eye.
 I heard the sound, and gazed in dread surprise ;
 With trembling hand my youthful lyre I strung—
 Then dash'd its chords to earth, and with a sigh
 Retraced my steps in dark and sorrowing guise.

II.

FROM ceaseless thoughts of sad disastrous love,
 My tired soul sunk in visionary rest ;
 No more by scorn, or life's cold looks depress'd,
 Fair forms and favouring smiles around me move.
 Lo ! the bright mantle by Love's fingers wove,
 Is flung about my conscious-beating breast ;
 And my bless'd maid, in radiant beauty dress'd,
 And heavenly sweetness, hail'd me from above.
 “ Ah ! weep no more, my love,” she softly said,
 “ Nor waste in vain thy fleeting youthful years ;
 Though sad thy dark course through this land of fears,
 Still by an angel hand thy steps are led,
 And thou shalt join me in yon brighter spheres,
 Where Love's own hand shall wipe away all tears.”

LINES

UPON A DESERTED COUNTRY SEAT.

BY THE SAME.

Ye solitary towers !
 Ye lone, unsought retreats of other days !
 Where is the glow of life—the voice of praise
 Breathed o'er your morning-hours ?

Still as the hush of death,
 The night of ruin wraps you in repose,
 And harsh and chill the air around me blows,
 Once warm with beauty's breath.

The weed is on your floors
 That echo'd to the merry dancer's tread ;
 The wild fox seeks to make his lonely bed
 Amid your secret bowers ;—

Bowers Love once call'd his own ;
 Where now the owl hoots to the moonless sky,
 And the wild breezes swell with mournful cry
 Of one who wanders lone ;

Torn from the joys that once
 Bound him, a happy spirit, to the earth ;—
 Your heaven was lovely, and your seasons mirth—
 Joys now long banish'd hence !

266 LINES UPON A DESERTED COUNTRY SEAT.

And there are none to tell
How fair and beauteous is the passing year ;
Sad silence keeps her unbroke vigils here,
And rules her dark clime well ;

Or but the raven's throat
Is loud, where late the throstle charm'd the air,
And where your garden-flowers once blossom'd fair,
Browses the mountain goat.

Flow, river ! on thy way
Amidst the ruins that frown o'er thy side—
Ye woods, disrobe your rich autumnal pride,
And hasten your decay !

For the loud North is near ;
His blasts are shrieking through your hollow caves ;
The seamew cries from out her pillow'd waves,
Startling the dying year.

Oh woodland solitude,
Whose desert haunts, wild-flowers, and streams unseen,
Live in my dreams, tell not the mourner's step hath been
Where thou and silence brood.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

(Dante is supposed to speak.)

"FAINT not, nor tremble on thy high career,"
The guardian genius of my spirit said ;
"Stay not thy course, though pealing round thy head
The heavens let loose their elements of fear ;
The firm earth shake ! shed thou no mortal tear,
But like some tower, firm on its rocky bed,
Breaking the dark storms round its summit spread,
Meet thou the strife of life's wild passions here !
Let the world smile or frown ! be thou the same,
Go, wrap thee in thy spirit's sanctity ;
From life's low paths, and man's vain converse flee,
And walk as one returning whence he came,
Whom other thoughts and nobler cares employ,
Then all he sees around—earth's mockery."

PATRONAGE,
A HINT TO THE YOUNG,

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, ESQ.

THE hope of rising in the world by patronage, is one that prevailed more in the days of our ancestors than in our own. The novelists, essayists, and other writers on manners, of the last century, are full of allusions to this means of obtaining fortune ; and, in our recollections of their writings, few scenes are more vividly impressed on our memories, than the ante-chambers of great men, where expectants of posts and honours would wait for months upon the encouragement of a look, or a squeeze of the hand, and yet be disappointed at last. Though, happily, this delusion is now less prevalent than it was, we still occasionally see something of it, and almost invariably, where it has been entertained by any individual, find occasion to regret that he should have trusted to so weak a reed.

Patronage generally implies a favour or aid conferred by one individual upon another, for some ill-defined, and generally very slight consideration. Where it is a direct interchange of one favour for another fully equivalent, it is not patronage. Upon the whole, it may be held to signify a hope of getting something valuable from a fellow-creature, without any thing being given in return, either before or after. Now, it is surely unnecessary to point out that, if such be its character, it is entirely destitute of a proper ground in human nature. No truth can be more obvious, than that it is little at the best which the denizens of this world can do for each other. Every one is bent, more or less, on his own gains and gratifications, and, though much is *occasionally* done for others, there is no depending upon any such benevolence *as a principle*. Hence he who places his sole trust in patronage, perils, upon an uncertain and capricious feature of human nature, that which should never for a moment cease to rest on the most solid foundation. He sits upon the shore, wasting his time and energies in wooing of the wind, when, if he had been all the time plying the oar, he might have already accomplished the voyage. He has, in the first place, no *right* to hope that any other man will do for him that which the most of other men have to do for themselves. He, in the second place, forfeits his independence, and almost his honour, in consenting to profit by an abject solicitation of favour from a fellow-creature. But the

grand point is, that he spends that time upon a hazard which should only be spent on a certainty. Time is one of those things about which there should be no dallying. A man may take money, and, if lost, it may be replaced : but if he stakes his time, and loses, the loss is irreparable, and the damage fatal. In so busy a world as this, to omit exertion, even for a year, when exertion is making by others of the same age, is apt to be highly detrimental : it may put one behind in the race, and prove so discouraging, that the belated entrant upon life may fall still farther behind, instead of straining to make up his deficiency.

Again, there is no certain reliance to be placed on another. We may trust trifles to the conscientiousness of our fellow-creatures, but not our whole prospects in the world. No other person can feel the pressure of our interest as we do ourselves. If he neglects any thing, he will neglect that ; and when we see so many men neglect their own concerns, how can we hope that they will be careful of ours ? Besides, we are apt to be very much mistaken about the intentions of a supposed patron. He drops a casual word, perhaps, or an approving smile, and we instantly mark our sixth son as a person for whom he is *to do* ; whereas he hardly meant any thing, or, if he did mean something, forgot it immediately after. I have heard of a great man receiving a visit from an old acquaintance of humble rank, who, to his infinite consternation, introduced a strange-looking raw boy to him, as the

baby he had admired so much in the cradle a few years before, and a hope was at the same time insinuated, that it would be in his power to get the young man *put forward*, as he had been educated on purpose. It scarcely ever happens that a supposed patron gives a written promise ; it is always some oral expression, more or less vague and insincere,—for it is seldom that the promises of the mouth pretend to the same solemnity as those of the pen. The patron is above being precise in his words ; the patronised must not be so uncourteous as to question him too closely. He therefore goes on for years, accommodating his education, his thoughts, his feelings, and the whole of his proceedings, to the nature of what he expects—wastes time, during which he might have been far forward in another and more independent career—and, after all, discovers that there is a ruinous difference between the intentions of his patron and his own hopes—has to wait, and linger, and pine, and perhaps be placed at last much below his aims, or disappointed entirely. The misery, however, of an expectant has been fully described in language which precludes the necessity of any longer dwelling on this part of the subject :—

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide,
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed in hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;

To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peer's,
To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with care,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair ;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

SPENCER'S *Mother Hubbard's Tales*.

There is another mischief in patronage—it tends to render equivocal the real merit of any one who has relied upon it. If a young writer, for instance, is in the least degree really or apparently patronised by an old one, he is sure to be a sufferer by it. The world suppose him to be altogether indebted for any little excellence there may be in his works, and any little notice they may gain, to his seniors, while he feels but too painfully within his own bosom that his elders do nothing for him whatever, but, on the contrary, too often try to keep him in the background. Knowing the difficulties that lie before him, he is apt to attach himself as a kind of vassal to some man of established reputation, in the vain hope of being thereby drawn into notice. The result is, that, while the worshipful senior is either unable or unwilling to obtain public notice for his protégé, that part of the public who know any thing of the matter, attribute to the former all of good that the junior puts forth, and the latter finds in the end that he has only protracted the day of his own fame. We would advise young men who aspire to literary honours, to be acquainted with as few of the elders of the tribe as possible, but, above

all things, to show no undue deference to them. We have known cases where these elders were very attentive to youths who had no chance of ever rivaling them, and who paid them a sufficiently mean homage, but very rarely have observed one of them affording real aid to such as were able to do without it. A young man of talent, and of independent feelings, will find it his best course to appeal directly to the public, and look there, and there only, for his reward. It is but poor game at the best, to be always trying, by personal means, to obtain that notice from individuals which the public have as yet denied, however high those individuals may be in literature. Unless a decided impression has been made upon the mass of society, nothing has been gained ; but when that great end has been achieved—and it will only be achieved by his own express exertions—the young writer may laugh at the unsought kindness with which his elders will then treat him, and perhaps solace himself by looking down upon those who formerly would not have cared though he had never been able to rise to their level.

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.

BY JOHN MACRAY.

How bless'd are the dead, that rest and repose
From a load of care and unnumber'd woes !
From the yoke of the world, and from tyranny,
The grave—and the grave alone—sets free.
On earth are grief and oppression rife,
From our mother's womb they spring to life :
Oh night of death, how soft thy bed,
Where the king and the boor to rest are laid !
Sweet promised land ! to thee the breast
Is wafted safe to a place of rest.—
When earthly joy and hope are past,
The grave—the grave is an anchor fast.
Again to meet and again embrace,
Again to our hearts the lost to press !
To join for ever in perfect bliss—
The grave—and the grave alone does this.
Oh crown then the brow of death with palms,
And sing of Freedom, the victor, psalms,
And manfully on for the haven steer—
The gate of triumph—the grave—is near !

THE DREAMINGS OF AN IDEALIST.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.



I AM one of those who take a pleasure in losing themselves in the intricacies of speculation. My greatest delight is to make an eternity of my thoughts, and gather up all I have ever possessed or desired into a changeless individual consciousness. My heart feels freer when I am thus employed ; sorrow and disappointment lose their earthly grossness, and leave only a tender sensation like a reflex gladness. The world is then within the sphere of my own soul, and is ruled and moulded by my will. External objects, as they pass before me, are looked at as a fair pageantry, whose glorious original is an imperishable mine ; and the profound wonders of nature, though inexplicable when I contemplate them with material organs, seem, by a strange and mysterious power within me, an easy lecture for the spirit. That this disposition of mind has not been without its influence on my life, may easily be imagined ; and there have

been some incidents in it which have left an awe upon my heart, that is bowed, as it were, by the untimely birth of futurity.

One of these passages of my strange existence I shall endeavour to relate, and show how, without either opium or astrology, such mysterious scenes may pass before the soul, as only its own secret energy could produce.

I was an inhabitant, in my youth, of a lonely and deserted district that, tradition said, was once populous, but was then only remarkable for the rude simplicity and superstition of its inhabitants. The stories, however, which were told of the neighbourhood, were neither like the abstracted visionary tales of the Hartz, nor similar to the fairy songs of the Highlands. They were those deep, melancholy narrations which history writes in reverie—details of human suffering, of events that give a voice to the midnight echo, and people the old consecrated abbey, or the halls of forgotten barons. I was not singular in having a deep veneration for the traditions of my birth-place; but to me they were something more than tales of the winter hearth—they were the foundations of my mental character, the knowledge out of which my reason formed its theories and abstractions. I should have sooner doubted, with Descartes and the Bishop of Cloyne, the reality of my own existence, and that of the earth, than have hesitated for a moment in yielding my thoughts to their influence. I was

always surrounded by some of the beings whose history they told. My sympathies were all employed on the events of their existence; and my mind, at last, became so habituated to this aërial intercourse, that I regarded mere external things as existences, and attributed reality only to the ideal beings of imagination.

This was the bright and sunny period of my life. I had before, and have since, been little affected by the cares or caprices of fortune, but during that period, I seemed to move in an element of delight. My mind was wedded to the fairest being in its intellectual creation; and wherever my fancy wandered, I still heard the same happy and unceasing song of love. But it is not the things of the earth only that are subject to change.

I was sitting one evening under what had once been the portcullis of the castle, looking down through the deep green valley before me, and which might be said to be flooded with the full thick melody of the birds, when a heavy sultry haze fell over the scene, and it became silent as midnight. I felt my heart oppressed by this change of external nature, and, retiring within myself, I became gradually insensible to every thing without. But thought was awake, and quickened into unwonted activity. The sphere of vision seemed almost interminable, and I saw around me, with but one exception, all the forms with which I had ever held communion. She alone was absent who was to me as existence; and I felt as if sinking

into nothing while vainly endeavouring to call her to me. At length, at the farthest verge of that wide sphere, she appeared rising, like a thin impalpable mist, and came before me. There was a mysterious change in her appearance which I cannot describe; but I felt that her spirit could no longer hold communion with mine. I struggled with the strength of my whole being to retain her, but it was in vain; and I saw her vanish, as it were into another eternity.

The heaviness of the night passed away, but I have been from that hour alone in the wide world of existence. I have journeyed since then over seas and continents, and have felt my material frame wasting under the returning years, but I have found no change or rest to my thoughts. That lost vision has never returned, and I have had no companion in my long wandering, but my own dark fancies. Sometimes, indeed, in the vast desert or the pathless forest, I have doubted whether their silence was not made audible by her voice; and I have sometimes thought, when the clear midnight sky seemed receding into its everlasting depths, that I saw her gliding in the blue thin element. But these were momentary thoughts, and I shrunk back into my former solitude.

I have read of some, who, penetrating into the secret holds of nature, have gained a mastery over her elements, that enabled them to change her ordinary courses; and there are strange tales of others, who, in the dark ages of the world, were able, by an abstruse

and hidden art, to control the actions of spiritual beings. But brooding, as I have done, on these unearthly mysteries, never could I discover, in the wild sublimities of the old magicians, or in the intellectual anatomies of philosophy, any thing that could bring back to me that companion of my spirit. I have been able to see wonders in the universe of being that are hidden to other eyes ; have lived from my youth in a state of almost perfect idealism ; and have felt as if the outward form I bear were every day becoming less and less a bar to my desires ; but there is a charmed circle which I cannot pass, and within which there is a something tells me that that fair bright form is fled, from which the destiny of my earthly nature has separated me. A dark and fearful doubt comes over my mind—a darkness that no light appears to dispel, a doubt that no philosophy can solve.

To a deep thinker, there is much less difference between sleeping and waking than to less intellectual characters—to him they are like the same state of being. The powers which have been most active in one condition are the same which are active in the other ; and the long, changeless stream of existence seems going uninterruptedly on, lengthening and deepening in its course. I have known many hard students whose minds have laboured as much in the night as in the day ; and there is countless instances of imaginative men, to whom sleep has made revelations of secret and indescribable loveliness. To me,

employed as I generally was, there was still less difference; and I might almost be said to live in a dream, which the entire repose of the body heightened into a supernatural vividness and distinctness. But to proceed:—One of my most favourite haunts was an old Norman castle, situated at the extremity of a narrow defile, which here and there retained traces of human labour, but for the most part was choked up with wild and tangled shrubs. The place had once been of considerable importance, and the last in the line of its original inhabitants was a courtier of Henry the Eighth. After this time it became deserted, but its traditionary annals continued to be regarded with the same reverence; nor could there any where be heard wilder tales of feudal strife or baronial magnificence than in its neighbourhood. These had all their share of respect in my lone and dreamy reveries; but the later history of this place afforded my imagination a theme on which it dwelt till thought became deep and fervent passion.

On the desertion of its noble proprietors, the castle was left to decay, and many years intervened before any one thought of taking shelter under its roof. On the accession, however, of Mary to the throne, when those who had embraced the reformed doctrines foresaw the approaching storm, many who were unwilling to forsake their country, fled for shelter to such ruinous and deserted buildings as were not likely to be speedily reclaimed. The old Norman ruin was well

calculated for the purposes of such a retreat, and it became the refuge-place of one of the Protestant prebends of the neighbouring cathedral. He was accompanied in his retreat by an only daughter, whose filial piety would not suffer her to leave him in his solitude. While they dwelt here she seems to have been a mistress of love and mercy to the surrounding hamlets; sometimes daring, with her father, to aid the devotion of the little flock that remained faithful to the truth, and at others stealing forth to administer comfort to the sick or the aged. Her memory was like a sweet and gentle dew on that lonely place; and there was not a flowery bank or murmuring rivulet which was not, in some way or other, associated with her name. Her father and she remained here in safety for a considerable time, till, at length, the cruel vigilance of Bonnar discovered the prebend's retreat, and he hastened to make him a sacrifice to his barbarous superstition. The father and daughter were both seized and carried before the council, where, after a long examination, the former was condemned to expiate the crime of an open confession of the truth in the flames. His daughter escaped, it is probable, through the malignant satisfaction already given by the condemnation of her parent, and she was left with him during his few remaining hours rather through carelessness than mercy.

Borne up by the same strength which had been his comfort and support in solitude, she passed, it is said,

the night preceding his execution in listening at intervals to his parting exhortations, and at others to watching his quiet peaceful slumber, which was, like death, disarmed of its sting and terror. The fearful morrow came and passed, and, under the cloud of its night, the martyr's orphan bore back the ashes of her father to the solitary mansion which had furnished them with shelter. Here, it seems, she continued to make her home, holding communion with no one but when some purpose of charity called her forth, and then retiring into her loneliness,—too gentle not to be broken-hearted, but too full of hope not to bear her anguish.

How long she remained here—whether she died under those ruined walls, or passed the rest of her life amid other scenes—what was her fate, tradition had not recorded ; and there was an uncertainty and mystery in this latter part of her history, which strongly favoured the creations of my imagination. The other forms with which these solitary scenes were peopled, were to me more like the persons of a drama ; but the vision of that meek and lonely girl was constantly with me ; it hung upon my heart like a spirit of hope and joy, and I felt myself linked to her by a spell that must last for ever.

THE BEATIFIED CHILD.

BY WILLIAM WILSON, ESQ.



Why are you sad, dearest mother,
Why do you sigh and weep?
And wherefore does baby brother
Lie there so long asleep?

And why are those white clothes round him,
And in those long white bands
Why have you so closely bound him,
And hidden his little hands?

He is pale, pale, dearest mother,
And wakes not now at all;
Though I kiss him, and call "wake, brother!"
He heeds not kiss nor call.

On tiptoe to-day I hasten'd,
At morning hour of prayer,
And long by his couch I listen'd,
But not a breath was there.

And then methought you would wake him,
When from his cradle bed
You weeping softly did take him,
And in that dark chest laid.

Yet sweet little baby stirr'd not,
Though o'er his couch you hung ;
Nor breath nor cry we heard not
While evening psalm we sung.

But there, like a pale rose blighted
By winter's nipping chill,
He lay on that cold couch sheeted,
In slumber still, still, still !

Why, dearest mother, are you weeping ?
Is darling baby dead ?
Is it death's long sleep he is sleeping,
That you mourn o'er his bed ?

Oh ! then let us pray, dear mother,
Unto our Saviour God,
That at death we may meet baby brother,
And share his bless'd abode.

THE REFUGE.

BY THE SAME.

"To whom can we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life."

MATT. xiv. 6.



BUT unto thee—but unto thee—
To whom can man in trouble flee?
To whom his malady make known,
Oh! living God, but thee alone?

Thou the alone physician art
Canst heal the sorrow-broken heart;
Subdue the wounded spirit's pain,
And bid it bound with joy again.

The troubled springs to which at first
We blindly stoop'd to slake our thirst,
Hath dried up like a summer rill,
And left us faint and thirsting still.

When storms are louring o'er our head,
And every earthly stay is fled,
To whom for refuge can we flee,
Oh! living God, but unto thee?

No health earth's turbid streams contain,
Who drinks from them must thirst again ;
But he who quaffs life's limpid river,
No more shall thirst again for ever !

THE LOCKET.*

'Tis not the em'rald's brilliant dye,
 Nor costlier diamond's matchless shine,
 That pales this cheek, and dims this eye,
 Or bids me covet aught that's thine.

No, lady, no ! one thought alone
 Spontaneous bursts from mem'ry's core,
 Recalling all my love for one
 These arms shall ne'er encircle more.

Yet sacred be the hour I chose
 One locklet from sweet Henry's hair,
 Unconscious then of coming woes,
 And nursed it with a miser's care.

Methinks I see him lively still ;
 Methinks I hear the accents bland,
 That said, " dear Annie, take thy will,"
 And kiss'd and bless'd my rifling hand.

* Written on seeing a very valuable neck ornament, containing the hair of a brave and promising youth who died in India. The hair had been cut from his head when a child, and preserved almost unconsciously by the writer, who, on being made acquainted with the death of her lamented friend, sent it to his mother as a mournful remembrance of her departed son.

Nor wiss'd I then that future years
Might trifles into treasures turn,
To prompt affection's holiest tears,
And even gladden hearts that mourn.

I knew him in life's early day,
And waxing manhood's hardier pride ;
I knew he journey'd far away,
And heard he sicken'd, pined, and died !

No sorrowing sisters gather'd round,
Hiding the tear they fain would shed ;
No mother veil'd her grief profound,
And cradled on her breast his head.

No father mark'd the early fall
Of one so gentle, true, and brave,
Or follow'd mournfully his pall—
Ah, no ! he found a foreign grave.

But hush, my heart ! be still ! be still !
God only takes what he has given.
For ever blessed be his will,
Sweet Henry is a saint in heaven !

WATERLOO.

BY JOHN M'DIARMID, ESQ.



LET Gaul our white cliffs and rude surges despise,
 And boast of her beautiful mountains and skies ;
 Oh ! our clime may be cold, but we ask of her where
 Is man found so noble, and woman so fair ?

* * * *

Yes ! England may ever exult in that morn
 When a handful of heroes, of Frenchmen the scorn,
 On the green hills of Spain their proud banners unfurl'd,
 And rallied the hopes and the hosts of the world.

Than the Conqueror's sun to great Wellington's set,
 And short was the boast, " he with me never met !"
 Soon they marshal'd and struggled—the red and the blue—
 Glaive to glaive—foot to foot—on thy field, Waterloo !

Yet that day deem'd so bright, had begun in despair
 And ended in doubt, had not Britons been there ;
 For the foe were determined—their leader was brave—
 But they found us the rock, and their onset the wave.

O, Albyn ! thy tartans waved lovely at morn,
 But evening beheld them all bloody and torn ;

For they shone in the front, and where hottest the fray,
Thy phalanx was ever like Alps in the way.

And never, since war's bloody business has been,
Were hearts more devoted, or weapons more keen ;
Marengo and Jena, receding from view,
Like satellites wait on thy sun, Waterloo !

THE OATH OF ARTEN-ADAM.

A TALE.



[THE following tale is selected from the third volume of "The Chameleon," a series of pieces in prose and verse, by the late Mr Thomas Atkinson, junior, of Glasgow. The amiable and intelligent author, for whose welfare Mr Aitken always felt a warm interest, had proposed to contribute an article to the present volume; but before he found the means of realizing his intention, his death occurred during a voyage to the West Indies, whether he was proceeding in the hope of arresting the progress of a fatal malady. His executors, however, have kindly permitted the insertion of any papers, taken from his numerous and varied publications, which might be deemed suitable to the purposes of this work—a permission, of which we gratefully avail ourselves, in remembrance not only of the talent but of the friendship of the departed.]

"ALOFT with the signal for a pilot—up!" exclaimed JACOPO TORRIZI, as the trim carrack, of which, as his father—the owner's—representative, he was supercargo, and for the morning watch acting-mate—with a breeze from its own south—dashed through the straits between the bold bluff point, still called the

our men was named after it
—and which shortened out a
distance was the house of
beached by the crew of the
night of that dangerous reef a
stone which from an onward
marked that guards the main
other means and so much way
have passed her and upon their
fully laden by a full spring-tide
brandy-faced fellow, leaping on
the tiller—for which were not
a tremendous pull were the ven
mouth, till she moved away thro
the bay of Innerkip. Another
and, in deep water, she went to
the shore, on whose extremes
now stands wharf.

to tell him that he had had a passenger along with him in the boat, now dropped far astern.

“Heave-to—and back the square sails!” bawled the pilot to the man aloft, without troubling himself to communicate his orders through the acting commander. This the young and fiery Jacopo did not quite relish, nor, like the commanded, understand; and, with all that sensitiveness to encroachment which pertains to novel, or, for a time, delegated authority, he demanded why the vessel was to be laid aback?

“Why, master, you were too near the Guntocks, when the Marion, trim as she is, came up with you, to let me wait to ship the cargo I had on board—and a precious one it is too! But with your leave—or without it either, my youngster—we must now lie-to, and take on board the quarantine officer, who by this time is as sick as a whole lazaretto full of skippers, pitching in my little craft behind us there! Harkye, hoist up your brandy-kegs to be ready—for nothing settles MacQuezy’s stomach like a caulker of right Nantz.”

“Quarantine Officer! *Corpo di Bacco!* What have we to do with a quarantine in this cold country? Unreef, I say, Beppo! We have a clean bill of health from Genoa, and will satisfy the saltfish-curers of the Clyde that there is no plague in our silks, nor silver!”

“Avast there! you were spoke with yesterday by a craft which came up through the night, and she told us as how your captain was in sick-man’s bay;

and it is as much as all your lives are worth if you venture into Greenock without quarantine ; for there's a mighty talk high up the river at Glasgow, and then parts in the eastward, that the plague is at sea again. So avast there, you in the haulyards ! ”

There was indeed no help for it ; and the impatient Jacopo chafed in vain, as his vessel, that looked landward as eagerly it seemed as he himself did, veered slowly and sullenly round on a lazy tack, which, however, brought her close to where the mouth of the Milton Burn forms a natural little harbour in the lovely shore of Dunoon, then almost tenantless, and without the visible habitations of man—but now studded with so many of the dwellings of kindness and comfort. The Marion of Milton, as if it knew its own home—for here stood the cottage of the pilot, whose boat was named after the eldest daughter of a neighbouring gentleman—bounded briskly up, and ere the ship could wear round again, Mister MacQuezy was at length on board. Half doctor—part smuggler—and whole customhouse-officer—he was a man of infinite consequence in his own eyes, whose vision, by the way, was never of the clearest. But his importance had prodigiously increased, both with himself and with the people thinly scattered around the station where he had contrived to have his precious self placed, as the sentinel over the health of the country, since rumours of “ the plague being at sea ”—as Duncan MacPherson phrased it—had been industriously pro-

pagated and skilfully magnified by himself, with a tact quite worthy of a present commissioner or collector of the same fiscal department of the state that he then adorned. In a few but magniloquent sentences, the worthy official informed the young commander for the time, and the gaping crew gathered around him, that the belief that the plague was in some part or other of Italy, had induced the authorities to enforce the strictest regulations of quarantine on all vessels coming from the Mediteranean, if they had any cases of sickness on board during the voyage. In vain did Jacopo protest that Guiseppe, the captain, was not ill, but had merely gone to bed, fatigued with a long and anxious watch, while clearing the mouth of a channel somewhat intricate, and but little known to any on board. To the station appointed for vessels under suspicious circumstances of health, the Andrea Doria must needs go ; although her captain, awoke by the altercation, announced in proper person, and with stentorian voice, his impunity from disease. Duncan had a fee for every anchor that was dropped at the lazaretto ; and Duncan's wife kept a " store" near to the same place, where all manner of comforts likely to be in request by seamen or passengers, after a long voyage, were to be had for a moderate consideration above the Greenock merchants' prices. This may perhaps account for the uncommon vigilance Duncan exercised, to prevent the arrival of infectious doubloons, ducats, or bizants, at that rising seaport.

Jacopo, on hearing the length of time that his father's vessel would in all probability have to lie at anchor, and himself remain an inactive captive within it—for he speedily ascertained that "The Lazaretto," at the Holy Loch, at that time was nothing more than a term for the superintendent's dwelling, and not an airy barrack for the lodgement of seamen—he had wellnigh thrown Mr MacQuezy into the sea, and so got rid of the only ailment that he knew of on board. But, gulping half a dozen exclamations at once, he went down to his berth, to conceal his vexation—and inquire about breakfast. Meanwhile the vessel moved slowly, and, as it almost seemed, sullenly along. In a short time after, upon Jacopo's reascending to the deck, he found her under the skilful guidance of the pilot, veering round into what, as she doubled the point of land that abruptly shot nearly quite across its mouth, seemed an inland lake, rather than a bay or arm of the sea, it was so land-locked and hemmed in. The vessel had not proceeded a hundred yards farther, till, making another tack, she ran so close on shore that her wondering crew expected every moment to hear her keel dig into the soft sand which seemed to form the only bulwark that guarded the entrance into the Holy Loch; but she rode in deep and unruffled water, within a fathom of the land, and, at length, stretched directly on for the anchorage ground, which was not distant, and was indicated by sundry preparations which were making for her reception. For

these Jacopo, happily relieved from all charge of the barque, had now neither eyes nor ears. He was struck dumb by the enchanting beauty and wild sublimity of the scene that had, with the suddenness of magic, opened up to his unprepared and wondering gaze. The morning sun was shining full on the still waters of a loch, that seemed indeed, in its quiet beauty and grandeur, entitled to the name of Holy ! On either hand rose hills so gigantic as to deserve the name of mountains ; but those on his right hand sprung up abruptly from the water, leaving but a stripe of sloping ground between the base and the shore ; while, on the opposite side, what might be almost dignified with the name of a valley, stretched out. Its surface was beautifully uneven. Little swelling hillocks, which would have been called eminences in another land, richly fringed, or rather covered over, with natural but dwarfish trees of beech, hazel, and alder, till the whole surface of the strath partook of the appearance of the fertility of these knolls, although there were embosomed within their shadow large patches of the brown heath and black bog, and even—but too rarely—spots where a meagre crop of barley or oats showed that tillage had been attempted. Here and there the bare gray rock, in fantastic contortions was seen to peep above the screen of foliage—marking that on the summit or sides of the lowering heights above, fragments had yielded to some convulsion of nature more terrible than the memory of man, or the age of

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the loch clipped the over-reach
formed of the debris three br
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hills, forming each the point of t
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and west—leaving

even ventured to conceive it :—he was at that point of intensity of emotion, to which expression has seldom reached but in a Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron. It is needless to say that he was quite unaware that the anchor was dropped—the vessel swung round—and the crew active in preparing to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Duncan was also busy, in a horrible *lingua franca*, enumerating to them how many fresh vegetables, and other delicacies, his wife would be willing to give in exchange for the piastres of those who had them. A bargain for a general supply was at length struck with the Captain ; and Duncan's boat was a yard or two towards the shore, before Jacopo was aroused from his reverie. Indeed it was the sound of his oars alone that effected the awakening ; for, with magnetic speed, it suggested the idea of getting ashore—of striding over that magic-looking land, which, like a dream, lay before him. His desire to explore its wonders was already a passion—a burning thirst—which must be allayed at all hazards. But it was in vain he sought leave from the Captain, and wheedled MacQuezy—who swallowed Rosolia and other liqueurs with the most self-sufficient *gusto*—but persisted in keeping his post till the regular watch should be placed. Patience was not in Jacopo's vocabulary, but he was resigned. The conception of a plan of midnight elopement had flashed upon him. But it seemed as if evening would never close in ; and lovelier, if possible, as looked the scene at sunset

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That smoke had not been seen,
led mass, was because every one
digging and drying peat, the bes
that exquisite blue and wreathy
on the Scottish landscape, which
not yet perfect.

“ Oich, put tats ta stuff, Maister Shaikob ! Got ! its as fire as usquapae, and sweet as treacles ! I’ll shust tak ta pottle, Shaikob ! ”—And Jacopo grudged not the nectar. Tying his clothes in a silken cover firmly over his shoulder, he slipped into the dark water without the faintest plunge, and with the silent celerity of a practised swimmer, glided to the stony shore whose pebbled smoothness at another state of the tide had so allured him. The muttered oath, as he grazed along, was so faint, that it broke not the stillness which the making a sailor’s simple toilet left undisturbed. He was now where he had so wished to be—on shore—but the question was not long of occurring to him, after he had “ chittered ” a time or two, as he dressed in the open air of the North, “ What am I first to do there ? ” It could not be later than ten of the clock, but human sound there was none in MacQuezy’s domain, and he was glad of it. But still he knew not whither to turn, till the thought of sleep presented itself—and then he sought to find one of those hazel-tufted mounds we have described, where he might lay himself down till morning. In pursuance of this resolution, he was making the best of his way up from the shore, and through the tangled underwood and furze, when, not more to his delight than surprise, he found himself in more open ground, which, continuing in a line, proved itself a track or footpath. He resolved to follow it, careless of consequences—and jogged cheerfully along for a time, in the tacit belief

and up one of the highest of
wood-crowned mounds I have
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little moment. But he now a
ness—and his wonder was grea
self beside a colossal monument
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at once knew that the fabric wa
It consisted of three immense ob
of stone laid lengthways, two at th
separated, and one along the top,
the passage or space between the
course of mythological reading, b
Abbé Manzoni, had made him
nature and form of such remains,
try, at least then, was not supposed
similar, Etruscan antiquities being
stood for a moment struck into aw
mass, and filled with astonishmer
discovery. After

can any thing more thrilling be conceived, than what must have been his emotion, when, as he did so, a light—a female figure, of airy and elegant outline, as seen against the gleam of a midnight twilight, with noiseless step, glided past him, towards the tortuous and screw-like path up which he had ascended.

The bravest often thrill with a momentary fear. This arrowy sensation Jacopo first felt, and then for another instant a stupified wonder held him fixed to the spot. But in the next, down the rough steep, by a more direct road than the winding one, through bush and brake, he was tearing and tumbling. Almost blinded with leaves and scratches, he was soon at the bottom of the mound, and his headlong speed was not unrewarded. Before him, in the narrow pass his person blocked up, stood the figure, a glimpse of which had been enough so to rouse him. It was a woman!—Young, from her size and agility, she must be—beautiful, it were but fair to think that day would show her, when even morning's gray tints could not obscure the distinct outlines of a figure, which an Italian eye—(and Italians are your only extempore judges of shape)—opened wide in delighted astonishment to behold, in such a scene. With boldness and delicacy curiously and continentally combined, Jacopo, ere his thick breathing permitted him to speak, had thrown his arms round the stranger, and saluted her. Though standing like a startled fawn, imploringly at bay—such is the universality of the language of ardour and homage—

that the gentle girl screamed not, and scarcely retreated. He and she had no artificial notions of refinement, to tie down the naturally graceful, and because natural—modest impulses, or passivenesses of our nature. For the time, the polished Italian was unsophisticated. They did not pause on the spot. Almost unconsciously, save by the meaning that might lie in a momentary glance, exchanged between them, they followed the path they were on. Conversation was out of the question, where neither knew a syllable of the other's language; but there was hand pressure, that met no repulse, the brave and bold glance, that only made the eyelash *droop*—not the blue eye frown—and a low indistinct, but musical breathing, that seldom rose into murmur, yet that told how busy the heart was within the palpitating bosom, of at least one—as may be guessed, the more fiery and susceptible of the parties. In the perfect guilelessness of an innocent heart Marion Mathieson was leading the stranger to her father's humble dwelling, which formed one of the brown cluster of hillocks Jacopo had never once suspected were houses. Full of a quiet inward delight, the youth went on, and so charged was his heart with the truly refined, because gentle emotions, that nature left to itself will always present, rather than rude or ridiculous ones, that he forgot to express wonder that the aforesaid heap was a hamlet, or mill, as at its smoky threshold he was seated by Marion—while the almost risen sun gave a light nearly equal to day. The girl

entered the cottage, but seemed to have found that its chief inmate was already abroad, for she presently emerged, and, making signs to Jacopo to follow her, bounded away like an antelope, to a meadow at some distance, on the face of the hill, where a black speck already indicated that some one was at work with the hay.

The southron's limbs were not less supple than the Scotch lassie's, and off he set after her. Just as she had about come abreast of a venerable old man, with silver hair trickling in small streamlets behind and beneath his bonnet, he reached her. The ceremonial of introduction must have been unique; but we pause not to describe it. In a few minutes Jacopo's nose was as snuff-begrimed as old Donald Mathieson's, and he was manfully assisting in gathering in the swathe. The still vigorous arm of the old farmer laid before his sickle. In a few hours, he, his guide, and the patriarch, ceased their labours, and, at a much more sober pace than two of them in going, wended their way back to the cottage, where they found that a girl, about three years younger than Marion, had prepared a varied meal, of which milk and oatmeal were yet the only materials. Jacopo had the appetite of an ogre; and in spite of the fervency of his love, never once looked whether Marion supped with a genteel air or not, so absorbed was he in distending his own stomach. As every thing unlucky would have it, before he had half finished his curds and cream, who bolts in with a face

still redder than yesterday, from the liqueurs he had swallowed, but MacQuezy, while two of his disguised fishermen that he called of the coast guard were seen beneath the wreath of smoke that escaped at the lentil of the door. "Whereas!—By Got!—Maister Jacopo!—Whereas!" He was trying to read, as if repeating the printed brief form of a warrant for apprehending those who infringed upon the quarantine laws. It was in vain; he could not splutter out the legal language, so he substituted his own much more elegant and expressive synonyms—"Got tam! Jacopo Maister, you broke karanteen, and must come along with me! You must! Eh!" How even the sharp nose of an informer had found out whether Jacopo had wended, on so recently leaving the ship, was a miracle to the runaway. He little knew that it was to meet MacQuezy—aye, MacQuezy—that his Marion had left her bed that morning at so unusual an hour; but it was to get from him—and pay him three prices for it—the silken kirtle he had artfully wrought upon her vanity to commission him to procure. The Doria's arrival offered an opportunity for his doing a little in smuggling, his most favourite occupation, next to brandy tippling, and kicking his inferiors. No motive, short of female vanity, or love, could have tempted a girl like Marion Mathieson, timid as a roc, to venture near to the haunted precincts of Arten-Adam.

But what was Jacopo's reply? The exhibition, in a knowing way, of a long purse with many chinks that

had yellow linings to them. How he commanded his passions, and condescended to Machiavelism, he never knew; but the hint was enough. "Off wi' you, ye rascallions, to the barracks!" said MacQuezy to his guard, as Jacopo and he retired to commune in your only universal language.

Our explanation of MacQuezy's interruption has led us to do an injustice to female humanity, which we hasten to repair. It was enough for Marion to see the fiery redness of MacQuezy's eyes, as he crossed the threshold, to know that he was in one of those tyrannical passions, which, as the only man of authority for many miles, he often indulged in at the expense of all who came in his way. Her heart, in a moment, told her Jacopo must be the object of this ire; and just as the official had spluttered out his mandate, she was at the feet and clasping the knees of her lover. The old man had shrunk like a withered leaf from the first sound of the petty tyrant's squeaking voice. It was not till Jacopo had contrived to exhibit the purse also to Marion, that she withdrew her hold, at once comprehending his purpose. In a few minutes, Jacopo returned with a lighter heart and rouleau, and throwing his arms round the fair thing who had clung to him in danger, he imprinted on her full and rich lip one of those long, ardent, and intense pressures to which an ordinary salute is but a mockery. From that instant they knew they loved each other, and an additional and verbal language to express it, was sure not to be long of following.

It must be remarked, however, that at this very earnest expression of mutual thanks, old Donald, whose presence they had no suspicion of, felt it incumbent upon him, in his character of guardian to his grandchild, to come forward, and, with a mixture of dignity with his anger, to separate the lovers. But his frown was a gentle one; for so completely was his all of love wrapped up in the one object, his child, that all the rest of the world was forgotten.

It were idle to trace day by day the employments of Marion and her passionate lover. Hay harvest was over; the peat season had been well ended; and there was a rest to Marion of weeks from toils which else had been ceaseless. These days were spent in rambles through that enchanting and fairy land which had first so roused the admiration of that youth who already knew every nook and dell within it. Through Glen-Lin they wandered. At the rocky cascades, and beside the water-perforated bridge of Glen-Messin, which still there attracts lovers to woo and wonder, they would sit till evening closing in warned them of the distance to home. But it was on the stream of the Echaig that Jacopo mingled two species of happiness—the natural love of sport, and the companionship of those you cannot live without—in fishing in its glorious streams. Then, there was the wild loch above, stretching far into a territory, the steepness of whose hills set walking amongst their face at defiance, at least to the southron. As for aid from the mountaineers,

he shunned it and them. He could not understand *their* Gaelic, though to him Marion's was music ; and they rather scowled upon a foreigner who had won the affections of the bonniest lass in all the strath.

I have said Jacopo already understood Gaelic—Marion had for weeks before spoken Italian. “ It was the language of her lover, and she must speak it, in his country, like a native, when he took her home, or she would shame him.” Oh ! woman, how *intense* are thy motives, if shortlived !

One day they had wandered through Glen-Luskin, down to the shore at Dunoon, when a schooner-looking craft hove to, and landed a couple of superior-looking men to ordinary seamen. They at once seemed to recognise Jacopo, who had no eye of recognition for them. They advanced, however, and in a language which made him start, his own Italian, addressed him thus : “ Ah ! this is our saint's own luck, Signor Jacopo ! We could not weather the point into the loch, and were going over the hill with a message to your skipper. We've got pratique for him, my boy ! When he heard that our big craft had got into Greenock, he sent us a letter that did the business. Your father, old Signor Luchese Torrizi, was quite well when we left Genoa. He wondered you had not written to him, master ! ” All this, uttered with the rapidity all patois are usually given, hardly left the confused and astonished listener time to gather, that these were men who had come

with an emancipating warrant from another of his father's vessels in Greenock. He did not (is there another instance on record?) leap his own height at getting out of quarantine—or at least feel an emotion of joy. It *was* too soon. Indeed it was; for he must accompany the vessel to Greenock! Enough of the language and the looks of the parties, Marion could make out to know that there was something her Jacopo feared, and she clung to him as if her hold would shelter from every danger. Alas! little did the fond dreamers know that worse awaited them. They had, with slow and mournful steps, only passed the mill of Glen-a-Vuillin, on their way home, when the mate or captain of the vessel at Greenock came bawling after them, "Corpo di Bacco!—these hills take the breath from me, Master Jacopo!—I had wellnigh forgot to give you the letter from your father, that he gave such particular directions to me. Here it is—I durst not leave our good barque the Doge, till it was unloaded—that has taken but three days. We take cargo in at London, and sail to-morrow, signor. If I may be bold, is not there something in your letter about your going back with us?"

Jacopo had run over the contents of his father's brief letter, while Tibaldo had given the substance of it verbally. Fatal was now that gift of tongues to the poor Highland girl. She had eagerly followed him, word for word; and, as if struck by a levin shaft, she lay an almost formless heap at the foot of her

lover. He was little less amazed ; but, gathering the strength of a man together, he lifted up, and, aided by Tibaldo, carried the senseless but beautiful piece of humanity to the burn that was near. Here she was recalled to a life of wretchedness. They were long of reaching the clachan of Glen-Luskin. Once in her home, the bursting sigh and streaming tear gave relief to the stricken maiden. Her grandfather, at this moment, entered ; and, in the condition of her and her kneeling lover, had his worst fears confirmed. He had been down at the station ; and MacQuezy, who had heard the news, jeeringly asked Donald, “ if his bonny oe was gaun ower the sea wi’ the young skipper the morn, to be his leman ! ” With a strength, wonderful at his age, he tore Jacopo from Marion, and pushed him from the door, with execrations. In Italian, a voice, a moment after, was heard by the now terrified girl, “ Arten-Adam—midnight ! ” She knew its meaning ; and a fatal “ yes ” was the answer.

Midnight came, and to the Druid’s Stones came the fated lovers ! Little did they, in their guileless concentration of thought on each other, reckon of the doom that was suspended over all who breathed the words of worldly passion on that holy spot. Such had been for eighteen centuries the unquestioned tradition of that district ; and well was its fearful, but wild and mysterious, expression in rude rhyme imprinted on the memory of Marion as well as of every girl in the glen. But when its warning was needed—when

sound, her resisting step gave way, and she was hurried down the steep, in the arms of her triumphant suitor—we shall no longer term him lover till we see if his behaviour deserves that sacred name.

She had but one other struggle—but she, Marion Mathieson, the cherished, the all of her grandsire Donald—she flew from him without one farewell. Oh, love in woman how terrible is thy sway !

In a few minutes, such were Jacopo's pre-arrangements, she was on board, and placed in a cabin, furnished with every convenience, and even elegance, of a female wardrobe ; and, what appeared to her most like enchantment, a female attendant was in waiting.

She did not know that Jacopo had despatched an old servant he found on board, and four rowers, into the vessel's barge to Greenock through the night, and, at any sacrifice of gold, procured the comforts needful for his—victim.

The voyage was calm and prosperous ; and the unhappiness of Marion grew less and less as the vessel came to summer skies and brighter seas. But this was but a momentary source of pleasure, as the period approached when Jacopo had said that the vessel's voyage would conclude. Could it be—or did she but dream it—that Jacopo visibly cooled in the earnestness, if not the frequency of his attentions ?—It *was* the case ! When twenty-eight of the five-and-thirty days had been told that were likely to fill up its course, she felt there was no longer a doubt. In place of

spending the whole day laid at her feet, or by her side, under the awning erected for her, he but asked, "if she felt hotter, and wasn't tired of the voyage?"

"Not of the voyage, dear Jacopo, with *you* beside me; yet longing, with a wing-broken bird's desire, for land—to get to that mighty temple, the altar, and these priests, where you will repeat before God the Oath of Arten-Adam." A strange shudder now ran through the veins of Jacopo as this was uttered. For the first time he recollected the wild prophecy of ill in the tradition, which even his memory held, just as the difficulties into which his passion had brought him opened to his gaze for an instant, ere they closed thick and impenetrable around him. He had to meet his father—a doting, but a stern one. All this, amid the drunkenness of passion, had been forgotten—but *now* had to be met.

His resolution was soon taken. His crew were devoted to him. Steering close to the shore, he anchored in one of those thousand lovely bays or inlets the Italian coast is slightly indented with. Well he knew the place, and some of its peasant dwellings. It was a brief day's sail from Genoa; and often had he proceeded thither in search of pleasures, always—like all Italian ones—voluptuous, and sometimes pure. To a lonely Italian cottage the Highland girl and her attendant were conveyed, and specious excuses lulled them, after some weary struggles of doubt, into quiescence at his departure.

On the following morning the Doge majestically swam into the harbour of Genoa. The venerable father, its owner, who had heard of the lighthouse signal, was, ere the vessel was well moored, blessing, interrogating, and examining his beloved and only child. He was in the brightest of humours, and overflowing with kindness. The voyage had been amazingly prosperous, by the very omission of going to London, which Jacopo took upon himself, because Marion feared to see an English face, lest they should be discovered. At this moment, had he discovered the Scottish lass, and her state cabin on board, a word would have made her his daughter-in-law !—Fatal caution—unforeseen error !

A few days were spent by the young traveller, in receiving the congratulations of his friends. They were months to him, but immeasurable ages to the poor solitary at Solfiglia. At length Jacopo escaped for a day and night, and flew to his still adored mistress. What rapture then dispelled the weary doubtings of the Waiter ! Morning dragged Jacopo away. Week after week were these stolen flights of rapture repeated, and Marion herself forgot the lost thing she was. Every want and wish was anticipated—every kindness shown. At length, one day when dusk soon stole upon sunshine, Jacopo ventured to carry his mistress in a voiture by moonlight, to look upon the quays and palaces of Genoa the Proud, and of which every one of her sons is so vain. Marion was in a dream of

delight. They stopped in the shadow near a marble palace. "'Tis my father's!" whispered Jacopo; but this gave no pleasure to poor Marion; for near to it stood a hovel of the street-sweeper's. It was strikingly like the home of her deserted grandfather's. Driving on, a rapid turn brought them in front of the cathedral, into which a train of priests were slowly marching, with a flash more rapid than those the wind blew from the torches of the procession. Marion remembered that night was a time the marriage ceremony was often performed. She fell on her knees, and clung to the feet of her lover, and now implored him, by every thing sacred, to fulfil his promise, and at that very altar he had spoke of, fulfilling the Oath of Arten-Adam. Jacopo never could discern right at the first, yet he hesitated, and had almost ordered the driver to stop and let them enter. But "another time," after succeeding in reconciling, soon caused him to linger. The delay was death to both. He endeavoured to explain the hesitation to Marion, who now, cold as marble and deaf to sound, lay at his feet. She did not need to hear him; all was revealed in one refusal. Like lightning the carriage drove home; but at a late hour the still senseless Marion had to be left by her lover. He came back at midnight; but where was she? Her Scotch servant and herself had fled, leaving every thing but their tartan clothes and the valuable brooch all Highland maidens dower themselves with. Trace of them in Italy was never

known, and Passion's miserable slave, Jacopo, after traversing every path, and diving into every depth near, died in a madhouse.

When winter was arrayed in its wildest horrors of wreathed snow in the pass of St Bernard—on an evening of these days that are all dusk, one of the noble animals belonging to the truly Christian assemblage of priests gave tongue at the gate. The signal was understood and answered. Assistants and apparatus followed the canine guide—and through a deep wreath, two party-coloured pieces of cloth stood up. A Scotch visiter in the train knew his own tartan, and mighty were *his* efforts. Two fair, and cold, and stiff female forms were soon discovered. On one, the lovely, the seal of death was stamped. The other recovered, and told the tale. The buried pilgrim of love, and its victim, was Marion Mathieson. And fearfully was again the tradition fulfilled on those who had made an “Oath at Arten-Adam.”

Our countryman reared a tablet on the spot where she was found. It is far from the usual paths, but in my wanderings I stumbled on it—and here tell the tale it records.

THE STEPMOTHER.

It was one fine summer evening about sunset, when a young man well mounted, rode through a small village. There was nothing striking in the circumstance, but the earnest manner with which he begged to be directed to the nearest inn, and a certain wildness in his appearance, were calculated to excite observation. "For God's sake," said he to a teamster who was driving a load of hay, "tell me where I can find a lodging for the night."

"Maybe you have come a long way?" said the man, stopping his oxen.

"I am weary and sick," replied the traveller, and repeated his request.

"Then you don't want to know which is the best inn, but which is the nearest?" said the man.

"I want a place where I can lodge," said the traveller, impatiently.

"But if you can have a better one for going a few roods farther," said the man, "I suppose you would not mind it?"

"I see," said the stranger, "you have no intention of directing me;" and he again put his horse forward.

"Hollo there!" said the man calling after him, "you seem to be in a despart hurry. You had better put up at the Gold Ball."

"What do you mean, Sam," said a lad who was lying on the top of the hay, and now reached forward, "by sending him there, when it is half a mile farther? the Doctor's is a great deal nearer. If you go along," continued he, addressing the traveller, "straightforward till you come to a turn on your right hand, you will soon be at the tavern. You'll know it for sartin, because it has the sign of a Mermaid."

The stranger, whose strength and patience were exhausted, again attempted to proceed. "You say," said he, "I must take the road on my left hand?"

"I did not say no such thing," said the man, "that road leads to the meeting-house, and I take it, it is a tavern you want; you must go by that turning, and when you see another to your right, take that, and it will be acause it's too dark, if you don't see the sign of the Mermaid."

The traveller appeared satisfied with the direction, for he again put spurs to his horse, but his fatigue or indisposition had greatly increased by this parley, and throwing the bridle upon the neck of the well-broken steed, he requested one of the men, in a faint voice, to help him to dismount.

There is no mistake in real distress, and the good-hearted teamster was quickly at his side, while the lad sprung from his elevated situation to assist him. Before they could disengage him from his horse, his strength totally failed, and they laid him senseless on a bank by the roadside.

A consultation now ensued of what was best to be done with him, and spurred both by curiosity and good nature, they determined to lay him on the hay and convey him to the tavern. The horse was mounted by the lad, and the man turning his oxen, slowly followed.

It was really too dark to distinguish the Mermaid before the traveller arrived, but the lad had gone before and related the adventure.

A new difficulty now occurred. The landlady declared she would not suffer him to be brought into the house, for she made no manner of doubt but he had the yellow fever, and they would all catch it.

The landlord, who acted in the double capacity of tavern-keeper and physician, or quack doctor, now entered from an examination of the horse. He had found him of no ordinary quality, and his saddle and bridle, with the neat well-secured portmanteau, bespoke the rider a man of some consequence.

Whether from the necessity of turning from the high-road, or because mine host of the Golden Ball presented better fare, it is difficult to say, but one thing was certain, that the Mermaid had of late been much neglected. The arrival of a guest was a rare occurrence,

and such a chance was not to be lost ; the Doctor decided that the best chamber should be made ready for the invalid, and Mrs Don, the landlady, unwillingly set about it. On one thing they both agreed, that their only daughter, Almeria Saccharissa, should not come within the reach of any possible contagion. There is a constant dread of the yellow fever in the country towns round those cities where it has once or twice appeared. Often during the summer months, reports prevail that this dreaded disease has begun its ravages, and as it is presumed there is much pains taken to conceal it from the country people, from the fear of losing their supplies, suspicion and terror are often falsely excited. This was the case at the present period ; a few instances of sudden death at the metropolis, though unaccompanied by any malignant symptoms, had given rise to exaggerated reports of yellow fever. In vain the physicians gave the most solemn assurances of the health of the city ; still it was whispered that people were thrown into their graves, at dead of night, without any funeral procession, any tolling of bells, any black crape or bombazeen—all of which ceremonies, in the estimation of many people, greatly alleviate the horrors of death. It was not wonderful, therefore, that both the landlord and landlady should have hesitated about receiving an unknown traveller, with every indication of disease. The “ hardness of the times ” was the strongest argument in favour of the measure ; and Mrs Don, the landlady, after taking the precaution of

Doctor's finances allowed her a piano-forte ; but this was beyond his means ; all the indulgent father could do he had done : he had procured her a small second-hand barrel-organ, upon which the fair Almeria played to the astonishment of the few guests that strayed from the high-road to the Mermaid. It had some advantages even over Clementi's pianos ; it was portable, and her father thought it good wholesome exercise to turn the crank of the organ. It is true that it was not so classic in its form as might have been wished ; it resembled neither a lyre, a harp, nor a guitar, but might have been mistaken in its exterior for an old-fashioned coffee-mill. But to what purpose were all Almeria's accomplishments ? there were none to admire, and it was with invigorated hope that she flung aside her camphor bag, to make preparations for the stranger, who had asked for breakfast. Perhaps it might be conjectured that these preparations were to contribute to the comfort of the guest ; quite the contrary, they were intended to display herself. Anybody could get a breakfast, but nobody but Almeria could give the apartment that air of gentility that might captivate the stranger's eye. No person that has resided in a small village, can be ignorant of the tenacity with which light is cherished. The room destined to receive the guest, presented two windows to the east and two to the south ; not a shutter, not even a paper hanging was suffered to exclude the bright luminary of day, as it pursued its glorious course from window to window,

cast its broad yellow beam on the breakfast-table, off the mourning pieces and landscapes painted by Almeria, and at last settled on a bright tin reflector, which from its various angles sent back multiplied rays. On a small table were arranged various books, with some of them lying open at passages that marked the elegant taste of the owner, whose name was written, with many a flourish, on the title-page, "Almeria Saccharina Don." Nor must the red morocco album be forgotten, which contained many extravagant quotations and sonnets in praise of its mistress, and still presented a blank leaf to tempt some new votary of the Muses.

Such was the preparation for the exhausted and weary traveller. He entered the room with a slow and languid step, and seated himself at the breakfast-table. "What will you please to have?" said Betty, putting her head inside of the door.

"I want nothing," he replied, "but a cup of tea and a slice of toasted bread."

Betty withdrew; and Almeria, finding the stranger did not accost her, ventured to lift up her eyes, which had been fixed on her book. The investigation was satisfactory. He was evidently young, though his face was care-worn, he was pale and emaciated, his hair black and glossy. There was an appearance of gloom and abstraction, that repelled every advance to conversation. But what produced the most effect on Almeria, was his coat! she doted on a frock-coat, and the gentleman wore one of the most fashionable cut.

As he did not observe that she was present, she deemed it necessary to accost him.

"I hope you are better, sir," said she in a soft, lisping tone.

The sound of her voice startled him, he looked hastily up. "I thank you," replied he, "yes."

Betty now returned with the breakfast, it consisted of tea, brown sugar, a slice of toasted bread, a piece of butter nearly melted, and a saucer of deep dun-coloured preserves.

Nothing could be less inviting to an invalid than this repast, but it formed an epicurean treat to hosts of flies that rioted on the preserves, the sugar, and even the butter. "Is there no way of excluding the sun?" said the gentleman, casting a despairing look at the windows.

"I am sorry we hav'n't no blinds," said Almeria; but the sun only lays in the room in the morning, by afternoon it is gone."

The stranger drank his tea without replying—but when he moved his chair from the table, the echo of the yellow painted floor seemed to create a nervous excitement—he knit his brow and looked wildly round.

"Don't look at those paintings," said Almeria, who had mistaken his movement, "I am quite ashamed to let them hang here—but my friends insist upon it."

Probably the stranger thought the feeling just, but he made no comment.

"Do you paint, sir?" said Almeria, after a pause.

He slightly nodded his head, but whether the nod meant yes or no, the young lady could not determine.

"It is a delightful art," she continued, "when wielded by the pencil of genius."

The stranger appeared to forget it was proper to reply, and walked slowly out of the room.

When the landlady entered to "clear away the breakfast-table," Almeria assured her that the "new comer was a stupid creature, and that he knew nothing of painting—but I will try him with music," said she, "and see if he cannot be moved by a 'concord of sweet sounds,' as Shakspeare says."

Betty was now requested to carry the hand-organ to the great elm-tree, for that way the stranger had strolled. She, however, did not enter into the arrangement; she looked sulky, and said it was not what she was hired for—that there was nobody but her to put a hand to anything, and she could not stand it much longer, and they had better look out for other help.

Mrs Don soothed the reluctant maiden, and the hand-organ was removed to the elm-tree by Betty, who carried it before her with extended arms in a most ungracious manner, and putting down her burden, retreated.

The seat was already occupied by the stranger—but he immediately arose and left it to Almeria.

She was not discouraged that he had walked on, as he must return the same way, and then she depended on soothing his soul, even if it were a "savage one."

It was not many minutes before she beheld him slowly returning. But notwithstanding she turned the crank in the most spirited manner, he passed unheedingly by, and did not stop till he had gained the sanctuary of his own chamber.

It was evident that he laboured under some malady of body or mind, no summons came from his room, and he had not made his appearance, though evening was closing in. The family began to feel a mixture of curiosity and good-natured anxiety which characterises the middling classes in the United States, who are often engaged about every body's business but their own. It was "thought proper that the head of the family should make some inquiries." Not choosing to risk a refusal, he opened the door and entered the chamber. The stranger was seated at a table with his head resting on his folded arms, he started hastily up, and asked the landlord what he wanted. "I was afraid you might be sick," said the Doctor kindly, "my wife said you had not eaten anything since morning."

"I have no appetite; I want nothing but to be left alone." Then hastily rising and closing the door, he said, "I must get more strength before I can proceed on my journey; this spot is a retired one—can you secure me from disturbance?"

"Why, sir, as to the matter of that," said the landlord, "you know my house is a tavern."

"I know it," replied he, "but it is distant from the high-road—in a word," he added impatiently, "will you shelter me, or will you not? speak, that I may be gone if you refuse."

The landlord was tempted by a feeling of pride to stand out for the popularity of his house: though he well knew the gentleman might remain for weeks his only guest, he began by talking of the sacrifice he must make; but the stranger stopped him short, indeed he evidently possessed a most uncomfortable degree of irascibility, "I want only a direct answer, yes or no." The landlord shrunk back from the fiery eye of the young man, with an unaccountable feeling of terror, and perhaps for the first time in his life, gave a direct answer; it was "yes."—"I will pay you," said the stranger, "your own price—now leave me to my rest."

But rest did not seem adequate to removing the seeds of disease. On the morning of the second day, the young man was obliged to acknowledge himself too sick to rise. The village doctor was summoned, who pronounced his disorder a typhus fever. For many days he languished between life and death, and during that time, he was faithfully nursed and attended. Almeria would have willingly given her aid, but her parents positively prohibited her entering the chamber—there might be infection, and this was the treasure in which they had "garnered up their hearts." The sick man seldom spoke—refused to tell his name, and

when they entreated that they might send to his friends, he impatiently and sternly replied, "I have none."

At length the violence of the disorder gave way—and he slowly recovered his strength. Almeria, as she gazed upon his wasted form, lost the feeling of coquetry that a bad education had engendered, and strove to render him many kind offices. It seemed as if he understood the change, for he answered her inquiries with more gentleness than at first.

His mind opened to something like enjoyment when he first walked abroad and breathed the pure air of heaven—it was momentary, however. Again he returned to gloom and abstraction—again his brow was knit, and at times his hands were clenched, as if revolving some desperate purpose.

The landlord grew impatient to be rid of him—an indefinable terror haunted his mind, and he felt, though he knew not why, that the stranger was a dangerous being. He would have trembled for his daughter, had he not perceived that nothing was more irksome to the young man than her presence.

One morning the stranger passed by the window at which Almeria was sitting, and turned down a lane which struck into a thick wood. She arose and followed him. As she approached, he looked back and seemed to wish to avoid her.

She begged him to stop—"I have something," said she, "that may concern you—something to show you."

could be more rare than the sight—all was bustle, and even Betty's discontented face brightened at the uncommon spectacle. Almeria's heart beat high—she fully believed that the stranger, the carriage, and herself, were intimately connected. It stopped at the door; the landlord stood ready to receive the contents, whatever they were. A gentleman rather advanced in years, alighted from it. "Are you," said he, "the master of the house?"

"Why, so they say," returned the landlord jocosely; "but perhaps my wife would tell you a different story."

The gentleman did not appear inclined to joke; he looked sad and solemn, and followed the Doctor with a stately air to the little parlour, where Almeria was sitting.

"I have business with you," said he, addressing the father, but turning his eye upon the daughter. The young lady, however, kept her seat.

"I know not," said he after a pause, "why I should endeavour to make a secret of what can be none to you. A few weeks since, a young man resided here—it is to settle his accounts I come."

"Tell me," said Almeria, with a theatrical tone, "what has become of him? has no accident befallen him?"—"Happily none," replied the gentleman, "he was recognised, and is now in a place of security,"

"In prison!" said Almeria, "tell me where, that I may fly to him."

"Impossible," said the gentleman, "you can do him no good—he is carefully guarded."

"He said he was friendless," said Almeria, "but I feel that my fate and his must henceforth be connected."

The gentleman looked at her with astonishment. "It is not possible," said he, "my son could have been weeks in your family, and you not have discovered his situation. Alas, young lady, I wish you a far happier fate. My son, a few weeks since, escaped from confinement; he is a lunatic!" An expression of the deepest anguish came over his face—he arose and walked the room.

"I thank you," said he at length, assuming more composure, "for all your kindness to my unhappy boy—it was from himself, for on many subjects he is rational, that I learnt the particulars of his residence here, his sickness, and your kind attentions."

Notwithstanding the landlord and his daughter expressed much curiosity, and felt more than they expressed, the gentleman evaded all particular information. He told them his name was De Vaux, which was some satisfaction, as they had not been able to ascertain this point from the young man. Though he was not as communicative as they desired, his pecuniary recompense was perfectly agreeable to the Doctor's feelings, and when he took leave, the landlord gave him a cordial invitation to call again whenever he came that way.

It might seem incredible to those who have never

been conversant with the different forms of insanity, that De Vaux should have exhibited so few signs of mental derangement, during his residence at the Mermaid. But it was only on one subject that he was decidedly mad.

From childhood he had discovered an irritable and sensitive cast of mind ; this temperament had been increased by a studious and sedentary life. His father, who saw in his close application, the promise of future greatness, urged him forward with injudicious zeal, sometimes exciting him by praise, and at others depressing him by censure. For many years he was blessed with the fostering, patient, and tender care of a mother, and when chilled by his father's sternness, or exasperated by his own irritable passions, still there was one being on whose lap he could lay his head and rest in peace ; her influence was like the dew of heaven, fertilizing and enriching his heart with every generous emotion. Her health was delicate, and she was often threatened with pulmonary complaints. When these became seated, and her son marked the hectic flush of her cheek, when he saw her labouring and struggling for breath, he felt that without her life would be joyless. And to him it proved so ; when she breathed her last, he became more allied to the dead than the living. He spent hours by the side of her grave—he dreamed of her, and awoke with the persuasion that she was present. There was probably something of insanity in this state of feeling—but his father had

never understood his character, and was ignorant of the workings of his mind. He saw that he was eccentric, but he had always supposed that eccentricity belonged to genius ; and he was not surprised that his son should deviate from the beaten path. It was not till he saw his health failing that he experienced any parental solicitude ; he then consulted the most skilful physicians ; they at once perceived that the mind was the seat of the disease, and recommended a sea-voyage and change of scene. The father was readily reconciled to this measure, as he felt that he could more easily reveal by writing than personal communication, a secret which for some weeks had trembled on his tongue. He was on the eve of marrying again, and an indescribable and indefinite fear of the effect it might produce upon the bewildered imagination of his son, had induced him most injudiciously, to keep him entirely ignorant of his intentions. He was aware that though sufficient time had elapsed since the death of his wife, to satisfy the decent requirements of society, her son still dwelt on her image with all the fervour of filial affection—that he clung to her memory with the freshness of early grief, and that his purpose would have much to encounter from silent sorrow, if not from open opposition. Perhaps he might have been willing to face any obstacles of this kind, for his ideas on the subject of parental authority were absolute ; but another powerful motive operated on his mind—he was conscious that opposition on the part of his son would effectually

destroy his bridal prospects; that the lady he had selected was too sensitive and generous to enter his family an unwelcome guest.

She had married, when young, the husband of her choice, and the first years of her wedded life almost realized a lover's dream. She was beautiful, and every eye brightened at her approach—but neither virtue nor beauty could exempt her from vicissitude; her husband in a few years died a bankrupt, and left her with an infant son to struggle through life.

There have been martyrs in the cause of religion, that have sung the song of victory while the flames curled around them; there have been champions for freedom and their country, who have fearlessly rushed on to battle and death; but there is no image more affecting than that of a patient widowed mother, devoting her days and nights to her helpless children, and suffering martyrdom without the martyr's crown.

Such was now the lot of this lady, but she met it with cheerfulness and serenity. As her son advanced in years she saw in the fair promise of his youth future happiness and honour; but this promise was never to be realized—by a sudden and unexpected death, she was deprived of her joy and solace. Many years had passed since this event took place. Time had changed her anguish into resignation, yet when she consented to become the wife of the father, the thought of the son was present to her mind. She had never seen him, but every proof she had heard of his devotion to

the memory of his mother drew tears from her eyes. She felt that confidence, which a virtuous purpose never fails to impart, that she could win his affection, and supply the place of the being so dear to him. She thanked God, in the benevolent glow of her feelings, for the opportunity he was preparing for her, to bind up the broken heart. It was natural that she should express this enthusiasm, and she learned with keen disappointment that he was to sail immediately for a milder climate. Just a month after his departure the nuptials took place. His father immediately wrote to him and communicated the event, with every expression of parental affection; his stepmother too wrote, and told him how earnestly she longed to press him to her heart, that she already felt the tenderness of a parent, "and well I may," she added, "for my son was lost and he is found."

De Vaux received the packet at a small sea-port at which the captain's orders had made it necessary for him to stop. When he had read the letters he did not communicate their contents; probably he felt that there was no one that could sympathize in his emotions—but he determined to quit the vessel he was in, and take passage home. Both winds and waves were propitious to the restless and agitated state of his mind.

It was twilight when he arrived at his father's house. The bridegroom was sitting with his bride, and listening to her conversation with something like the roman-

the feeling of youth. She was planning for the comfort of his son when he should return. The pleasantest room in the house was to be his ; it was adjoining her's. This arrangement would enable her to watch over his sleeping as well as his waking hours. " If his disorder," said she, " is a mind diseased, what can administer to it like affection ; there are no chords of the heart," continued she, " that sympathy cannot touch, and though the sound may be mournful and low, still it is music !"

A footstep was heard in the entry ; it vibrated on the father's ear: he rushed to the door and beheld his son.

" And what has brought you back so soon, my child?" said he as he embraced him.

De Vaux looked wildly at him. " My mother !" he exclaimed in a hurried tone.

" I will conduct you to her," said his father ; " she is gentle and good—you cannot help loving her."

He led the way, and his son followed ; the lady received him with more than kindness ; her heart was melted, and she embraced him with a tenderness nearly allied to that emotion, with which a mother welcomes her first-born. Perhaps she thought of her own son, her " beautiful, her brave," for she sobbed aloud. The young man stood gasping, it was too dark to distinguish his features ; at length he exclaimed, " it is hard, but so much the more worthy the sacrifice," and rushing towards her, he drew a dagger from his bosom and aimed it at her heart. His father had watched

his movements with dreadful anxiety, and arrested his arm just as the blow was aimed.

It would be painful to describe the paroxysm that seized him at his defeated project. It was in the ravings of madness, that he revealed the solemn vow he had made, to sacrifice this woman to the memory of his mother. He swore it by frightful oaths. There was but one resource for the unhappy father, and this was to place him in an asylum for lunatics. Twice he had attempted to escape, and been immediately discovered—but the last attempt had been successful, and with a cunning that in madness often seems to supply the place of reason, he eluded the vigilance of the keeper, and rushed to his father's house. Most happily both his father and mother were at that time on a journey—he cautiously sought her chamber and explored the house.

Probably the absence of his intended victim soothed the delirium of his mind—he grew calm, and talked so rationally, representing the cruel treatment he had received, and pleading his perfect sanity in so connected a manner, that the old domestic who had remained to take care of the house, willingly furnished him with means to escape. He provided for him a horse and portmanteau, and the young gentleman left home with the idea of escaping from confinement, and a vague expectation of meeting the innocent victim that he had sworn to sacrifice to his mother's memory.

He had travelled several days, when he was arrested

by sickness, and conveyed to the Mermaid. Such was the melancholy explanation of this adventure—the sequel, however, remains to be told.

De Vaux was again restored to his place of confinement; it was evident his disorder had undergone some change—he was more gentle, and discovered no disposition to escape. While his father was rejoicing in these favourable appearances, a new cause of alarm occurred. A second attack of the typhus fever seized him. He was placed in an airy and spacious apartment in the asylum, and the best attendance given him.

It is well known that the matrons and nurses are indefatigable in these well-regulated establishments. There was much to excite sensibility in De Vaux's character; his intervals of reason had shown the original excellence of his mind and the goodness of his heart—all felt it a privilege to administer to his wants, but one of the matrons particularly devoted herself to his service. She seldom left his room, but patiently sat by his bedside, marking every variation of his disorder, and making her report to the physicians. Night after night she watched by him with unwearied vigilance, bathed his burning forehead and hands, and soothed him by a thousand kind attentions. When his respiration was so much affected that he could not lie down, she supported his head for hours upon her bosom, varying her attitude to his comfort, and wholly regardless of her own. As he gave evidence of returning reason, she ventured in the most judicious

manner to whisper lessons of love and mercy, to speak of the God who could restore, of the Saviour whose touch was health.

It appeared as if he had formed some association between his kind nurse and lamented mother. When the nurse was absent but a few moments he was restless and impatient, and discovered more of mental malady than at any other time; and once when she returned, he took her hand and said with a smile, "no, it cannot be she, for this is flesh and blood." The physicians, cautious as they habitually were, ventured to encourage the anxious father. They predicted that with confirmed health, his reason would be restored. One fearful trial, however, was yet to be made; they trembled to mention his stepmother. It was the rock on which his reason had been so frightfully wrecked—perhaps new paroxysms might seize him. His father, and even the physicians, thought it best to defer the subject; his nurse, who had watched every alternation of his mind, thought otherwise: she considered his present season of debility as favourable for the experiment. During one of her night-watchings, as she supported him in her arms, De Vaux said in a faint voice, "They tell me I shall soon be well enough to go to my father's house; I understand their meaning, and I bless God that my reason is returning. I can look back and mark the progress of my disease. How lonely and desolate I felt when my mother died; the whole world was a blank; it seemed to me as if I was

cast on a desolate island. And then," he continued; "a letter came from my father and informed me"—He stopped short, and seemed to be engaged in mental prayer. His nurse pressed him to her heart, and wiped the dew from his pale forehead. "I am afraid," said he, "this desolation will return when I quit you, my kindest and best friend. I have been most happy of late, and now," continued he, casting his eyes upon her, beaming with recovered intellect, "at this moment I feel as if I were again resting in the arms of my mother."

She pressed her lips to his forehead and said in low accents, "It is true, my child, you are encircled by the arms of your mother! your second mother!" The truth flashed upon his mind as if written with a sunbeam from the Almighty. The being who had become so entwined about his very soul, from whom it was a second death to part, was his dreaded stepmother!

About fifteen years after these events took place, Almeria Saccharissa Don was sitting in her little parlour, still indulging the romantic reveries of youth, though time had laid his hand upon her face with so ungentle a grasp, as to leave the print of his fingers, when, for the second time in her life, she beheld an elegant equipage approaching the house. This was indeed wonderful, for it no longer bore any index of a tavern. The Mermaid had been suffered to swing on one hinge till it fell to the ground, and the decaying post on which it was suspended soon followed its example.

The carriage stopped at the door; a gentleman stepped from it, and handed out a fine elderly-looking lady and two healthy blooming children. It was somewhat difficult to make Almeria recognise the pale, emaciated stranger, who had called forth so much romantic emotion many years before, in the healthy and animated being who stood before her. It was indeed himself, with his stepmother and two eldest children, his wife was detained at home by her infant. The landlord, or rather the Doctor, (for he preferred this title,) expressed much cordial satisfaction at seeing him, and inquired after his father. The inquiry threw a transient gloom over the faces of mother and son. He had gone to his long home, with the happy consciousness that the two beings nearest to him would be the joy and comfort of each other.

De Vaux had a perfect recollection of the kindness he experienced at the Mermaid, and he hinted to Almeria that he should be most happy to make her a present of a wedding-suit—on this “hint she spake,” and informed him with downcast looks, of what he had previously ascertained, that she was the next week to become mistress of the Golden Ball, as the master had six months before buried his wife.

What the marriage garment was we cannot positively affirm, as De Vaux left it to her own fancy, slipping into her hand a little bead purse, which he knew from former recollection was precisely to her taste; on one side of it was written “l’amitié,” and on the other

" l'amour." Then wishing her all happiness, and regretting that he had not time to write an epithalamium in her album, (which still lay on the little table,) he once more quitted the Mermaid, accompanied by his children and beloved stepmother.

THE RUINED CITY.

THE days of old, though time has reft
The dazzling splendour which they cast ;
Yet many a remnant still is left
To shadow forth the past.
The warlike deed, the classic page,
The lyric torrent strong and free,
Are lingering o'er the gloom of age,
Like moonlight on the sea.

A thousand years have roll'd along,
And blasted empires in their pride ;
And witness'd scenes of crime and wrong,
Till men by nations died.
A thousand summer suns have shone
Till earth grew bright beneath their sway,
Since thou, untenanted, and lone,
Wert render'd to decay.

The moss tuft, and the ivy wreath,
For ages clad thy fallen mould,
And gladden'd in the spring's soft breath ;
But they grew wan and old.

Now, desolation hath denied
That even these shall veil thy gloom ;
And nature's mantling beauty died
In token of thy doom.

Alas, for the far years, when clad
With the bright vesture of thy prime,
The proud towers made each wanderer glad,
Who hail'd thy sunny clime.
Alas, for the fond hope, and dream,
And all that won thy children's trust,
God cursed—and none may now redeem,
Pale city of the dust !

How the dim visions through the soul,
When twilight broods upon thy waste ;
The clouds of woe from o'er thee roll,
Thy glory seems replaced.
The stir of life is bright'ning round,
Thy structures swell upon the eye,
And mirth and revelry resound
In triumph to the sky.

But a stern moral may be read,
By those who view thy lonely gloom ;
Oblivion's pall alike is spread
O'er slave, and lordly tomb.
The sad, the gay, the old, and young,
The warrior's strength, and beauty's glow,
Resolved to that from which they sprung,
Compose the dust below.

THE POET'S TALE.



SOME persons yet alive, may perhaps recollect an odd figure, who was frequently seen at all those places of general recreation where people can go for nothing, and seemed to enjoy, with peculiar zest, all the good things he got at the expense of others. He never missed a funeral, nor even let the waiter pass without filling his glass, and drinking with a special air of simpering melancholy, exceedingly edifying. But it was at those hymeneal merry-makings, called punch drinkings, that he was wont most particularly to exhibit his appetite and vivacity. He ate, drank, and joked with the best of them, and was the merriest man in the company, though his threadbare coat and old-fashioned hat, bore ample testimony that his vivacity was that of the spirit, rather than of the purse. It was of no consequence to him whether he was acquainted with the master of the feast or not; at such times all are welcome, and our hero, though unacquainted with a single soul in the room, managed to make it appear he new every body. The entertainer took him for

a friend of some one of his guests, and the guests believed him a friend of their host. Thus he escaped detection as an interloper, and managed to partake of many a feast, which a man of more modesty and less enterprise would have missed for ever.

It used to be a whim of mine, to watch such odd fellows, whenever they fell in my way, for I always considered the eccentricities of mankind as among the most amusing portions of the drama of human life. Accordingly, wherever I met this unceremonious person, I made it a point to be very civil; helping him from the best dishes that happened to be near me, and never failing to ask him to drink wine. In process of time we formed a sort of speaking acquaintance with each other, which at length ripened into such a degree of intimacy, that he would sometimes venture to come up to me on the Battery, when he found me standing alone, and once he carried his friendship so far as to borrow money.

It has often been asserted that he who lends money loses a friend. It was so with me on this occasion, for from this moment I lost my sociable companion. All at once he grew near-sighted, and the difficulty of catching his eye became insurmountable. I could never fairly bring him to exchange a glance of recognition, although more for amusement than any other motive, I never failed to persecute him with my eyes and attentions. When I chanced to meet him at any of these morning collations to which I have alluded, I

never failed, if possible, to get near one of his favourite dishes, and to press him to be helped to some of it. But he always declined without raising his eyes, and seemed very busy in eating. If I asked him to drink a glass of wine with me, he affected not to hear, or pretended to think it was somebody else.

One morn I miss'd him at the accustom'd treat,
Close by his favourite round of powder'd beef ;
Another came, yet empty was his seat,
At wedding feast, or merry-making grief.

Years passed away, and I had forgotten him entirely, amid the varied scenes of life, and various countries through which it was my lot to pass the best part of my days. At length I returned to my native city, and not long after happened to pay a visit to an old friend, whom the chances of life had left in his old age in the prison bounds. In passing through the entry of the house where my friend lodged, I encountered a face which I thought I remembered. We both stopped a moment, and our eyes meeting, I recognised my worthy acquaintance with the short memory. Contrary to his former custom, he put forth his hand and asked me how I had been this long time. I returned the compliment by making the same inquiry.

“ O pretty well—pretty well,” said he, “ I have had my ups and downs since I saw you. The downs are uppermost now, and I fear I shall never be able to pay you the trifle you lent me a long while ago. You see I have a good memory. I never forget my obligations,

though it is sometimes convenient to forget those who bestow them. What a pity you were not here about two years ago—I could have paid you then.”

I told him not to mind such a trifle—he was right welcome to it, and to show him I bore no malice on the score of his cutting my acquaintance, invited him to come and dine with me that day, at my bachelor's hall.

“ My dear friend,” cried he, rubbing his hands, “ where do you live ? ”

On mentioning the place, his countenance suddenly fell.

“ Alas ! that is beyond the range of my flight—my wings are clipped.”

“ Clipped ! ” said I, “ how, and by whom ? ”

“ By the shears of the law. If you only lived on this side of the street instead of the other, I'd dine with you every day in the week with all my heart. As it is, I must dine with Duke Humphrey, or Tantalus, instead of my old friend, whom I have not seen so long, that it would delight me to crack a bottle with him.”

“ What ! you are in limbo—I am sorry for it,” said I.

“ Why so, my dear sir ?—it's only one of the triumphs of genius—I've got into poet's-corner, that's all. Don't you see I wear the livery ? ”

This remark drew my attention to his costume. He wore a short roundabout blue jacket of broad-cloth, a

red waistcoat, white muslin pantaloons, a straw hat with a broad yellow riband round it, and his collar was tied with a black riband, in imitation of Lord Byron, as he afterwards assured me. The only piece of finery he carried about him, was a pair of white silk gloves, on which I afterwards found he valued himself highly, as the last remnant of his glory. After some little conversation, I proposed that as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet should go to the mountain—in other words, that I should order dinner at a tavern within the magic circle, and that he should come and dine with me there. He accepted the proposal with his usual frankness, and we had a merry time of it I assure you. There was a lightness, a vivacity, and thoughtlessness about my friend, that made the evils of life sit like a feather upon him; and together with this, he was full of wit, whim, and anecdote. Afterwards I often gave him the meeting in this way, until, by degrees, I really began to feel an interest in his welfare, and one day after dinner, inquired his past history, with a view of knowing whether I could be of any permanent use in his future progress. He complied with great readiness, and with a sort of careless grace and indifference, which marked every word and action of his life. I shall endeavour to give the relation as nearly as possible, which I am the better able to do, from having shortly after committed it to writing, as a curiosity in its way. If I mistake not, it has a moral too, and a story with a moral is always worth telling.

"Although," began my friend, "it is difficult for a man to tell his own story without over or undervaluing his merits, I shall endeavour to preserve the happy medium between self-praise and self-blame. In so doing, I may bring my genius into question—for genius, as we all know, abhors anything but extremes.

"I owe my birth to a miracle—at least I always believed so, for I was born twenty years after my parents had lost all hope of posterity. Such children are always prodigies, at least in the eyes of their parents. Two things happened about the time of my birth, which were considered too remarkable to be accidental. My father put on his waistcoat wrong side outwards; and an old pampered tom-cat, that had been my mother's pet ever so long, and, as is usual in such cases, was hated by the whole family, as if taking my birth in dudgeon, disappeared suddenly, and was never heard of afterwards. It was decided that I was to be a prodigy of some kind or other.

"My father was inclined to predict that I would come to be a member of Congress; a luminary of the law; an infallible doctor; or a powerful preacher. My mother 'pooh'd' and 'pshaw'd' at these inglorious prognostics. She had been day and night, for at least a dozen years, employed in devouring the literature of the new school, that is to say, poetry full of love and misanthropy; and romances full of immorality and religion. Her head had nothing else in it, and her taste was governed accordingly. She wavered for a

long time in her decision, whether I should be a corsair, a reprobate, a freebooter—a poetical sensualist, a poetical misanthrope, or an equal compound of both. However she made up her mind to one thing, to wit, that I should be a poet, *nascitur non fit*, or not. Accordingly, in spite of the opposition of my worthy father, who stuck out for honest Obadiah, till my mother was threatened with hysterics, I was christened after three great living poets, in the hope that betwixt them all I might be certain to come in for a share of poetical inspiration. My good mother would willingly have added a couple more to the trio, to make sure of the matter; but the worthy parson who christened me, assured her that enough was as good as a feast.

“In order to give me a decided turn for the twin sisters, Poetry and Romance, no sooner had I got to be old enough, than I was regularly fed upon confectionary wrapped up in papers, each bearing a distich of prize poetry. In this manner it may be literally affirmed that I devoured poetry from the time I was two years old. Occasionally, however, my sugar plums would be enveloped in a page or two of high-seasoned romance, that my taste for this might keep pace with my taste for poetry. My food was thus daily diversified, until one day I was almost choked to death with a choice morsel of a certain romantic tale, which shall be nameless. After this my mother would not trust me with romances, but confined my diet to what the reviewers call “powerful poetry,” diversified occasion-

ally with a page or two of harmless stories, equally compounded of love, murder, and canting.

"The first time I ever opened my mouth, except to eat or cry, I exhibited a prodigy, by exclaiming—

" ' Papa ! ' "

" ' Mamma ! ' "

"My mother declared this was as legitimate rhyme as any in the compass of poetry, and the whole family, except my father, agreed with her. He insisted that if it was a rhyme, it was such a one as every Christian child had regularly made since the creation of the world, for aught he knew. The worthy parson, who in country villages is the best and kindest umpire in the little divisions of his flock, was called in to decide the question. He accordingly determined in favour of each, as both were convinced ; the only way in fact in which such disputes can be decided, without making matters worse than they were before. It was thenceforth a settled point that I was to belong to that hopeful fry, called premature or promising geniuses—a class of unlucky beings, that like trees which blossom too early in the spring, are sure to be nipped by the frost, and to shed their fruits in blighted immaturity. They are first spoiled by the indiscreet admiration of the world, and then punished in the most bitter of all bitter ways—by the neglect and contempt of those who contributed to their ruin. There is no doubt, my friend, that nobody but the world is to blame for the vices and follies of genius.

“ At the age of eight years I was able to comprehend, by dint of continual repetition, that I was an extraordinary boy ; and one of the first things that an extraordinary boy discovers, is, that he was born to do just as he pleases. Indeed my poor mother often was so indiscreet as to repeat over and over again the hackneyed sayings, that genius was above all rules, that we must not judge hardly of its eccentricities and follies, or punish them with too much rigour, lest we should blight those exquisite sensibilities which are so essential to the composition of poetry and romance. I soon learned to interpret this as a license to do as I pleased, in spite of my father, who, by the way, was one of those abstractedly worthy men, who content themselves, for the most part, by letting their help-mates do as they please first, and then finding fault with them afterwards. Even in the worst of times, when my growing follies and accumulating transgressions almost broke my poor mother's heart, he would exclaim, ‘ I told you how it would be ! ’ and thus pamper his self-love, till he almost forgot his parental disappointment.

“ At ten years of age, when I had become ungovernable at home, I was sent to school, a place considered by parents of a certain class and character, a sort of asylum, a house of refuge for promising boys, who have been kept at home, till they are past all reformation. I have seen enough of this most indifferent of all possible worlds, to know that happiness and misery

genius, yet I had no great store of learning, and genius alone would not qualify me for college, or carry me through it, when I had got there. It was accordingly decided, that I should not go to a place where genius was not a sufficient substitute for learning. The honest schoolmaster, who wanted sadly to get rid of me, as a disgrace to his school, and a bad example to his scholars, advised my mother to keep me at home for the present, until I could make up my mind as to what trade I was to learn. 'Trade!' exclaimed the indignant lady—'A boy of genius learn a trade! Leave the house, sir, and never let me see your face again. Trade indeed! It will be much if he condescends to follow a profession.'

"I now remained quietly at home for some time, reading poetry and romance, and confining myself, exclusively, to the new works that came out. I had been taught, in fact, to believe that such had been the vast improvements lately introduced into all classes of literary productions, that it was lost time to read any work written thirty years ago. I one day happened to hear of an old poet called Homer, who was spoken of as the father of poetry, and borrowed his works of the parson. But never did I see such vulgar stuff—and I concluded that the father, as often happens, conferred very little honour on his offspring. I got as far, however, as where Achilles is represented broiling a chine of pork, and that sickened me. I was obliged to take a few pages of the 'Corsair,' which

had just come out, to get the smell of the pork gristlin out of my imagination. On another occasion, I was advised by an old-fashioned neighbour, to read Tom Jones. But I found it was quite a commonplace everyday production, entirely destitute of anything like 'powerful writing.' I accordingly sought refuge from its classic dulness, in the delightful pepper-pot dishes of the new school, where I buried myself in the gall of bitterness, the bonds of iniquity, and the honey of Hyblæan sentiment.

"Thus nurtured in the spicy bowers, and fanned by the Elysian gales of romantic seclusion, I grew up a tall handsome fellow, as you see, although I confess the honours of genius have weighed me down a little of late, and deducted somewhat from the attractions of my youthful days.

"Such as I was, both nature and education conspired to incline me to fall in love the first opportunity. Not that I meant to marry—no, no! by no means, that would have been contrary to the ethics I had so lately been, and was studying every day. Matrimony is the death of romance, as is in fact every thing that substitutes reality for imagination. I despised all commonplace sentiment, and was resolved, if possible, to be in love in a manner perfectly original, and as no other poet had ever been before. Accordingly I invented an abstract mistress, a pure and immaculate being, who so far from having been seen by the world, had not even been polluted by my own admiring gaze

—one who, in fact, never had and never could have an existence in this world at least, whatever she might have in another. She was my genius, my muse, my saint, my goddess; to her I addressed upwards of four hundred sonnets, in which I flatter myself I fairly exhausted every variety of human misery and human complaint. Finally, I came to a resolution to poison myself in a furious ode, in the style of the first models, after handsomely cursing the world, and all things in it, especially my false-hearted mistress Idealina.

“ Having finished my ode to my perfect satisfaction, I left it on my table, while I walked to cool myself. for you may depend upon it, the ode was as hot as a cannon ball just cast. In the interim, my mother happened to come into my room, which she called the poet's corner, and seeing the ode, began to read it with great avidity. Before she got through, she shrieked, and ran out of the room, crying ‘ help—help—murder!’—until she had collected my father and the whole household, who all asked with one voice what was the matter. ‘ Oh! he is dead—gone to his death-bed, all under the willow tree!’ she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

“ ‘ Who?’ cried my father.

“ ‘ My poet—my genius—my muse—my darling boy—he is poisoned—and all for love of a false-hearted woman.’

“ ‘ Where is he?’ exclaimed my father, who notwith-

THE POET'S TALE.

~~said~~ his terror. could not help adding—'I will
not know it would be.'

—Where is he?—bleaching in some pathless sol-
itude—or writhing in agonies of love and poison—or
~~poisoning~~ in the slow tortures of some deleterious upas.'

—By this time, the people of the house had dispersed
in different directions to search for my corpse. All
but my father, who would not stir a foot on any occa-
sion, without knowing the why and the wherefore.

—Who told you of this?'—said he.

—'There—there it is under his own hand,' replied
she, pointing to the table; 'he calls Apollo, and the
nine muses to witness the desperate—O! what a poet
is lost to the world!'

—My father took up my last dying speech and con-
fession, and notwithstanding his habitual apathy, was
somewhat alarmed at the solemnity with which I had
expressed my determination to be revenged on my
mistress, by poisoning myself.

—'Who is this Idealina?' exclaimed he.

—'O! I don't know—I don't know—some beautiful,
romantic damsel, I dare say, that lives in the woods,
and feeds upon honey and wild-flowers. One of the
Miss Dryads, I dare say—for I have often heard him
raving about one Hannah Dryad—deuce take her, for
being the death of my poor child.'

—By this time my father became seriously alarmed,
and was just on the point of sallying forth in search of

me, when I made my appearance. having been found by the people, carving the name of my *Idealina* on the virgin bark of a beech that nodded over a purling stream, in the most poetical style imaginable.

“ ‘ You undutiful boy!’ cried my mother. ‘ how could you think of swallowing poison? Here—here—take this bottle of sweet oil, and empty it as fast as possible. Perhaps it is not yet too late.’ ”

“ ‘ You undutiful rascal!’ exclaimed the old gentleman, ‘ how dared you take poison, without first consulting me? But I thought it would come to this at last. I often told you so, madam.’ ”

“ ‘ You told me no such thing,’ answered my mother, wiping away her tears.

“ ‘ Poison!’ at length cried I; ‘ Poison—who told you I had swallowed poison? I’m not yet come to that, I can tell you.’ ”

“ ‘ Who told us?’—interrupted my mother. ‘ Who told us you were poisoned? Why yourself—here it is in black and white, under your own hand—deny it if you can—here sir—here sir—look at this paper;’ and she handed me my suicidal ode.

“ ‘ Is that all?’ said I coolly, ‘ my dear madam how could you be so foolish as to believe I was in earnest? This is only what we call a poetical license. It is very likely I may threaten to kill my mistress, and commit half a dozen murders in verse, to-morrow or next day.’ ”

“ ‘ And you are not poisoned after all!’ exclaimed my delighted mother.

than a log cottage by the side of a rock-crested brook, that skirted the edge of a little grassy nook almost surrounded by woods of spritely saplings, often would she look at me with inexpressible expression, and when I could not comprehend her, fall to cuffing my ears with all the warmth of true affection. She was, however, singularly intelligent, and had a great deal of taste, for she always agreed with me in admiring my poetry.

“ But in process of time, I lost my mistress. Her father removed from the neighbourhood, and took her with him. She wept at parting, and I never saw her again till about ten years afterwards, when passing through the country in which the family had settled, we accidentally encountered each other. She ran towards me, kissed my cheek, looked affectionately into my eyes, and then fell to boxing my ears, from the mere force of habit.

“ Shortly after this bereavement, a young damsel came over from one of the little towns in New England, on a visit to one of our neighbours. This was an incident in our part of the country, where the presence of a stranger formed a new era. I don't know whether you have experienced it, but I have never failed to observe, that at a country church, or in a fashionable circle, a new face is the centre of attraction. If a belle, let the poor girls, whose faces have become as old as the north star, by being seen every day, beware of the recreant backslidings of their beaux; and if a beau, the poor

homespun jockeys must look out for breakers. The stranger will assuredly play the mischief among the old weatherbeaten attachments or preferences that have subsisted for years, and either bring them to the dead point of matrimony, or sever them for ever. I have, in my time, known six village sparkings broken off by one of these interlopers; and recollect when I was hanging about the skirts of the *bon ton*, to have seen double that number of desperate attachments dissevered for ever, by the intrusion of a stranger who is second cousin to an earl, and marched into the drawing-rooms behind the title of Honourable. In truth, the *quoad-hoc* hook, if a law term may be applied in the court of Cupid, is of most potent efficacy in catching gudgeons.

“ But besides this decisive advantage, the little Yankee girl was excessively pretty—as fresh and blooming as—upon my soul, though a poet, I am, to the disgrace of my cloth, at a loss for a simile—as fresh and blooming, and as plump as a little Dutch milliner. She was, indeed, too pretty for a comparison. Her cheek had the downy softness and bloom of the peach, and was ten times sweeter, as I thought, when it came to my turn to receive her forfeit at plays. Her teeth, saving the presence of my namesake, Mr Thomas Moore, were ten times whiter than snow, her breath ten times sweeter than that of the May-day morning, and her blood ran through her veins ten times faster than a mill-race, for it was in her cheek, in her fore-

head, in her fingers' ends, in her neck, in her bosom, and heaven knows where else, before you could say Jack Robinson. I was caught most poetically with the *quoad-hoc* hook, before she had been a week in the neighbourhoood.

"Heavens ! how my muse did clap her wings and crow, in sonnet, ode, and doleful ditty !

Curing the itch of fancy's ecstasy,
With brimstone poetry.

"The price of paper rose in the village, as if there had been a new revision of the tariff. All these, my fair Patience—for alas ! that was her name—received with smiles and blushes, and put into her bosom, where the white paper turned yellow with envy. We rambled, and rode, and walked arm in arm, and sometimes, between ourselves, romped together in the meadows among the hay-cocks, and I became distractedly in love—that is to say, according to the canons of poetry.

"In the autumn my pretty Patience was called home by her father, and we parted with mutual regrets, mingled with hopes of meeting again ere long. I promised to visit her, with the first rose of the spring, and gave it under my hand in the following poetical flourish.

I'll watch the earliest opening rose,
That blushes on the brow of spring ;
I'll catch the first warm breeze that blows,
The first blithe notes the birds shall sing ;

For they my harbingers shall be,
To woo a welcome smile from thee.

And when thou seest the opening rose,
Expand its tender leaves to meet
The balmy breeze that gently-blows—
Wilt thou the blushing stranger greet,
And blush like it, and think of me,
Who'll often—often, think of thee?

And when the little vagrant bird,
As through the budding wood you roam,
To trill his first blithe notes is heard,
Like some glad exile just come home—
Say will his notes more welcome be,
Because they bring a thought of me?

O! wilt thou hail the opening flower,
The zephyrs, and the birds of spring,
The sacred calm of evening's hour,
Because such thoughts they with them bring;
And welcome them with softer glee,
That they are harbingers of me?

“Time however glided away, and the light tread of the ever-passing moments gradually wore out the impression of my pretty Patience. Perhaps I might never have thought of her again, had it not been for a singular mode of reminding young fellows of these matters, lately brought much into vogue.

“One day I received a letter from the father of the young lady, charging me with winning her affections, promising her marriage, ruining her reputation, and

breaking her heart. These were serious charges, and serious ones they proved to us both in the sequel," said the poet, wiping his eyes, and his voice suddenly assuming a tone of deep sensibility. "I answered the letter," continued he, "and after professing what I really felt, an affectionate recollection and respect for his daughter, denied the charge most peremptorily. It was not long before I received a summons from Messrs John Doe and Richard Roe, to appear in court and answer for this breach of promise to the fair Patience. The damages were laid at five thousand dollars, which indeed would have been far too little, had I been guilty of the charges made in the declaration.

"When the trial came on, the court was crowded with idle, curious, and interested spectators, and in the midst of them, my pretty little Patience, sitting by the side of her father, a harsh, keen-looking man of about fifty, as it seemed. The sight of this little once blooming flower, now pale, and withered, and blighted, and thrown into the public arena, to be gazed upon, and pitied, and laughed at, and despised, by clowns and curious spinsters gathered from all quarters, cut me to the heart. I asked myself if it were possible, that all this was fairly to be laid to my charge—and my conscience pleaded half guilty. As I looked upon her, she turned her eye towards me, and we exchanged a glance of lightning. There was in hers, humility, shame, soul-subduing abasement,

entreaty, anguish, despair—every thing but reproach. She clung to the arm of her father to prevent her falling, and her eyes closed, as if to shut out herself from public view. I consulted my heart for a moment, and then approached the bitter-looking, obdurate father, and whispered in his ear—‘put off this cursed trial, and let me speak with you alone.’ He hesitated a little, and then with rather an ill grace, beckoned his counsel, and instructed him to postpone the proceedings till the next day.

“‘I will be with you in half an hour,’ said I to the old man.

“‘See that thou dost,’ he replied drily, and led away his daughter, who had never lifted up her eyes since the moment they had met mine. I followed shortly after to the old man’s house, and in a private interview professed my willingness, nay, anxiety to wed his daughter forthwith, if he and she were so disposed.

“‘What, you have come to your senses at last, hey! Thy pocket begins to tremble, hey! Five thousand dollars is not so easily got now-a-days, hey! Thou hadst rather lose thy liberty than thy money, hey! But come, I will send for the parson, and speak to my daughter. She knows better than to say nay.’

“My time was indeed come. The parson came—the young lady made no opposition, but looked not like a willing bride, and we were married. I carried her home the next day, where she was received by my father and mother, with no very warm welcome. I

had sworn to myself to treat her kindly, and it is now my consolation, amid all the desolation of my fate, that I think I kept my word. But I could do no more—it was not in the nature of man, at least, not in mine, to love a woman who had thus, as it were, forced herself into my arms. Beautiful and good as she was, I did not love her, and with the sure instinct of her sex, she saw and knew it. Women are much more clear-sighted than men in these matters; for love is the business of their lives, while it is only the occasional relaxation of men. She was the mildest, the most delicate, the most pure, and the most humble of wives, but I could not force my nature. The idea of the nauseous impudence, the sordid indelicacy of coming forth in the world, to force a man to marry her, or to furnish the means of purchasing another husband, was sickening, disgusting, intolerable. It was turning Cupid into a catchpole, and the court of love into a quarter-sessions. I got a habit of lounging away from home, and associating with idlers at taverns and elsewhere, that had a fatal influence over my future fate, and materially contributed to destroy the auguries of my poor mother.

“As for my pretty, pale, and pining Patience, she justified her name; and though evidently fading gradually away towards the valley of the shadow of death, never uttered a complaint, never heaved a sigh, never shed a tear, except perhaps over her babes, or in the presence of heaven. We had three children—but—

tain, one of those gorgeous displays of glorious beauty which sometimes deck the summer heaven. Neither poet nor painter could ever yet do justice to such a scene ; for when it is before our eyes, we forget every thing else ; and when absent, neither the memory nor the imagination can adequately recall its inimitable, indescribable beauties. If the love of the world were ever justifiable, it is in such a season, with such a sight before us.

“She contemplated it for a while, with meek and resigned pleasure, till the whole slowly faded into dingy obscurity, and the mists gradually enveloped the distant mountain. ‘It is passed away like a dream,’ she said, ‘and perhaps I may never see such another. How strange it is, that we see the sun rise and set, the morning dawn and the evening close, every day of our lives, without emotion, and without thought. Yet the idea of never seeing them again, is inexpressibly melancholy. It is so with you—you value me now, perhaps, only because I may not rise again to-morrow.’ I did justice to my heart and my feelings, and called God to witness the sincerity of my affection. She wept in silence a few minutes, and then added, ‘I believe you now—and now—now that I am on the brink of the silent grave, where all the secrets of the heart lie buried, I will tell you what I had once intended never to have told. I hope he, who has witnessed my silence, my struggles, my anguish, at voluntarily consenting to live the object of your secret contempt,

will pardon me for doing myself justice in my last moments. Cruel father!' cried she, wringing her hands—'you have had the sacrifice of my life, and will forgive me.' Then turning to me she continued:—

" ' You have despised me perhaps with good reason, as one who forgot the delicacy of her sex, and who was governed by the sordid love of money, when I publicly appeared in court, as it were to reverse the order of God and nature, and to demand of you the fulfilment of a promise you had never made. Alas! even if I had come there voluntarily, I was sufficiently punished when I caught that look of yours, which I have never forgotten. But I did not—I pledge my hopes of heaven, which are shortly to be realized, that I came not voluntarily to disgrace my sex, and belie the modest nature of a spotless virgin. I was by nature yielding and gentle. I believe,' said she, looking up in my face, ' you will give me credit for being so—and I had never known any parent but my father. He was of a rugged nature—harsh, and a lover of money. But let me not say more than is necessary to my own justification. I loved him not less than I ought—and I feared him beyond even the fear of every other being. When I returned from the visit in which we became acquainted, he abruptly asked me what I had done with my beau, or sweetheart, or some such phrase. I blushed, I believe, but pretended I did not comprehend him. He became violent, and insisted on knowing all. I had nothing to tell him

as you know, except that we had been much together, and that you had promised to come and see me—you may remember, with the first rose of the spring. “See that he does not forget,” said my father, and abruptly left me.

“ ‘ Nothing of consequence happened, until the following spring, except that I sometimes used to think to myself, whether you would keep your promise. One morning in May, my father came in where I was sitting, and holding up a full-blown rose, said to me significantly, “Do the roses bloom as early on the other side of the hills as they do here?” I understood him, but made no answer, though I should have liked to know whether they did or not. From this time, my father grew every day more harsh and unkind, and every new rose that bloomed seemed to add but to his ill humour. He taunted me about young women’s folly, and young men’s falsehood, till I was sick at heart, and my spirit, of which indeed I never had much, quite broken.

“ ‘ One day he came in to me, with an open letter in his hand, and his face distorted with passion. “There madam,” said he without preface, “there, read that precious letter. The rose may bloom a hundred summers, without the puppy coming.” It was your answer to my father’s demand, that you should come and fulfil the promise you never made ; and in which you treated me less harshly than I should have deserved to be treated, had I consented to the application. But as

I am about to die, and answer for all my transgressions, this was not one of them. I thought I should have sunk into the floor with shame and anguish. "And did you write him as from me, to threaten him, if he would not come and make me his wife?"

"I did," replied he; "and, what is more, I will make him do it, or pay dearly for refusing."

"What do you mean?" cried I.

"I mean to bring an action for a breach of promise—several of my neighbours' daughters have been snugly portioned off that way. Hey girl! the loss of one sweetheart helps in this way to get another. You shall appear against him."

"I appear against him—where?"

"In open court."

"Never!" I replied firmly, mustering up the little spirit heaven had given me. "I will walk into an open grave first."

"You will not?" said he, gradually working himself into one of those terrible passions he was subject to; "You will not?"

"No, dear father—I will die first."

"It is erroneously supposed that the higher and stronger passions are peculiarly the lot of the high-born and great, because they have been exclusively appropriated to them in romances and tragedies. Alas! I have reason to know otherwise; it is not necessary to be either high-born, refined, or elevated, to feel and to indulge the deepest, most vehement

passions. I believe this was the first time I had ever ventured to oppose the will of my parent, and its effects were terrible. His face blackened and wrinkled into convulsive deformity—his eyes grew wild, and glared with an unnatural expression I had never seen before, and clenching his hands upon his forehead, with a wild shriek he fell upon the floor, foaming at the mouth, and convulsed in the agonies of death, as it seemed to me. I kneeled down by his side, in terror that almost took away my senses, and cried out for help—but there was nobody within hearing. About ten minutes elapsed, perhaps, before the struggles subsided, during which he had bitten his tongue, till the blood flowed from his mouth into his bosom.

“ ‘Are you better, father?’ said I.

“ ‘He looked at me, with an expression of perfect unconsciousness—rubbed his nose and forehead—and shook his head rapidly from side to side, as if to get rid of some weight or incumbrance.

“ ‘Who are you?—what is your name?’—at length he said with a whispering hurried voice.

“ ‘Your poor daughter, sir.’

“ ‘I don’t know—I forget whether I ever had a daughter—what is my name—who am I?’ said he with an air of vacant wildness, that made me believe he had lost his senses entirely, and for ever. Gradually he came to himself, and to a recollection of what had passed. He spurned me from him, and called me a parricide that had destroyed him—and gradually

common spectacle in a court of justice. I thought, however, I should soon bury my shame in the grave, and it did not much matter. I am not afraid of the pangs of death, for nothing of its keenest agonies, can equal that I felt, when I caught your eye for the first time. The threats of my father, and the fear of causing his death by another fit, by my opposition, induced me to become your wife. What I have felt since, and with what bitterness I have schooled my spirit to submit without repining, to be despised by the husband I love, and whom it is my duty to love, I will not say. I have never had any motive to live, except the dear babes that have gone before me, and I have ever since pined for death, that I might be justified in your opinion. Against being suddenly summoned, I had provided by a little written narrative; but it seems to me now, that I should like you to know all this before I die.' Then looking me in the face, she said with a tender triumphant tone of confidence, 'Am I restored to your respect; do you no longer despise me?'

"I did not answer, but I received her into my arms, with more of speechless tenderness—of melting affection—of thrilling transport, than ever ardent bridegroom received the surrender of his blushing bride. 'I am going to my children,' softly whispered she, 'to tell them their father did not despise me.' The exhaustion of long talking, with the emotion of the subsequent scene, quite overpowered the wasted ener-

gies of life—the vital spark flickered in one last look of love, and then went out for ever.” Here the voice of the poet wavered and faltered, while he paused for a moment, and then resumed with more firmness.

“I have nothing to add to this, but a malediction upon the wretched avarice, the unnatural indelicacy, the heartless depravity of the parent, who can thus drag the shrinking delicacy of a virgin daughter before the public, to reverse the order of God and nature, in becoming suitor to the man who loves her not, either for his reluctant hand, or his filthy lucre. It must be the parent's doings, that so many cases of this kind disgrace the courts of justice in various parts of our country, and spot with indelible stains of indelicacy and shamelessness, that sex which when man ceases to honour, he becomes a barbarian, and whose respect when women cease to merit, they become despicable slaves to his caprices and brutality. Surely, young women brought up in a civilized land like this, can never voluntarily appeal to the laws, for a breach of that promise, the performance of which unwillingly must ensure their lasting misery, or consent to balm the wound of disappointment, with a worthless pecuniary compensation, sought at the price of public ridicule and contempt. I cannot believe it. They must be spurred on, threatened, enforced by unfeeling parents, alike insensible to love or shame.

“I followed my dear wife to the grave, and my only consolation as I stood and heard the clods fall with a

duller, and still duller sound, on her little tenement, was the recollection that even when I did not love her, I was kind to her gentle spirit. Let no one despise this balm of a wounded heart; for who has not, in mourning the loss of some dear relation, been bitterly conscious, that the keenest pang was that which accompanied the recollection of unkindness to the departed being. The rest of my tale will not delay you long.

“For a long time after this, the keenest calamity that has ever befallen me, I continued in a low-spirited, idle habit of mind, without the heart even to write poetry. By degrees, however, I returned to my old courses, and the buoyant saucy hopes of my youth again revived in my bosom. I came to a resolution of going to the great city, having often heard, and seen it written in many books, that great cities were the proper theatres for the exercise of great talents. Accordingly, having obtained the consent of my mother, and the disapprobation of the old gentleman, I packed up all my manuscripts, consisting of Odes, Sonnets, Romantic Ballads, Fragments of Cantos, Dramatic Scenes, and bloody-minded love stories, and departed on my pilgrimage to the summit of Parnassus. I had no fixed plans, nor definite expectations. All I knew was, that a man of genius was above all rules, and that the ordinary calculations of prudence, and the restraints of society, were equally beneath his attention. All the way on my journey, I floated on the Elysium of high and ardent anticipations. I figured to myself

by printing Pope's Works—a fourth by republishing two or three of the classics—a fifth had the effrontery to tell me that all sorts of poetry, except doggerel and heroic mixed up together, were a mere drug—and a sixth offered to publish for me, if I would purchase the paper, pay for the printing, and afterwards divide the profits. Who that was ever met in the first sanguine moments of inexperienced anticipation by such rebuffs as these, but can enter into my feelings, as, one by one, I opened these letters? At every one I felt as if I had been stabbed to the heart with a dagger of ice. My first impulse was to burn my poetry, and retire into a cave, there to let my hair grow and my tongue run without interruption. My second thought was more consoling; the pride of genius came to my aid, and brought in review before me all the glittering train of soothing phantoms, that so effectually administer to the alleviation of early disappointments. I recalled to mind all that I had ever read of the want of liberality in booksellers—the want of refinement in the rich—and the want of taste in the public. In conclusion, as I was pretty well supplied with money, I determined to accept the last-mentioned offer—publish my works at my own expense, and if the present generation would not buy them, bequeath them as a legacy to posterity.

Accordingly I launched my four bantlings at a single birth upon the town, and at an expense that emptied my pockets effectually. I could not sleep that night

for the exquisite delight of seeing my works lying side by side on the bookseller's shelves with Milton, Shakespeare, Homer, and a hundred other names of immortal materials. I took it as an omen that posterity at least would associate me with their glories. The first day the bookseller came very near selling a copy—but the negociation was broken off by the purchaser being tempted from the arms of my muse by the superior attraction of a Waverley novel. I went into the country for a month to wear my bays in retirement, as I have always been of opinion that a modest author should keep house at least a month after publication. At the expiration of the time, I returned to reap my honours. I hovered about the door of the bookseller, where, as I might truly say, was deposited 'the soul of the licentiate Garcia.' I walked back and forth, my heart beating a tattoo all the while, and pressed my hat over my eyes in the consciousness that every body that passed had their eyes upon me. At length I made a desperate rally, and forced myself in the entrenchment of the muses. Had I been a regular and practised hunter after fame, I should have seen at once, by the manner in which the bibliopole received me, that I was a gone man. I have since learned the tact, and can tell in a moment when a successful author enters the precincts of his Mecænas. Never is one man so happy to see another; so polite; so attentive to introduce him to every body, and to call him by name so loud that all around can

hear it. In short, nothing can equal his exceeding courtesy—until it comes to making a bargain. It was far otherwise with poor me. I was suffered to stand unnoticed, contemplating my four volumes, all in a row just where I left them, in seeming everlasting association with their illustrious companions. Not one had budged an inch; all had kept their ground manfully, as if determined to wait on the spot the award of posterity.

“Despair gave me courage. I boldly marched up to the bookseller, and asked him how matters went on. He ‘shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod,’ that, as it were, consigned me to despair, and my poems to oblivion. ‘Not one?’ said I, casting a look of woful reference to the groaning shelf. ‘Not one,’ replied he, shaking his head, ‘not a single one!’ I rushed out into the street with such reckless velocity, that I overturned a chimney-sweep who stood looking at the pictures in the window. On coming to my lodgings I found a letter, which arrived the day after I went into the country, and had been retained in consequence of their not knowing the place of my retreat. It brought me information that at another time would have levelled me with the dust; but at that moment, I confess with shame and sorrow, I felt more anguish at the premature death of my beloved poetical offspring than I did at reading that both my parents were in their graves. They died within two days of each other, of one of those fatal epidemics which every

dients, and banquets upon the exquisite variety of being one day luxuriating in wasteful exuberance, and the next wanting bread. One who, in short, ruins his health that he may enjoy the credit of dying of a broken heart, and perishes in wilful misery for the pleasure of being pitied, or held up as an example by moralists to the rising generation. Men of genius are indeed the most disinterested benefactors of mankind, since they voluntarily become martyrs, for the sake of affording the world an example of what to avoid. The sweetest notes of the feathered race are those of the dying swan; and the finest strains of the tuneful tribe are breathed in the anguish of pain, or the miseries of disappointment.

Our brightest thoughts are but the mind's disease,
Which, like autumnal leaves, show richest hues
When nipp'd and dying.

“ I would at any time be willing to perish miserably, if I could only be compared to the dying swan.

“ I considered myself as now exactly in the situation to be most coveted by a man of genius. I was without a profession, without friends, and without money. The world was all before me—yet I confess this advantage was in some degree balanced by the catchpole being occasionally in my rear. But a man of genius despises a catchpole, and defies John Doe and Richard Roe, together with all their works. I had now got over the

bitterness of a first disappointment, which is always the worst. Indeed I sometimes think that two or three severe and exemplary misfortunes at the early outset of life, are the happiest accidents in the world. They are like measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox in children, which purify and strengthen the constitution for the future struggles and hardships of life. I had schooled myself into resignation to the temporary neglect of the world, by calling to mind the long train of illustrious names, that during the age in which they lived, were poor and neglected, and to whom posterity has made glorious amends, by almost deifying their names, and adoring their works. I remembered that Milton sold his poems for twelve pounds, while a certain modern bard received half as many thousands—and that the first is destined to live for ever, while the last is already almost forgotten. In short, I became satisfied that the neglect of my poems was irrefragable evidence of their excellence, and the indifference of the present age an earnest of the devotion of posterity. I thanked heaven that I was not a fashionable poet, and set about writing with renewed spirit and vigour.

About this time I had the good fortune to get acquainted with an experienced author, by long habit become a perfect master of all the ingenious methods of tickling, coaxing, bullying, leading, and driving that indubitable original of *Æsop's ass in the lion's skin*, called the public. He was in fact completely schooled in all the arts of acquiring popularity, and from time

to time gave me lessons, which proved of great service in my pilgrimage to the shrine of immortality.

“ ‘Do you know anything of the science of puffing?’ said he to me one day.

“ ‘Nothing,’ replied I; ‘it is a science I never heard of before.’

“ ‘Pooh! ’tis no wonder your poems fell dead upon the bookseller’s counter. Did you ever publish in the newspapers that you were preparing a volume of poetry for the press, before you had written a line of it?’

“ ‘No,’ said I.

“ ‘Did you ever announce to the public their own impatience at its being delayed so long?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Did you never give out that the manuscript had been sold for a great price?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Did you never state, or cause it to be stated, that several thousand copies were vended the first day of its appearance?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Did you never send a copy of your book to some half a score of great men, and publish their answers if they happen to be civil, in half a score of newspapers?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘My good friend, you will never be a great poet while you live, whatever you may be after your death. You may have read Horace’s Art of Poetry, with

THE POET'S TALE.

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great advantage for aught I know, but the art of
Puffing is worth a dozen of the art of Poetry. Know,
thou egregious young man, that the readers of poetry
are divided into three distinct classes. The first, and
by far the smallest class, read it for the sake of the
fine and noble ideas, the touching sentiments, the
happy descriptions, and lofty truths it contains ; the
second, and much more numerous class, read it for
the sake of the tuneful jingling, or harmonious rum-
bling of the versification, and the interest of the story
which it developes ; the third, and by far the largest
class of all, is that which reads a book because it
is praised by the reviewers, and talked of among
fashionable people. To this last, the annunciation of
a book long before it makes its appearance, gives it
an air of public importance, similar to that which a
titled personage in England, or a great officer of state
acquires, by the notification of an intended visit to
some watering place, or to some fashionable resort.
He must be a great man, or people would not take
all this trouble about him. The alleged anxiety and
disappointment of the public, at the delay in the
appearance of the work, are another decisive proof of
its merits in the eyes of this numerous class ; and
when followed up in due time by the sum given for
the copyright, and the numbers sold the first day of
its appearance, altogether form an irresistible tempta-
tion to purchase the book. As to reading and yawn-
ing over it afterwards, that is little to the purpose.

The author lives, though his book may die the death of oblivion before the end of the year. Go thy ways, and forthwith announce to the public a second edition of thy poems ; and give out, at the same time, that the first, consisting of three thousand copies, has been all sold off for several months past.'

" ' A second edition ! ' said I, ' why I hav'n't sold a single copy of the first.'

" ' No matter—do as I bid you, and mark the result.' I did as my Mentor advised, though I give you my honour, being at that time somewhat raw, it went a little against my conscience. The advertisement appeared in an evening paper ; and the very next day twenty copies took unto themselves wings, and left the perch where they had been roosting for many melancholy months. Day after day others followed their example ; and as the advertisement spread my fame abroad, the distant booksellers sent in their orders, so that in a few months the whole edition went off, and I pocketed a pretty round sum. From this time I no longer thought of appealing to posterity, for which I began to feel a sovereign contempt. My name emerged from the shade to the sunshine of fashionable life. I was invited to soirées, promoted to the rank of a lion, dined with a rich broker, and feasted with the corporation on all solemn occasions. The very bank directors touched their hats as I passed, and the kite-flying squadron of Wall Street began to smell money in my pocket.

Two or three successful publications, happily ushered into the world, in conformity with the directions of my Mentor, made me quite rich ; and had I not considered it beneath a man of genius to save money, I might have bought into the new companies, and turned a penny pretty handsomely the wrong way. I resisted the seductions of the industrious runners that went about in those days, seeking for the gentlemen whose bowels yearn to make a lucky speculation, and spent my money like a man of genius, faster than I earned it. I considered my reputation and talents as an estate in fee-simple, and every book I should write as worth a specific sum of money, as certainly as a house, a farm, or any species of merchandise. So long, therefore, as I could draw upon my brains, I wanted no other banker. I was now the happiest of men—for I was a lion in the *bon-ton*, and no longer depended upon that infamous paymaster posterity.

“ But alas ! sir, reputation is a shooting star, which shines the brightest just as it is falling to the earth. It is like an estate held by an instrument without a seal—or like a pocket with a hole, which lets out every thing you put into it—or like a suit of embroidery which loses its lustre the longer it is worn,—in short, it is the football of fortune, now kicked up in the skies, and anon into a horse-pond. A criticism about this time came across the water, in some one of the magazines, in which I was accused of dulness and heterodoxy at one and the same time. Nobody knew

who wrote it—nobody cared whether it was true or not—but it did my business;—it came across the Atlantic, and was consecrated by the voyage. If I had only been wittily profligate it might have passed; but to be dull and wicked at the same time was unpardonable. My most ardent admirers began to find out, that, after all, they did not admire my poetry so much;—they, somehow or other, always thought, for their part, that it wanted something—they could not tell what—but something or other certainly was wanting. In short, they soon satisfied themselves that they did not like my poetry at all.

“The defection spread—my readers played ‘*La Petite Yorkiade*,’ as Napoleon has it, and went over to the enemy, horse and foot. My profits diminished, but my expenditures increased in the same ratio, which always sooner or later brings a man under the displeasure of his tailor. Instead of tasking my imagination to engender gigantic adventures, and soul-harrowing incidents, I applied it to the inglorious business of inventing excuses, and soliciting the indulgence of ignorant fractional parts of men, who pay no more respect to genius than a puppy does to a lamp-post. I know not how it is, but people who live in the world, know a man that, in the expressive phrase, is ‘hard run’ for money, from all the rest of his species. With the mass of mankind, too, the fear of the Lord is nothing to the fear of a person who

Wish as it were, as if he might, peradventure, want to borrow your money.

- It was not long before I had my three warnings. I was left out of the most splendid and fashionable ball of the season; I was cut by the broker; and I missed two corporation feasts in succession. To make an end of my story, Messrs John Doe and Richard Roe again took the field, and in little time chased me into this last haven of shipwrecked genius. Here I have been about three years, and to say the truth, I find it agreeable enough, all things considered. I have plenty of employment for my muse; for I write New-Year addresses, and am, besides, poet-laureate to a confectioner, who furnishes most of the parties about town. I have therefore the satisfaction of knowing that my works are repeated by the lips of youth and beauty; and that I still participate, as it were, in the delights of fashionable society. I have been offered a release, but I am resolved to spend the rest of my days in this snug poet's-corner. I consider, in fact, the supposed misfortune of being here, the greatest piece of good fortune that ever befell me, since it is the most decisive and undeniable evidence of my being a man of genius. When I am tired of living, I rather think I shall starve myself; and thus add another to the many proofs of the ingratitude of the world, and the melancholy destiny of genius."

SONGS AFTER BERANGER.

BY HENRY GLASSFORD BELL

I.—THE MAN OF HEREAFTER.

THEY'LL talk of his glory for many a day,
 Our children will name him when we are away ;
 No story but his will the cottage contain,
 And the peasant will tell it again and again ;—
 At night round their grandame the young will be found—
 "Speak of him," they will say, "for there's joy in the sound ;
 Speak of him, for you lived ere his bright star had set,
 And, mother, his country is proud of him yet."

"My children, he pass'd, many long years ago,
 Through this village of ours ;—'twas a beautiful show
 To see him surrounded by princes and kings,
 Who were glad in those days to come under his wings ;
 He wore a small hat and a mantle of gray,
 And seeing me gazing he bade me good-day ;—
 I trembled—' Good-day, my dear,' said he again,"—
 "He spoke to you, mother, he spoke to you then ?"

"Next year 'twas my fortune at Paris to see
 The whole nation for him hold a jubilee ;

Heaven gave him a son, and he came forth elate
To pledge at the altar his son to the state ;
His queen and his court and all Europe were there,
And shouts of ' God bless him ! ' made joyful the air ;
He bow'd to the people and smiled to his queen"—
" We envy you, mother, that day and that scene !"

" But war came again, and our troops seem'd to yield,
Although he at their head as of old took the field ;—
One night some one knock'd, and I open'd the door—
Holy saints ! 'twas himself who walk'd over the floor ;
His escort was small—he seem'd troubled and worn,
But still on his brow there was triumph and scorn ;
He sat himself down in that old oaken chair"—
" Ha ! mother, say on ! did the hero sit there ?"

" ' I am hungry,' he cried ; "so the table I spread,
And gave all I had, some weak wine and brown bread ;
He dried his wet clothes, then grew drowsy and slept—
I sat in a corner the whole night and wept ;
Starting up at the dawning, he call'd out—' Advance !
Under Paris we yet shall seek vengeance for France !'
The cup that he drank from was homely and old"—
" You still have it, mother !—a relic worth gold !"

" A relic, indeed ! But he went to his ruin. That crown
Which a pope had thrice bless'd from his proud head fell down ;
Far away on a rock it was said that he died,
But France on her love and his greatness relied ;
For many a day we believed he would come—
He was deep in our hearts—we were watchful and dumb ;
But he never return'd, and our tears flow'd at last,"—
" God blesses the tears, mother, shed for the past !"

II.—ROSETTE.

AH ! talk not thou of love to one
Whom forty heavy years oppress ;
Thy golden hours have but begun,
Mine have all sunk in weariness ;
Yet ere those wrinkles mark'd my brow,
I knew a simple fond grisette—
Ah ! would that I could love thee now
As once I loved my own Rosette !

Like queen upon a glittering throne
I see thee in thy splendour pass ;
Rosette came tripping forth alone,
Her small feet twinkling 'mong the grass ;
And in her eyes how deep the store
Of love when mine their soft glance met,
Ah ! would that I could love once more
As then I loved my own Rosette !

A thousand mirrors round thee shine
Reflecting all thy courtiers' faces ;
One mirror had that maid of mine,
But 'twas the mirror of the Graces !
No draperies to her couch had she,
But o'er it sunbeams wove a net ;
Ah ! would that I could feel for thee
As then I felt for my Rosette !

Full many a lyre in swelling tone
Has paid thy genius fitting meed ;
And yet I do not blush to own
'Twas all Rosette could do to read ;

But when a look could seal a vow,
For lack of words we did not fret—
Ah ! would that I could love thee now
As once I loved my own Rosette !

She had not half thy dazzling charms,
She had not half thy power to shine,
She never clasp'd me in her arms
With ardour more intense than thine ;
But she had all my youth—that store
Which I at length in vain regret—
Ah ! I can never love thee more
As once I loved my own Rosette !

III.—WHAT THE DEUCE HAS BROUGHT BACK SPRING ?

From my window I could see her
At her own all winter through ;
We loved before we knew each other,
And betwixt us kisses flew ;
The linden-trees, thank Heaven ! were leafless,
I was happy as a king !
Now they all resume their foliage—
What the deuce has brought back Spring ?

She who from her casement often
Fed the small birds 'midst the snow,
Now is hid from me completely,
By the flowers that round it blow ;

Do the flowers and leaves imagine
That they are so fine a thing ?
Snow is fifty times more lovely—
What the deuce has brought back Spring ?

I have seen her in the morning
As Aurora fresh and gay,
When she with her rosy fingers
Draws the curtains of the day ;
Like a setting star at evening
Smiles on me she used to fling ;
Now these verdant clouds obscure her—
What the deuce has brought back Spring ?

Winter, why not last for ever ?
When shall I behold again
Branches bare, and friendly hailstones
Pattering on the window pane ?
What to me blue skies and zephyrs,
All the joys that long days bring,
If it hides her window from me—
What the deuce has brought back Spring ?

THE METHODIST'S STORY.

IN the summer of 1805, my duty as a preacher called me to a village on the banks of the Connecticut river. I had been stationed in the same place fifteen years before, and had remained there as long a time as the rules of our order will allow. It was my fortune to reside there at the season of life, when the strongest friendships are formed, and an interest awakened in the people of our charge, which the rapid changes and growing insensibility of future life prevent our feeling so earnestly again. The people were simple and contented, as they are usually found in places that have no connexion with the busy world ; there were some above the common order ; one or two had borne an active part in the service of their country, and had now retired to this comparative solitude to pass their declining years.

One of these was an officer of the Revolution, whose grave and manly appearance in the church had always interested me. I had observed that he regularly attended church, and seemed interested in the duty.

He led with him two beautiful children, one in each hand: the elder, a boy, whose playful activity could hardly be subdued, even by his manifest awe of his father, into proper reverence for the day; the other, a girl, with one of those sweet and pensive countenances, which seem as if they were saddened by a prophetic consciousness of future calamities. His air was uncommonly graceful as he returned the friendly civilities of those who passed him on his way; and their treatment, always sufficiently expressive of their feeling, made it evident that he was looked upon with respect—perhaps with affection.

The interest which I felt in this man increased with acquaintance. He talked on all subjects with judgment, sometimes with eloquence; he was not unwilling to converse on that of religion. He evidently had read with interest and attention the Bible that kept its station in his little parlour, and often spoke of it with admiration and fervour. I had observed too that he seemed constantly studying the visible world for proofs of divine benevolence; and he told me that the sight of the heaven, in its delicious blue, its stormy magnificence, or its midnight splendour, always inspired him with devotion. But when I spoke of the awful mysteries of our faith, he was silent, and listened without sympathy. I must do him the justice to say that his life was religious, and all bore him witness that he was upright, generous, and kind. There was, however, one melancholy failing; he was subject to

fits of ungovernable passion ; soon calmed it is true, and apparently by a mighty effort, but dreadful while they lasted, especially to his children ; or I might say to his child, for the eye of the boy flashed, and his cheek reddened as his father spoke to him in the tones of passion ; the girl sat terrified and still ; her warmest expression of resentment never went beyond a tear. These interruptions of their happiness were not frequent ; but a mother's care was much needed to control the one, and sustain the delicate spirit of the other. Their mother died in their childhood, when they were too young to feel her loss.

I am now an old man ; but I remember, as if it were yesterday, the last evening I passed with this family, who always welcomed me with the fervour of youth to their mansion, where I was loved as I shall be loved no more. It was distant from the public road, and half hidden by a fine grove of white pines ; after passing a rude gate among the trees, you saw the house before you on a spacious lawn, surrounded by a hedge inclosing a flower garden, and formed of the sweetbrier and the native thorn. That evening the father was seated before his door, apparently gazing at the red sunset light upon the pines, while the children were playing near an old military horse which was soberly grazing on the lawn. As I came up, the boy had just succeeded in mounting the charger, and had given him the word of command to march ; it was obeyed with such unlooked-for spirit that his poor rider

could not recall the military phrase to stop him till the horse had cleared the gate, which stood in the line of his march ; then he stood still as marble at the word halt, pronounced by the deep voice of the father. I came up in time to congratulate him upon his commencement of his military career, which his father assured him had ended much more prosperously than his own. The father related to us many of his adventures during the war, which he seldom mentioned, to relieve the sadness which we all felt in thinking of our approaching separation. When the evening was far spent, I took leave of them ; but as I returned the manly grasp of the father's hand, and the embraces of the children, I was oppressed with a foreboding sadness ; perhaps I have a strong leaning to superstition, but there was an expression that haunted me long after, in the thoughtful and lovely face of the little girl, as she bade me an affectionate farewell.

I was returning to this place after the long absence I have mentioned. The evening of my return seemed precisely like that of my departure : the sun cast its warm red glow upon the pines, the rosy clouds were as smoothly painted in the waters of the river as in the upper sky, and the smoke was rising above the trees, seeming to the imagination like that most acceptable sacrifice, the incense of a domestic altar. Every thing appeared the same ; but I knew all could not be the same. The same forests were there in their melancholy beauty—the same unconscious river

cannot describe, though I have seen and felt it more than once ; it gave me the assurance that the volume which lay open near her, had relieved her loneliness and sorrow, and would yet strengthen her to enter the vale of death. She was the last of her family, and I found the prophetic feeling that she was destined to misery, which had once haunted me, was now too sadly fulfilled.

She had known me the moment I entered ; and after recovering a little she told me in a low voice how happy she was to meet me again. I had often observed that she listened to my conversation with her father, and the changes of her countenance had shown how much she was interested. Now I found that she had embraced Christianity as her support ; poor girl ! she needed it all, before her short duty on earth was done. In her childhood, when free from care, she was pale and thoughtful ; in the last stage of her sad life she was calm, and but for one remembrance, happy ; like some star, beautiful in the tears of the morning, but far lovelier in the warm radiance of the evening sky.

She told me that her father continued the same for some years after I left them. His hair might have grown whiter, but his mind was as resolute, and his step as firm as ever. He had little society beside that of his children, whom he loved with manly affection ; but he knew not what care was necessary to form their dispositions ; and instead of teaching them the princi-

shooting down to the horizon, and at intervals the heavy thunder came from the distance, and rolled far off upon the wind. Seeing that his son took no precautions against the shower, the father sternly asked him why he neglected it. He answered negligently that the storm would not come near them. This was followed by a command, and the command by a reply, till both were in a furious passion. The father's brow was black with ungovernable wrath, and his daughter came up just as he had charged his son to quit his house, and never enter it again : the effect was terrible ; the young man's face grew icy pale as he cast one glance of defiance at his father, and moved quickly away. It was too late for his sister to follow him, and overcome with agony, she fainted at her father's feet.

When she recovered, the storm was rolling over them in all its power. Her father was bending over her, with an expression in which anger had given place to sorrow and self-reproach. Thinking only of her brother, she said, eagerly, "he will return ;" but her father made her no reply. He was meditating on his son's resemblance to himself, and he felt that if he had been so driven from the house of his father, his pride would not suffer him to return ; in truth, he had parted from his father in anger, when he entered the service of his country, and had only returned in time to receive a last blessing and to close his eyes. The remembrance of his remorse urged him to follow and seek a reconciliation with his son ; but whither should

he follow him? The night went down in the storm; he kissed his daughter with unusual tenderness, and retired to his chamber; but she heard the low sound of his steps, pacing the floor above her, through the whole of that melancholy night.

The next morning at daybreak, her father had mounted his horse and was riding towards New York. Something seemed to whisper that his son would be found preparing to go to sea. He went on, only halting when his wearied horse required it, paying no regard to the objects on his way, and reached the city early on the morning of the second day. He made a few hasty inquiries of a friend, who told him that his son was to sail the same morning, and gave him the name of the vessel. He hurried to the wharf, and was told by an old seaman, who stood gazing at some distant object, that the vessel had sailed a little before; he pointed as he spoke, and the miserable father saw the ship that contained his son, standing gallantly out to sea. For some time, he paced the wharf, utterly unconscious of the gaze of the strangers round him; every eye was bent on him, with an expression of surprise and compassion; indeed, every one who observes the feelings of the crowd, will see that suffering of mind is regarded with a respectful tenderness which nothing else commands. When he recovered recollection, he returned to his home, like a mourner from a new-made grave; and as his daughter welcomed him with a kindness that met with no reply, she felt that

from that moment it was her duty to relieve his sorrow, and fold a mantle over her own.

For more than a year he continued in the same painful state of gloom. He sat, every fair day, before his door, apparently looking-abroad upon nature ; but he no longer found a charm either in the beauty of the earth or sky. Sometimes his neighbours would visit him ; but they wanted address to engage his attention, and at last, weary of unavailing efforts, they ceased to come near his door. But every one pitied the lovely girl, who thus enslaved herself to her father ; and many a look of honest admiration was cast on her, as she walked with him to the village church, and sat, rapt in the solemn service, which he hardly seemed to hear. It was evident to all that she was wasting with care ; and the light colour on her cheek, instead of being mistaken for health, was truly likened to the prophetic red of autumn, "signifying what death she should die." All would have reproached him with thus sacrificing his child ; but they were touched by his altered look ; for his stooping frame and faltering step showed that he could no longer defy the grave, and she was left to sustain him in his desolation, like the frail ivy on the shattered ruin, forced to bind together and uphold the fabric, from which it should have received support.

One morning, late in autumn, as he sat looking over the newspaper, which was the only thing that interested

ago ; you must go fifty fathom deep to hold any communication with him now." Could such an answer have been given ? It was given, and it fell on the old man's heart, like a thunderbolt falling from an unclouded sky. For a minute he was stunned with the blow : he then slowly clasped his hands, and said " God is just ;" the words were resignation ; the feeling was despair.

As he came to his house, on returning, his daughter, who had watched unceasingly for his coming, saw him at a distance, and gave a scream of delight ; but the next moment she saw that he came alone. He came slowly, and seemed unconscious that he was near his home ; and the moment she could read his countenance there was nothing left for words to tell. But she fainted not, she uttered no cry : and though her heart swelled almost to bursting, she appeared calm as ever, while she assisted him to dismount from his horse, and supported him to the door. As she took his hat and staff, he said, as if to himself, " I shall never want them more," and went directly to the bed, from which he never rose again. On the third day, as she was sitting by his bedside, he took her hand and pressed it fervently ; his eyes were bent on her with admiring affection ; his lips moved as if in prayer, and he expired so calmly, that only the coldness of the hand which she held in her own, informed her that she was left alone with God.

Alone in the world she was, but not forsaken. She

walked humbly under the burden of her misfortunes ; perhaps she sometimes wondered why it could not have been lighter, but she bowed with resignation to the sorrow of " hearts divided and hopes destroyed." Her singular unhappiness, as well as her excellence and loveliness, excited a general interest ; all were desirous to make her an inmate in their family ; but she gratefully declined their kindness, knowing that her days were numbered, and wishing to pass from the house of mourning to the " house not made with hands." But she did not give way to selfish sorrow ; she went about the duties of her household and her usual walks of charity ; even her little garden began to brighten and bloom again ; but her heart was far away. The disorder she had inherited from her mother, was rapidly doing the office of kindness, and was welcomed as a blessing. I remained with her, as she desired, through the short time she had yet to live ; and never in my life did I see a more affecting example of the power of religion to bind up the broken heart. She came near the grave without feeling any of its chillness : she was calm as in the best days of her life, and though she had not the least enthusiasm, it seemed as if her eyes were gazing at times on the glories of another world, before they were closed to this. In the last hour of life " her face was as an angel's ;" she endeavoured to express to the friends who stood weeping round her, her gratitude, wishes, and affection, but her strength was gone ; she could

only say, and I felt the last faint pressure of her hand as she spoke, "I cannot thank you now—but, there"—she pointed upward; her eyes expressed what she could not say, and her spirit passed as happily as ever soul was rendered back to God.

When the sad procession left the house on the day of the funeral, I took a long and earnest look at a place which I determined never to see again. By the accidents of life, my affections had been fixed on this devoted family; and I knew not till they were gone, how desolate this world can be. There was a mild transparency in the air, and a sabbath stillness on the bright face of nature; for the men of the village suspended their cares, and came to mourn for the loveliest of its children. The maidens, once her companions, were oppressed with sorrow, and their tears flowed fast in silence; the aged walked in the dignity of manly sadness; they felt that when the young were taken, their hour could not be distant; the passing stranger uncovered his head, and waited in silent reverence while the procession went by; and as the tones of the plaintive bell floated far upon the landscape, the sounds fell heavily on every heart. Mourners in ordinary language there were none, but all were mourners; for even the cold world feels as if it has lost something, when the excellent, however lowly, are taken away. While the coffin was lowered into the grave, a suppressed voice of weeping was heard through all the people. I was breathless and cold; an iron

A TALE OF POICTIERS.

TRULY, too truly, has our poet sung—

“ These are not the romantic times,
So beautiful in Spenser’s rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy.”

We are in this age poor indeed in those incidents which grace the page of fiction or romance. The world, philosophers say, is daily improving, but surely not for the novel-writer; each successive year adds new territory to the domains of fact, and subtracts from those of imagination. But let the writer of romance rejoice that he is not compelled to conform to the reigning spirit of the day; no, the lenient public; well knowing that this prosaic age would clip the wings of genius, however lofty his flight, kindly gives, or indeed rather forces upon him a *passe-par-tout*, thereby enabling him to place wherever he will the creatures of imagination. And right glad must he be, (we speak from our own heart,) to avail himself of this permission, to gild his pictures with all the splendour of chivalry; or, as it best pleases him, to wrap

them in the awful gloom which still enshrouds earlier times. For ourselves, we regard Froissart with as much veneration as ever Catholics did patron saint ; we tell his pages as they their beads, after each one sending up thanks that such a chronicler is granted us ; without him we should be helpless, and forced to content ourselves with dull inaction ; with him we dare every thing ; even to paint the scenes which he has so brilliantly depicted—to introduce the characters he has drawn so truly to the life ; and having thus signified our audacious intention, we will, in our capacity of gentleman-usher, if not in that of enchanter, wave our wand, and—here they are.

It was near the close of a sultry day in the month of September, A.D. 1356, that the Black Prince halted his now small army, some five leagues from the celebrated plains of Poitiers. Tents were quickly pitched, pennons and banners were displayed before them, and the knights divesting themselves of their armour, gazed eagerly and anxiously on the fertile plains spread before them ; while their retainers, collected in groups, devoured the food which was distributed, or, relieved of their heavy gambesons, lazily stretched themselves on the greensward, regardless of the past, careless of the future. These and other similar preparations manifested that they had halted for the night ; and indeed they were gradually retiring to their tents, to seek that repose which was to fit them

for the labours of the ensuing day, when a knight, attired in the close-bodied leather suit which the nobles wore under their armour, presented himself at the entrance of the Black Prince's pavilion, in the centre of the camp; and greeting with a familiar nod Sir John Chandos, who was standing in front of the tent, said—"Well, Sir John, may I have access to the Prince?"

"Surely, my lord," said the chamberlain, raising at the same time, with his sheathed sword, the curtain which hung before the entrance, and the noble entered. It fell behind him, and he remained alone with the young Edward; then doffing his velvet cap of state, and bending low his knee, he saluted him.

"What now, my lord?" said the Prince, looking kindly upon him, "a boon to ask?"

"Have I your permission to absent myself one short day, with my esquire alone?"

"Thou hast it; but from other knight than the Lord Denys de Morbeque, I had required the reason. Thou knowest that we expect the French to rise in sight ere the morrow's sun shall set; if thou art absent from the approaching fight, the wreath no longer decks thy helm."

"Should the wreath fall from my brows," said the noble proudly, "there shall many a chaplet be torn from the helmets of yonder host to replace it."

"'Tis well, sir Denys, farewell." The knight, again bowing low, left the pavilion. He passed rapidly through

the camp, greeted with familiar or respectful salutation as he met them, his equals or inferiors, and soon reached his own tent, around which his retainers were stretched on the ground, one and all proclaiming the power of the drowsy god ; for though some few were not yet actually wrapt in his embrace, yet the lazy and sleepy tones of their voices predicted their speedy fate. This was, however, for the present arrested by the loud call—"My arms and horse !" which roused the whole band. "Hawkestone," cried the knight, "my arms and steed." The squire of the body speedily obeyed his lord's command, and, saving the helmet, in lieu of which he placed on his head the light bacinet, he was soon attired in a complete suit of the plate-armour worn at that period. A retainer now led out the powerful war-horse fully caparisoned, "barded from counter to tail ;" and as he held the stirrup, the knight bounded on the steed. "Allestry !" and a second squire bowed low, "Allestry, you will head the band till I return ; there is my banner," he said, pointing to it as it waved at the entrance of the tent, "see it be as bright then as now." The young warrior's eye flashed at the implied doubt, but again bowing, he said nothing. The noble now bade his squire of the body prepare to attend him instantly ; he vanished to obey the welcome mandate, and soon re-appeared, armed and mounted in a style not much inferior to that of his lord, and bearing at his saddle-bow his war helmet : the knight at once set spurs to his horse, and

went off at a round pace, receiving the farewell shout of his band.

The livelong night they rode, the squire following implicitly his master, who indeed seemed to be familiar with the country, ever pursuing his course without an instant's hesitation. As the sun rose they reached the top of a long ridge, up which they had been some time toiling, and a wide expanse of country spread itself before them: hill and dale, river and wood, castle and cottage, were to be seen; but the knight staying not to gaze, instantly turned his horse down the other side of the acclivity towards a castle, which far in the distance would, by the casual observer, have been almost unnoticed, but which was pointed out to Hawkestone with the remark, "that is our goal." Two hours sharp riding brought them so near it, that they were marked by the warder, who was pacing forth his morning round; he had spied them already at a distance, and wondered at their rapid progress; but when he saw them directing their steeds towards the Castle of Marneil, he scanned them more closely, and was about to shout the warning cry; but the knight, as he drew near and raised his face, unhidden by the bacinet, was immediately recognised, and the warder proclaimed loudly—"Morbeque! Morbeque!" The words were re-echoed by all the inmates of the castle; for, instigated by a similar curiosity, they had collected at the loopholes and other apertures, to see who the stranger might be; these few accents indeed seemed to have

the power of magic ; the drawbridge fell—the portcullis rose—and the warder left free the passage for the knight, who now dashed at full speed into the courtyard, flung the reins to his attendant, and springing into the hall, received in his arms the Lady Blanche de Marneil.

“ Dearest ! look up ;” said the knight, perceiving that she spoke not, but seeing that she had nearly swooned, he reluctantly resigned her to her attendants, who bore her to an adjoining apartment, and using the restoratives, common at that time as well as this, she ere long revived ; but while this is proceeding, we will attempt a description of the room in which she lay. It was a fine specimen of that architecture, which, three centuries previous, the bold Normans had introduced into England : the painted windows deep set in their embrasures, the walls hung with blue damask—the couch covered with cloth of gold—the harp inlaid with the same precious metal, all proclaimed the rich and powerful noble ; and the black silk robe dropped with silver, and the wimple of sendal embroidered with gold, which constituted the chief attire of the lady, alike declared her wealth and rank.

As the lady revived, she gazed wildly around, but at length, fixing her eye upon the knight, she said,

“ And is it indeed you, Denys ? and no fair vision to cheat my poor sight ?”

“ It is indeed thy Denys,” said the knight, now at her feet, and covering her hand with kisses. The lady

then bidding her attendant leave the room, said, "And whence art thou now come? and art thou long to stay?"

"Ah, Blanche," replied the knight, avoiding an answer to her first question, "thou knowest that the field is the warrior's only home."

"A long and weary time hast thou been absent, Morbeque."

"For me, centuries have rolled on in torturing anguish since I saw thee."

"But whence art thou come? Although it matters not, for to me thou seemest from heaven; yet on what angel's wings didst thou descend?"

A dark cloud passed over the features of her lover, as he said although firmly, still with some constraint manifest in his voice—

"To thee it will seem the destroying fiend; the English host is but some twenty leagues distant from this castle."

"The English host!" shrieked the lady, "what dost thou with them? the French, where are they?"

"To the French I am a deadly foe."

"Though art a Frenchman, Morbeque; this is thy native land, and dost thou cast it off?"

"My country cast me off," said the knight, bitterly, "and now I have the power to wreak my wrongs upon my foes, thinkest thou that I have not the will?"

"And dost thou think, Morbeque," said the lady, withdrawing her hand, which as yet he had held,

"dost thou think, proud man, that I will smile upon a traitor?"

"Lady," said the knight, retorting her cold tone, and rising from his knee, "it is to wash that stain from my scutcheon, that I have now landed in France. Whence has all my misery sprung," he continued, increasing in vehemence as he proceeded, "if 'tis not from this land? Was not the lying caitiff that dared brand my name with treachery, a Frenchman? Was not the monarch that denied me combat with that caitiff, the king of France? Were not all my persecutors Frenchmen? Ay! and they shall rue their birth; but chief of all the false traitor Montigny."

"Denys, one course still remains to thee. The king hath but lately offered thee trial by combat; present thyself at the French camp: cause the false villain to confess his treachery, and then thy name freed from every shadow of doubt, return here, not to be more beloved by me, but to receive this pledge of love, my hand." Her voice failed not, and, filled with her high purpose, she blushed not even as she spoke; but steadily regarded the knight, who (forgive him!) seemed, as he felt the soft pressure of her hand, to waver; but it was only for a moment; and he then sadly said—

"No Blanche, thus it cannot be; allied to thee, my lance must be couched, and my sword wielded against the English, who in my hour of darkness have alone shed light upon my path."

“Think of them as thy country’s foes, and ”——

“No,” said the knight, gloomily and firmly, “listen to my tale, and hear that it cannot be.—Thus cast off by all the world, save thee, I fled to England ; to the royal Edward ; and the natural foes of my native land became my friends. I fled to him as one by whose aid I might revenge my wrongs. He heard my tale, and promised me redress ; he gave me lands ; he gave me wealth ; he would have given me a noble bride,” said the knight, bitterly. “All, all I accepted, save the last, and I swore to repay him well in France : here I now am ; to-morrow’s sun shall set on thousands of corpses, and shall it then be said that Sir Denys de Morbeque raised his arm against the Black Prince ? Shall it even be said that the English host was massacred to a man, while a few leagues distant, the good knight was toying in the arms of his lady-love, and had given his brand to her damsels to keep ? No ! no ! thou temptest me strongly, Blanche, but my honour is a firm defence. Yet,” said he, more warmly, as the cloud half passed from his brow, “listen to me, and all may still be well : to-morrow’s sun shall not set on Hugh de Montigny alive ; my honour shall be cleared in the field, whether the English conquer or are vanquished ; and rest assured that if they yield, Morbeque will not live to grace the victor’s triumph. If, as I think, yet scarce would wish to see, the *oriflamme* falls, then dost thou not believe that the young Edward can wrench from John this castle with its wide

domains ? Or yield thyself to me, under English banners, and the Castle of Marneil shall be richly made up, by broad lands in merry England."

"Now, by our lady, dost thou think me a slave, that thou profferest this ? What ! shall my true vassals be given as a guerdon to the best lance ? Shall I too, yield these possessions of my father's, to wend with thee to foreign lands, dependent on the bounty of that prince who now is laying waste my native country ? No, my lord, if other hopes you have none, farewell at once, for this indeed must not be," and she turned from the knight to the embrasure of the nearest window.

"Fiends of hell," muttered Morbeque, as he paced rapidly up and down the apartment, "I am unworthy of myself—unworthy of her, to offer this ; but hear me, Blanche," he said aloud, "I meant not this: thou urgest me to despair, and then reproachest my frenzy ; hear me," he repeated in a louder and more impetuous tone ; "by heaven, I would not thus receive thee."

"No, my lord," said the lady, fixing her dark eyes full upon him, "I have made a strange offer, and it has been yet more strangely received ; I indeed believe with thee, that we must part ;" but losing at once her cold offended tone, and advancing towards the knight, she said, "thou sayest thy obligations to the English king are great ; art not thou bound by stronger ties to thy country ? thou hast not yet given the first blow to the liberties of thy native land ; and beware how thou dost it ; for by the spotless Virgin, when thou liftest

thine arm against France, I cast thee off for ever !” and raising her beaming eyes to heaven, she seemed sacrificing at the shrine of patriotism all hopes of earthly happiness, so pale, so sad was her countenance; but the indignant knight knelt not to supplicate.

“ By heaven, even thy soft hand shall not stain my shield ; no, my Lady de Marneil, not for the sake of heaven, not for the sake of thee, will I thus prove my right to the name of traitor—farewell !” He turned and left the room. The lady’s spirit could no longer sustain itself under this load of misery; she sank upon the couch in an agony of tears. Nor did the resentment of the knight long oppose his love ; he had not traversed half the length of the hall, ere he turned, flung open the door of the apartment, and throwing himself at the lady’s feet, “ must we thus part ?” he cried, “ it cannot be ; say, say once more farewell.”

“ Oh, Morbeque !” said the lady, and yielding to his embrace, she wept upon his shoulder ; the knight clasped her to his heart ; then not daring to trust himself longer, gently laid her on the couch, and rushed from her presence. Twice he turned his steps, but twice he again resumed his course ; and as his squire entered from the court-yard, springing forward, he cried, “ my horse !” then darted past his startled attendant, bounded on his steed, and went off with the rapidity of a meteor. Hawkestone staid not to gaze, but venting an oath of anger and surprise, mounted and followed him.

"Morbeque!" cried the lady, "he has gone, lost to me for ever!" and senseless she sank upon the couch: her attendants hastened to her assistance, but it was long ere she revived, and then it was but to shriek and wail; at times calling on Morbeque, at others execrating her own cruelty.

Here we must leave her, and join the English army, which towards the close of the same day on which the events last mentioned took place, had halted but two leagues distant from the French; and the Prince of Wales, attended by many of his chief nobles, was holding in front of the camp a grand council of war, to discuss the measures to be pursued. Their critical situation was now no secret; it was well known to all that their force, not exceeding at the utmost eight thousand men, was to be attacked on the ensuing day by seven times their number, and though no one had as yet even whispered a surrender, a retreat had been very generally spoken of throughout the camp. In the present council, however, both had become subjects of discussion; and the young Edward, indignant at the mention of the one, and maddened almost to frenzy by that of the other, wished for nothing so much as to break off the conference, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a knight, who, afar off, and followed by but one attendant, was seen urging to full speed his war-horse in the direction of the camp. As the rider approached, the Prince recognised him, and glad of the interruption, cried, "Morbeque, by

St George ! I well knew he would not fail me." As he spoke, the knight cried aloud, "the French, my lord, are within a league's distance, and moving rapidly towards us ;" and he reined in his steed to pay his obeisance to the Prince, but the noble animal was no longer able to support the burden ; he stumbled and fell : " he bore me well away from them," said the knight in a sad tone, as he freed himself from the saddle, " but I could almost wish that he had fallen there, and given me to their swords."

" Back, my lords," said the Prince hastily to those who stood around him, "and prepare the army for combat ;" then turning to Morbeque, he said, "what now, my lord, what means this fear ?"

" Fear ! I know it not ; but you, my Lord Prince, couch your lance, and raise your sword against your country's foes ; I against those of my own land, my brethren, my own sovereign ; and can you not believe that I feel as if 'twere well I had fallen to-day by the lances of my pursuers, before such blood should stain my blade ?"

" Lances, said you, Sir Denys de Morbeque ? the dungeon and the cord would have been your fate ; if naught else can stir you up, remember Montigny."

" Ay ! ay !" said the knight, the deep gloom which had settled over his countenance breaking away as the light flashed from his eye, " thou touchest the right string, and with a master hand ; I'll serve thee to the death—set on." As he spoke, the sound of the trump

broke faintly on the ear of the Prince ; “ ha ! this is no time for dallying ; by heaven, they come ! away, sir knight ”—and dashing the spurs in his horse, he rode furiously up the hill. Hawkestone had already prepared another steed for his lord, and mounting, he rode up to his band, who received him with loud and cheering shouts. But let not the reader suppose from this conversation, that the Black Prince wished by any crafty excitement of the passions of Morbeque, to secure so good a lance in the approaching contest ; no ! such base thoughts never would have been reflected from the “ mirror of chivalry ; ” he conceived that all the ties that bound the knight to his country were severed, and he bade him revenge his wrongs, as he himself would have done in the same case.

The sun was just throwing his parting rays across the plain at the foot of the declivity on which the English were posted, when the French vanguard appeared in sight on a rising ground, that terminated the plain at about half a league’s distance.

“ Now, by St George,” cried the English Prince, as the troops poured down the hill, “ the confiding braggarts throw themselves into the plain : ” but his hopes were disappointed ; for as the main body came up, the vanguard was recalled, and the French, by pitching their tents on the hill, gave sufficient evidence that they purposed to remain there during the night, deferring the combat to the ensuing day. On seeing this, the English army was also ordered to repose, to

prepare them for the arduous conflict that threatened them. Night came slowly on—passed—the day broke—the sun rose, and gilded with his rising beams the armed chivalry of the rival nations. It was a day most unfit for strife, the Sabbath: it was a fearful celebration of the holy day, and yet it was a brilliant one. On the declivity which they had occupied during the preceding night, was arrayed the whole of England's force, a small but goodly band: disease had thinned its ranks, the sword was now to continue the destruction. The Black Prince, attired in the polished steel armour which he ever wore, with the black surcoat thrown over his shoulder, mounted on a steed caparisoned in the same sable colour, gazed on the field, his bright eye undimmed by his knowledge of the dubious nature of the strife into which he was about to enter; the standard of his royal father waved before him, while all around floated the banners and pennons of his knights. On the hill where they had been posted on the preceding evening, was drawn up the French host: right brilliant was the sight; their king, attired in royal armour, and with the sacred oriflamme of his country planted before him, was attended by a gallant band of nobles; sixty thousand men there were that day drawn up on the plains of Maupertuis. All was now silent; the soldiers in either army instantly expected the opposing monarch to lead down his followers to the plain; when the wish of the Prince of Wales was suddenly granted, and the troops of France poured

in fearful numbers into the vale below. The final preparations for the deadly strife were quickly made by the less numerous body ; but the sun was high in the heaven ere the French were arrayed in battle order. "By St Edward," cried the Black Prince, as the last division of the foe drew off to its position, "these lazy Frenchers must be roused ; Sir James Audley, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt," he said to two knights near him, who, in compliance with the custom of the time, had requested to be chosen to commence the charge, "your prayers are granted, set on ! set on !" The knights bowed, closed their visors, and followed by their retainers, spurred forward to the charge. "Hawkestone !" said Morbeque, who was stationed on the left of the small force, and in whose kindling eye could be seen none of the indecision he had expressed on the preceding day, "Hawkestone !" he said in an under tone, "Montigny is on the right flank ; and mark me, keep my band well together and follow me." The two knights had by this time reached the French vanguard, and had driven it back in confusion on the main body. "St Michael," cried the incensed John to his peers, who were gazing in stupid astonishment at this chivalric feat, "shall this audacious canaille brave us thus ! Set on ! and crush them to the earth." To the soul-stirring sound of the trumpet and atabal, the whole array moved onward. As this formidable force was brought into action, the English Prince looked around on his knights, and seeing them

eagerly awaiting the signal with their eyes fixed upon him, he no longer attempted to repress them. "Banner, advance!" St George's standard waved on high; the trumpets sounded; and the ground which was but now covered by thousands is left vacant—and where are they? The shock of the English and French was fearful, but wholly in favour of the former, for their rapid descent lent them a force which nothing withstood, and it was with difficulty they were prevented from wholly burying themselves in the French host. But in this *mêlée* we must not lose sight of the Lord de Morbeque; who, far in advance of all his retainers, save Hawkestone, was bending his way right onward towards the centre of the opposing army; when at once his eyes flashed more vividly, he sat him himself more strongly in his saddle, grasped his sword more firmly, shouted his war-cry in a louder and more eager tone, dashed the spurs into his charger, and with one bound reached the foe who had thus roused him. "Argent, three pillars, gules!" muttered Hawkestone to himself, as he rapidly scanned the shield of his lord's antagonist, "Montigny, by heaven!"—"Ha! Montigny," cried the English partisan, as he reached his enemy, "here is Morbeque!" and as he spoke he struck at him a full blow.

"Traitor, villain, die!" shouted the French knight, parrying and returning the blow. After this no word was spoken, and the contest began in deadly earnest: each fought both for honour and

for life; and each, traitor though he might be, bore himself most knightly. Their retainers had, as it were, paused by common consent, and left it to their lords to decide the contest; and the small circle which hemmed in the two combatants, all the members of which sat in speechless anxiety, formed a strong contrast to the brawling and fierce conflict that raged all around. For a long time the strife was nearly equal; until Morbeque's sword encountering fairly the French knight's helm, was shattered to atoms, up to the guard, while he received the blow unharmed.

"Curse on the blade!" muttered the baffled knight, as he threw the hilt from him; "but this," he shouted, "will serve me better," snatching his marteau from his saddle-bow; his antagonist also seized his battle-axe, and the contest became more terrific. The French knight, wholly self-possessed, and fully preserving his presence of mind, dealt his blows with circumspection and effect. He had, ere long, cleft in two the shield of his foe, and Sir Denys was left to depend solely upon his skill; this was of but little avail, or rather but little remained to him, for in his impetuosity he had lost all government of himself and weapon, and he dealt his blows with the rapidity of lightning, neither parrying nor shunning the battle-axe of his antagonist. All saw that the strife was now too unequal to last; and, as all expected, the axe of the Frenchman, in the space of a few moments, encountered, with fearful force, the helmet of Morbeque,

leaving him unhelmed, and wholly at the mercy of his foe. A horrid joy kindled his eye, and he slowly and coolly drew back his arm for the death-blow, when Morbeque compelling his horse to make a lofty curvette, in order to give his arm full scope, with all his force hurled his martel at Montigny. The blow was unexpected, and met with no defence. The French knight fell stunned and senseless from his steed; his antagonist stood over him almost as he reached the ground. The fatal dagger of mercy glittered as he unsheathed it; and as the blade entered the bars of the visor, the victor cried "Traitor, confess or die!" Thrice the call was repeated, thrice the dagger inserted and again withdrawn. When the fallen knight revived, he heard the third, the last call; he saw the steel for the third, the last time, slowly hiding the light from his eyes—and a murmur was emitted from the casque. "Ha! caitiff, confess," and a sullen acknowledgment of falsehood and treachery reached his ears. He fell on his knees, and dropping the fatal steel, and clasping his gauntleted hands, "thanks to the blessed Virgin; thanks to our blessed Lord," he cried, and then rising, "the stain is removed, the name of Morbeque is pure, his scutcheon spotless."

The reader may, perhaps, be of opinion that we have allotted to our hero an undue share of the field; but he should be informed that in the meantime the tide of battle had flowed towards the western part of

the vale, carrying with it both armies, and the small body of men in whom we are interested, alone maintaining their position, were of course entirely separated from their comrades.

The sharp edge of the martlet had sunk deep into the head of the French knight, and the life blood was ebbing from the wound. "Unhelm him," said Morbeque to the retainers standing about him, "and let me see that face once more. Gently, villains!" he cried, as he perceived his followers were roughly handling the wounded man. The casque, as it fell from the head of his foe, disclosed the dark complexioned features, the dark hair, and the dark eye of his country; but the malignant fire of that eye belonged to Montigny alone: the angry flush was fast passing from the countenance of Morbeque as he looked upon his prostrate antagonist, but the fell passions of the vanquished man betokened not the approach of death. He shook his feeble hand at his hated enemy—"Your blow came in good season! fool that I was not to crush thee on the instant! Send no monk here!" he said fiercely, as he heard Sir Denys bid a retainer seek one; "think you, because my deep-laid plans have failed, that I will whine out my soul into another world: you have succeeded, Morbeque; I know not but 'twas right you should, yet—" his voice failed him, but his eye flashed more hatred and fury than his words could have expressed; it was but for a moment; he sank back upon the ground into

a pool formed by his own gore, and sent his last breath gurgling through it. The conqueror looked for an instant intensely on the corpse; then, as it were with a violent effort, shaking off the disagreeable emotions excited in his mind, he called for another helmet, and dashing by the stupified followers of the vanquished knight, he threw his small force on the flank of the French army. But while his retainers fight with double energy, why has the brilliant light faded from their master's eye? Why does his sword fall so carelessly? Why is his courser curbed so tightly? The mist was now fast passing from the mind of Morbeque, and he was beginning to discover that he had previously been rather fighting with Montigny than with the French. The lives of his countrymen were too great a sacrifice to lay even on the altar of friendship; and though his sword still gleamed in the conflict, the light it emitted was but faint, and perchance that even might have been extinguished, had not fate at once, and suddenly, decided the contrary. As the French yielded gradually to the efforts of the English, the knight, almost without his own co-operation, drew nearer and nearer to their centre; and, ere-long, he beheld waving, but a short space from him, the ancient banner of France, and recognised under its shadow the glittering armour of her king. "No! by heaven! never shall you fall by my hand," he muttered, and was about to turn his band in another

direction ; but they had already discerned the prize, and with loud shouts were now endeavouring to break through the French and English, to share alone the honour of striking down the standard of their foes. Hawkestone, too, crying “ Notre Dame de Morbeque ! Give way for Morbeque ! ” instantly drew the eyes of all upon his lord ; but he still wavered, and had half turned his horse’s head in the contrary direction, when the cry of “ Shame ! shame ! ” arose. The enraged knight was at once decided : striking the spurs into his steed, “ Give way, villains ! ” he cried, and, with a few blows of his martel, swept both English and French from his path : the truncheon was struck from the hand of the monarch, and he sat defenceless on his horse, while the shining battle-axe hung over his glittering coronet, and the words “ Yield thee, sir King,” were shouted in his ear. The English had followed up their knight in his desperate charge so closely, that at the moment he reached the person of the monarch, the French were driven back in such manner, that the king remained alone, wholly separated from his followers ; and while the daring act received the cheering shouts of one party, the threats and curses of the other were unheeded or unheard. But though John saw his desperate situation, his courage forsook him not. “ I yield me to no nameless man,” he said.

“ Thou canst not have a conqueror more noble on this field. I am—” and there was a slight tremu-

lousness in the voice of the knight as he spoke, "I am Sir Denys de Morbeque."

The king started in his saddle, but then coolly said, "Conduct us to our royal cousin; he is a princely scion of a kingly stock." Shouts on shouts arose from the victorious party, as they witnessed this termination of the conflict, while their foes rent the air with threats, curses, and wailings. The English separated to open a passage for the royal prisoner, and closed behind him, opposing a barrier impenetrable to the fury of the French, which now burst forth, though too late.

That night a solemn feast was held in the English camp, graced by all the noblest of both nations. A pavilion had been planted on the level ground, at the top of the declivity, from which in the morning they had rushed down upon their foe: that foe had been crushed; their monarch was a captive, and this feast was now held, not to celebrate their own triumphs, but to sooth the bitter regrets of that conquered enemy. On the elevated dais, with the young Edward, sat the French monarch, the lord Philip his son, and all his noblest followers, attired in silken festive robes; the ground was carpeted with arras; the purest snow-white damask covered the tables and benches, but none of the treasures which had been that day gained, shamed the eyes of the guests; it could never have been known which were the victors, which the vanquished; all displayed the noble soul of the "Mirror of Chivalry." Each and all were now awaiting the com-

mencement of the feast, when the attendants entered, in a long train, bearing the costly carved gold dishes, freighted with the richest burdens. They were about to perform their customary offices, when the Black Prince rose, and taking a charger from the hands of one of them, and bending his knee to the French king, placed it before him; the same was done by all his nobles to the other guests, and with their caps of state in hand, they awaited their bidding: all sat amazed until the incensed John spoke, "What means this mummary, sir Prince? we are indeed thy captives; but methinks this shame need not have been added."

"Thou art not *my* captive, sire; my royal father has overcome thee; and so, please God, no other pages shalt thou have so long as thou shalt grace my tent."

"My Lord Prince," replied the soothed monarch, "thanks for thy courtesy; we accept it from a hand so noble with all joy."

The feast went on, the gloom passed from the brows of the French, and mirth ruled the hour. The wines and spices were now served up by the same noble attendants, and while the sparkling champaign, the thin Burgundy, and the sweet Sicily passed round, spiced with the products of the East, the minstrels entered the pavilion: long robes of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine, decked the favourites of song: they carried, one the rote, the other two the harp;

and stationing themselves at the lower end, and near the entrance, they broke forth into a loud and joyous strain—they then paused, when the first, accompanied by his rote, sang the following lay :—

The feast ! 'tis not for the traitor knave—
The feast ! 'tis not for the coward slave—
The feast ! it is for the chevalier brave,
Who dares his hand in blood to lave,
On the battle-field to die !

And love ! 'tis not for the traitor knave—
And love ! 'tis not for the coward slave—
Oh love ! it is for the chevalier brave,
Who danger and death would gladly crave,
For a glance of his lady's eye.

Glory and love are the chevalier's right—
Glory and love are his beacon light—
For glory and love will he ever fight,
Till he sink for aye in death's dark night,
Without one recreant sigh.

As the minstrel concluded, again burst forth the festive strain ; each in turn sang the song of love and deeds of prowess ; and after each, was again poured out the mirthful melody. With music and with wine the hour was whiled away long and merrily, and all gave loose to their hearts, and drank in greedily the joy which was offered ; all save the sovereign of France ; he only sat with gloomy and discontented brow, brood-

ing over his battle, army, and kingdom lost. At length, in the interval of the music, he thus addressed the English prince: "The song and the wine-cup are for the victor, but the vanquished should wail in silence; my lord, we thank thee for thy courtesy, but we would leave this too joyous scene;" as he spoke he arose, and at once all his subjects bade adieu to mirth, and followed their monarch. Their noble host essayed not to detain them; the feast broke up, and orders were issued to prepare to march on the following day towards Bordeaux.

The morrow's dawning sun saw the English army on its way for Bordeaux: all fear from the French was now removed, and they marched on, the vanquished mingling with the victors, as in a triumphal procession. But the ground which they had occupied was not yet entirely vacant; there still remained a knight surrounded by perchance a score of mounted men-at-arms, who gazed steadfastly for some time after the retiring army; but as the last division was hidden from his sight by the rising ground of which we have spoken, he gave in a few words his orders to his attendants, and, followed by them, rode rapidly off, taking a direction a little oblique to that of the main body. It was Morbeque; the closing scene of the drama was now about to be enacted; he had raised his arm against his countrymen, he had even captured his monarch, and he was now on his way to learn whether indeed the fair Lady Blanche would adhere to her vow, or whe-

ther he should be able to soften her. His outward demeanour gave evident tokens of the feelings that were at work within: now cheerful and joyous, he gave vent to his gayety by striking the spurs into his charger, and dashing rapidly across the plain; now melancholy and sad, he forced his war-horse to assume a pace more in accordance with his feelings, and would angrily repress the mirth of some heedless retainer. The sun had nearly reached its zenith, when the band was encountered by another body of men of about double their numbers, and Morbeque, on inquiring, as he closed his visor, who was their leader, received for answer, "the Lord John de Grielly."

"What! the Captain de Buch?"

"Even so, my lord; and with him the Count de Foix."

"'Tis well, all friends!" and as he spoke the knights came within spear's length of each other. "As friends we meet, my lords, I trust?" said the English partisan, lowering his lance to salute the strangers.

"Ay, Sir Denys de Morbeque, if so be that you still follow St George; but indeed, as for ourselves, we have sworn never to lay lance in rest against other foe, before these rascal Jacques are utterly destroyed."

"What! the peasants! are they again in arms?"

"And have you not heard that Meaux contains all the beauty and nobility of France? At this very moment that we are wasting words, the canaille may have butchered all the fair inhabitants of that city;

ay, all the noble ladies of the country of Brie and of Coucy have fled to Meaux, to take shelter within its walls from the outrages committed by these rascal peasants."

"Of Brie!" shouted the astonished knight; "and are we here? On, on, gentlemen, all my little force must join you."

The two bands of retainers, in all but sixty men, quickly incorporated themselves into one, and without the least delay pushed forward to adventure against a mob of nine thousand.

The afternoon of the next day saw the venturesome knights within a short distance of the city of Meaux, and on suddenly ascending a slight hill, the besieged and besiegers burst upon their sight; a moment's glance was sufficient to show the meanest soldier there, that the defence had already been prolonged to the utmost, and that a few hours more would have given the city to the lawless multitude. As they spurred on, a loud shout bursting from the ranks of the Jacquerie, announced that they were seen; but relying on their numbers, and neither terrified nor dismayed, they prepared in good order to receive their antagonists, who, charging with couched lances, were borne, in despite of all opposition, nearly to the brink of the fosse which surrounded the city. On turning, they instantly found themselves hemmed in on all sides by the infuriated peasants, who, though possessing no weapon save their long knives, were, from their numbers, no mean foe.

The lance and the sword were now almost useless, and though the heavy martel cleared for itself a path, like the brand of the destroying angel, yet the contest was long and desperate; but the unarmed peasants finding their efforts unavailing against their courageous and well-appointed enemy, began gradually to give way, and soon fled in every direction. The men at arms pursued them long and hotly, and having dispersed them with immense slaughter, in so much that not one was to be seen alive on all the broad plain which surrounded the city, the gates were flung wide open to them, and amid the thanks and blessings of the fair beings whom they had rescued—thanks as fervent as well-deserved—they entered.

In the crowd of fair and noble dames who had rushed forth to welcome their deliverers, the Count de Foix quickly descried the beautiful Lady Blanche, and dismounting and saluting her, he gaily said, “My Lady de Marneil! and where is Morbeque?”

“Morbeque!” cried our astonished heroine; “and why should he be here?”

“Why should he be here, fair lady? methinks that question would sound harshly to him. But have you not seen him? Upon mine honour I thought he would ere this have reached you. He fought like a mad demon, or, as you would say, perchance, like a good angel.”

“And is he then indeed with you?”

“Ay, my lady, in very deed, and did good service

too—but what means this?” he said in an under tone, as looking round, his eyes rested on a knight, who, supported by two attendants, and evidently badly wounded, was slowly approaching the place where they were, “By heaven, ’tis he!” and, unperceived by Blanche, who was intently looking for her lover in another direction, he sprang to meet him. “How now, Morbeque, not hurt?”

“Yes, badly hurt; these peasant knives have reached my life blood; but my failing limbs have borne me where I would spend the few moments I have left.” As he spoke, Blanche’s eye caught his form, and instantly recognising him, she would have darted forward, but the shock was too great, and she sank into the arms of her maidens; when she revived, Morbeque was at her feet, pressing her cold hand to his bloodless lips.

“And thus do we meet, Denys?”

“Ay, Blanche, even so; yet is this bitter hour sweeter, far sweeter, than to die away from thee. Wert thou not near me, these my last moments would be dark indeed; but thus, ’tis a foretaste of hereafter! Mourn not so,” continued the wounded knight, as the lady’s convulsive sobs prevented her speech; “Morbeque dies happy; his last blood flowed in your defence; his life saved yours; and perchance when you think on Meaux, it may be you will forget Poitiers.”

“Oh, Denys!” said Blanche, her grief for the first time finding utterance, “I have mourned over thee

as one worse than dead to me; but now methinks I could pardon all."

"I could have wished to live to ask forgiveness of thy justice; but now—yes, now—I may ask it of thy love"—Blanche bent over him, and their cold lips met. "Oh," said the dying knight, "never was fondest kiss of love more sweet than this in death! My life has been a short one, and sunlight and shade have been strangely mingled in it; but this last hour repays me for all that I have suffered. Hawkestone," he continued, addressing his faithful attendant, "farewell! Nay, bear it like a man; thou hast not long borne my banner, but I trust thou wilt not forget it soon—Ah! I go—Blanche, farewell!" and as he breathed his last, a smile of love rested on his lips.

A year had scarcely elapsed from the time at which the events last mentioned took place, when a novice who went by the name of sister Blanche, took the black veil in the convent of "Les Sœurs de la Mort," remarkable for her beauty and for the sadness which ever rested on her countenance; and though in those troublous times these domestic griefs were but little known and scarce inquired into, when peace came, and public calamity no longer usurped the place of private sorrow, every one was anxious to hear the events attending the extinction of the two ancient houses of Morbeque and Marneil.*

* Should by any chance an antiquarian light upon this humble tale, and should he, by a still greater chance, think it worthy of perusing, he

will perceive that the siege and rescue of Meaux is antedated nearly a year ; but he will need no further information concerning this rising of the peasants, or, as they are more commonly called by Froissart and other chroniclers of that time, " Jacques ;" speaking of whom the same writer says, " he who committed the most atrocious actions, and such as no human creature would have imagined, was the most applauded, and considered as the greatest man among them." The leader, who was actually elected as most fitting to do justice to the character of the body he was to command, was termed, in " biting irony" it would seem, " Jacques Bon Homme ;" and from the period of his election, till the insurgents were put down, which was not completely effected before the end of the English wars in France, that kingdom was, from this cause alone, in as lamentable a state as can be imagined.

THE END.

